December 23, 1939

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THE

The Man in the Toy Window

A CHRISTMAS STORY BY PRICE DAY AND C W

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··ABOUT A CHRISTMAS PRESENT!

TAKE a tip from tradition: and give the Christmas gift you'd like to get—Canadian Club!

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1933
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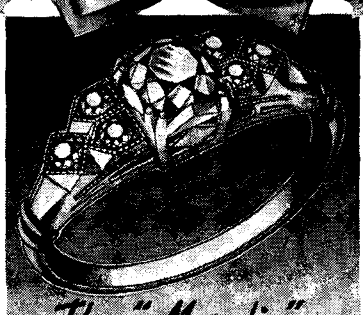

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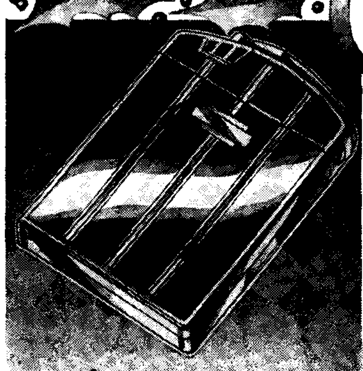

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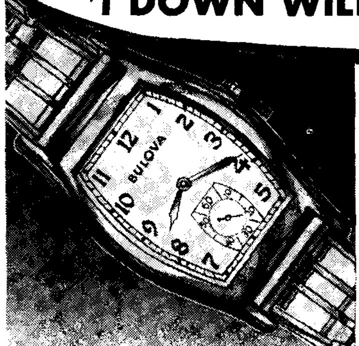

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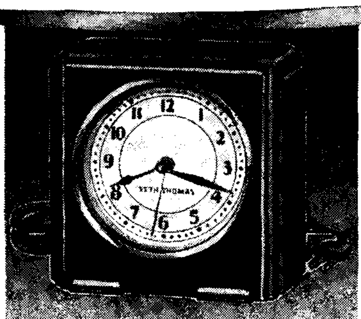

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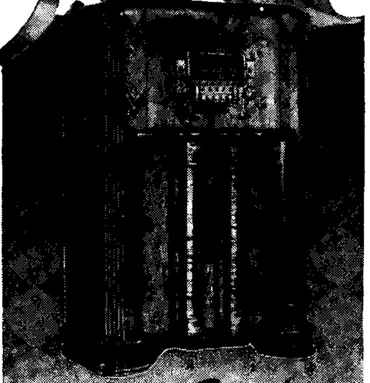

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December 23, 1939

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Next Week

IF YOU'VE been nursing a yen to go *zooming freely* about in the overhead blue, it's high time you were doing something about it. That small plane you're going to buy is the biggest news in aviation today. Back in 1931 we made only 97 of them, all regarded with acute disrelish by aviation experts; next year we'll make and sell over 4,000 of them—safe, sturdy and inexpensive jobs that will be hailed with delight by the flying world as a start toward making us a nation of flyers.

The small plane is easy to fly and easy to own. It's as safe as a superliner and ideal for training purposes. About all you need to fly one are reasonably sound health, some ordinary senses and a little instruction, which latter your old Uncle Sam will gladly supply. Three hundred colleges will turn out 11,000 private flyers this June, and probably 70,000 by 1941. Flying learned for fun is still flying learned, and a nation of air-able youth is a comforting thought nowadays. Quentin Reynolds tells you all about it in "Sky Flivvers."

THINKING about committing a crime? If you are, you'd better wait until after you've read Robert McCormick's article about the goings-on in the crime-detection laboratory of the F.B.I. in Washington. It's a fascinating place where, by what seems to us black magic, crime clues are taken apart and made to speak with eloquent and damning certainty. It's called, and aptly too, "Nabbed in the Lab."

ADDITIONAL ARTICLES: By radio from London, William Hillman's story of the army that's never been beaten—Britain's great array of pounds and shillings—and the man who manages it. From Frank Taylor, a juicy account of the battle in your kitchen as fruit and vegetable impresarios vie for the privilege of pouring your breakfast cocktail.

HEADING an impressive list of fiction for your holiday reading is Kathleen Norris' fine, down-to-earth story of an unappreciated husband and what Christmas brought *him. It's called "Christmas Luck."*

THERE are other short stories too, notably those by B. B. Fowler, who knows hockey and hockey players, and by William MacHarg, whose Detective O'Malley is our favorite cop. D. D. Beauchamp and Hugh MacNair Kahler also contribute, as well as Serialists Agatha Christie and Ernest Haycox. All for a more Merry Christmas.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

PRICE DAY and
GEORGE BRADSHAW
The Man in the Toy Window. A little man and a big gift. Page 9

RICHARD HOWELLS WATKINS
Turtle Soup. With First Mate Rand in it, up to his ears. Page 13

ERIC HATCH
He Licked the Champ. The dangers of living in reflected glory. Page 18

MILDRED CRAM
He-Man. What's a bust in the nose to a loving husband? Page 21

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
The Stars Repeat, by Budd Wilson Schulberg. Page 19

SERIAL STORIES

ERNEST HAYCOX
Saddle and Ride. The second of eight parts. Morgan loses a friend. Page 16

AGATHA CHRISTIE
Sad Cypress. The fifth of ten parts. An arrest—for murder. Page 27

ARTICLES

STANLEY FRANK
Busiest Bee. Clair Bee, basketball wizard. Page 11

KYLE CRICHTON
Girl with a Funny Face. Imogene Coca, no beauty but doing all right. Page 12

FRANK GERVASI
You Can't Beat the Dutch. Who's afraid of Germany? Page 14

FRANK J. TAYLOR
Turkey All the Time. It's always Thanksgiving in Portland, Oregon. Page 20

JIM MARSHALL
Catch Those Vitamins. Shark fishing—for fun and profit. Page 30

●

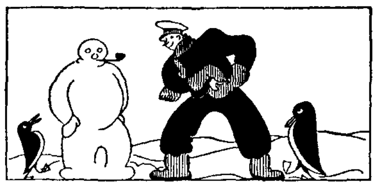
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 6

EDITORIAL
The Problem of Propaganda. Page 62

COVER JON WHITCOMB

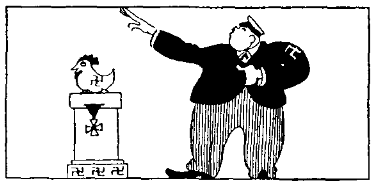
Any Week

BY NOW, Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd will be far on his way toward the South Pole and Miss Mora (Beauty) Muldoon of Richmond, Virginia, will be just as well pleased. She informs us that getting the admiral off the piers and his snow cruiser out of the ditch was, to her, a pretty trying experience. "I suppose it will be all right," writes Miss Muldoon, "but it seems to me that the admiral has just got back from the South Pole and here he's off again. I have contributed several dollars in the shape of admissions to hear him tell us all about Antarctica and the South Pole, and I've bidden him farewell several times. When he gets back I suggest that Congress buy him a nice snow pile and let him have it to play in, all for his very own. Anyway, you can't tell me that a full-grown man travels all that distance just to play around in snowdrifts. There is more in this than meets the ear and eye."



AND while you and Mr. Jay Duncan of Moosejaw, Saskatchewan, Canada, are gradually being enveloped in the spirit of Christmas, we are battling through a blizzard of propaganda. From German sources we receive anti-British greetings of the season. England and Canada bid us be merry and hate Germany as much as possible. Several French agencies rejoice that we are not celebrating a regimented and totalitarian Yuletide. Italy bids us accept a portrait of Mussolini who is, we're told, the only true man-symbol of peace and good will in all Europe. From Australia we are warned to look well to the carols we sing lest we inadvertently hail the season of Nativity with hymns that were made in Germany. It's all pretty confusing and dismal. Waif that we are, we can't help wondering what it all means to the simple, peaceful Man whose coming we're asked to celebrate with hate and ill will. We're filing these cards in our ever-loving wastebasket.

BUT Mr. Duncan of Moosejaw has not sent us a Christmas card. Instead he has written a letter setting forth his suspicions that the United States is but a fair-weather friend of Canada. Otherwise, he thinks, we'd be shedding blood for England. "Your President should not have entertained our King and Queen," says Mr. Duncan, "and so freely offered the hand of friendship if he had not intended to follow it up with something more substantial. It is now rumored here that the reason for the invitation from the White House was based merely on curiosity to see a real live king and queen."



SO WE shall drop the subject, observing the Christmas season as well as one may who is not dying for England. And having done that as cheerfully as possible, we shall look into the German chicken situation with Mr. Rip Rackie of Asheville, North Carolina. "The other day," writes Mr. Rackie, "I noticed where some big German is claiming that not only are the German people superior but that they have a breed of chickens that are better than other folks' chickens, saying that they are not apt to eat more than they need. Where can I get a setting of these eggs?"

IF THERE'S time after that we may investigate a rumor out of Phoenix, Arizona, that our associate, Mr. Kyle Crichton, is unbalanced. The accusation comes from Mr. Arlie Hines, who notifies us that Mr. Crichton "stepped off the train here at Phoenix and, looking over the assembled townsfolk, hollered: 'Anybody here know a girl named Jennie Douglas who runs a beauty shop for cowboys?' " When nobody replied immediately, says Mr. Hines, Mr. Crichton shouted: "Come, come. Think. Jennie Douglas. Permanents for cow hands." The train began to move. Mr. Crichton leaped aboard. "Have her at the depot when I get back," roared Mr. Crichton, disappearing. "Tell her to bring her act with her."

AND Mr. Edmond B. John of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, suspects that we do not receive "all the important mail that is sent to you." He adds that he has written to us several times "without result." "My letters have been mildly but constructively critical of the New Deal, which I am sure will bear looking into."

WHAT New Deal? W. D.

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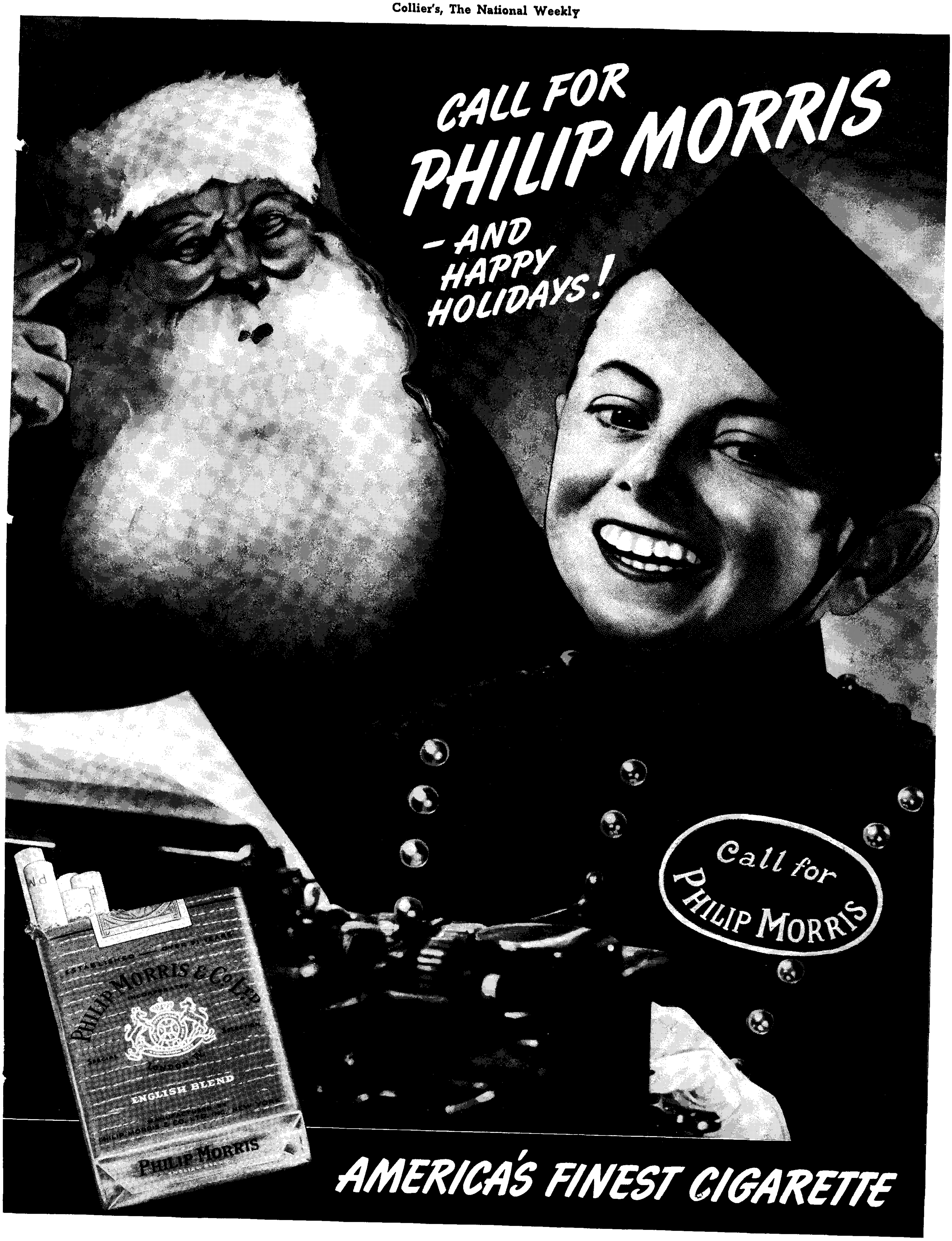
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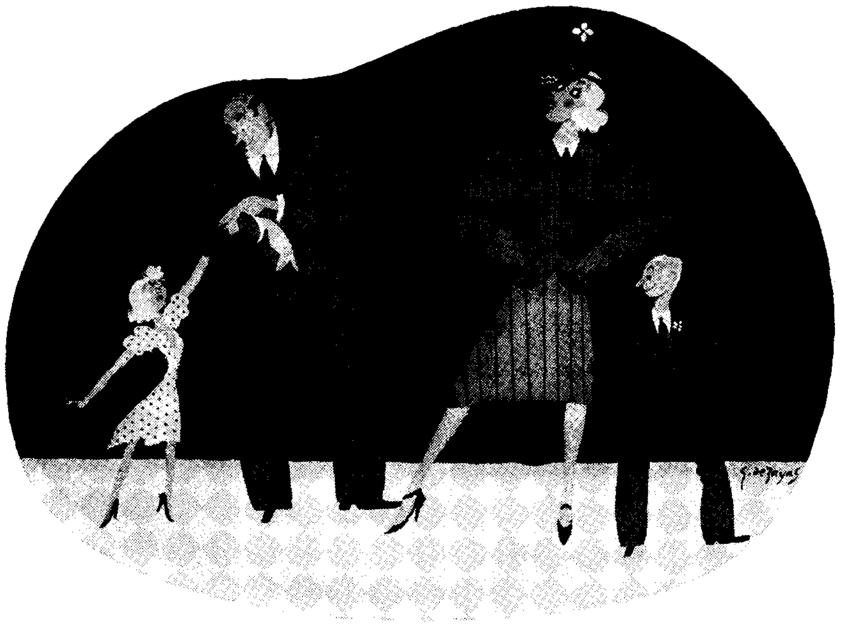


KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

More than half of the world's two thousand adult midgets are married to normal-sized husbands and wives.

The thermometer now has a competitor in a more precise instrument that shows in a single glass tube one combination index to three factors in body comfort—temperature, humidity and air motion.

No christenings, weddings or funerals have ever been held in the world's two thousand Christian Science churches.—*By Tom Lewis, Long Beach, California.*

When most large floats for parades are mounted on motor-truck bodies, they face toward the rear so their high back ends will cover and conceal the driver's cab. Thus the vehicle has to be driven backward in the procession.

Buddha, the founder of one of the world's great religions, is the most sacred personage ever depicted in a statue wearing eyeglasses.—*By Ed Cammer, Houston, Texas.*

No active professional musician has ever been an inmate of Sing Sing Prison.

If you make two balls, each with a pound of wire and a pound of string, with the wire wound on the outside of one and on the inside of the other, the latter ball will roll faster down a straight slope.—*By Eliot N. Silverman, Brookline, Massachusetts.*

In many large Western mines where alarm bells cannot be heard over the noise of the machinery, the workers are warned of a fire by an odor produced by a few drops of butyl mercaptan put into the air-circulating system. This danger signal has the odor of skunk.

America's ten million dial telephones do not have an exchange whose name begins with "Q" as this letter is omitted from the automatic dial.—*By E. L. Witt, Jr., Texarkana, Texas.*

When the Shah of Iran travels about his country by motorcar, all roads he uses are cleared a day in advance, all houses he passes are freshly whitewashed and all the dogs in the villages where he stops for the night are killed—as he is a very light sleeper.—*By Fred Meeks, Jr., Culver City, California.*

Snow has such an absorbent quality, at very low temperatures, that it will dry clothes.

The La Trappe Monastery in Aiguebelle, France, following the custom of many other religious houses, allows only the head of the institution to walk in the middle of the halls and passageways. All others walk close to the walls, as a gesture of humility.

The average cost of funerals in this country today is $350, including the purchase price of a cemetery plot and a memorial stone.

The blood of animals slaughtered in packing houses has many unusual uses, being employed as the sole ingredient of some cheap buttons, the only fertilizer of certain species of orchids and the one food of vampire bats in zoos.

Sixty thousand watches and pieces of jewelry are pawned each week in New York City.—*By Agnes Patrie Lambert, Huntington, West Virginia.*

Among the countless things nature makes six-sided are snowflakes, the cells of the honeycomb and the segments of the eye of the housefly. The hexagonal form is also found in chemistry. When a strong solution of salt water, colored with carmine water color, is dropped, drop by drop, into a weak solution of salt water in a flat plate, the round red drops converge and form a pattern of hexagons.

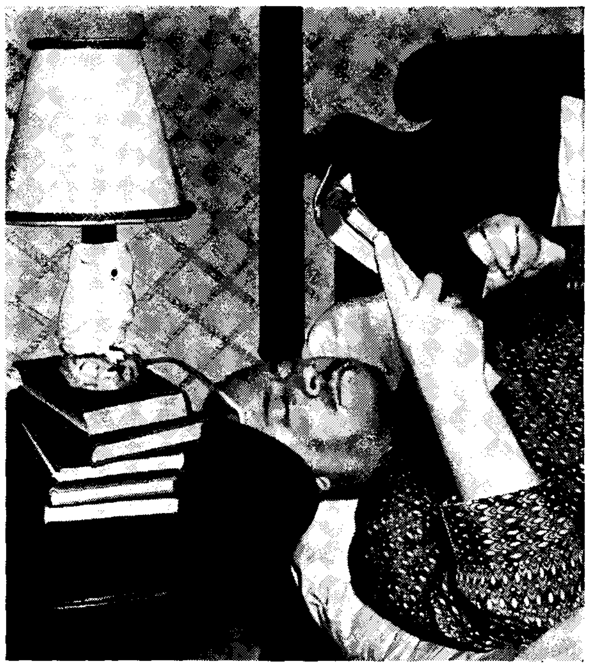
Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

HOW TO READ IN BED — *according to* ROBERT BENCHLEY

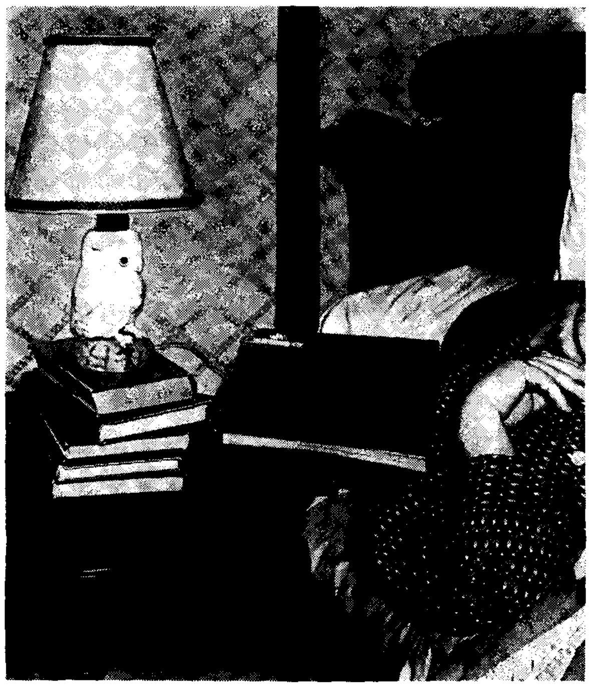
STAR OF "HOW TO READ", "THE DAY OF REST" AND OTHER M-G-M SHORTS

1 **TO READ IN BED** with a minimum of effort, Professor Benchley says, there are three important things to consider. First, the eyes; second, the light; and third, the book, which under ideal conditions should have been written by the well-known actor-author, Robert Benchley (advt.).

2 **MR. BENCHLEY** is apparently a believer in the decorative or "Do-you-call-that-a-lamp?" school of illumination. This kind of lamp is usually equipped with a 25 watt bulb which has been borrowed for the purpose from the hall closet. If the type is large, the first few pages are easy going...



3 **WE KNEW** you'd get tired of this, Mr. Benchley! Lucky you had other books handy. This allows Move No. 2: You put the lamp on the books, and lie flat. A temporary blindness is induced by the direct light that strikes the eyes, but on the whole the position is a restful one.



4 **THE GRAND FINALE,** or complete relaxation. The book over the face excludes light, and if not too heavy, does not seriously interfere with breathing!

5 **SERIOUSLY,** both you and Mr. Benchley will agree that what you really need for comfortable reading in bed is an inexpensive pin-to-wall lamp like this. With a 100 watt G-E MAZDA lamp inside its diffusing bowl, you'll find that reading is lots more fun.

6 **FOR EASY READING** anywhere, it's hard to beat a 3-light I.E.S. Better Sight Lamp like this. But be sure you use the right size bulbs...and be sure they're marked G-E. The lamp above, for instance, needs a 100-200-300 watt G-E MAZDA lamp, now only 60¢.

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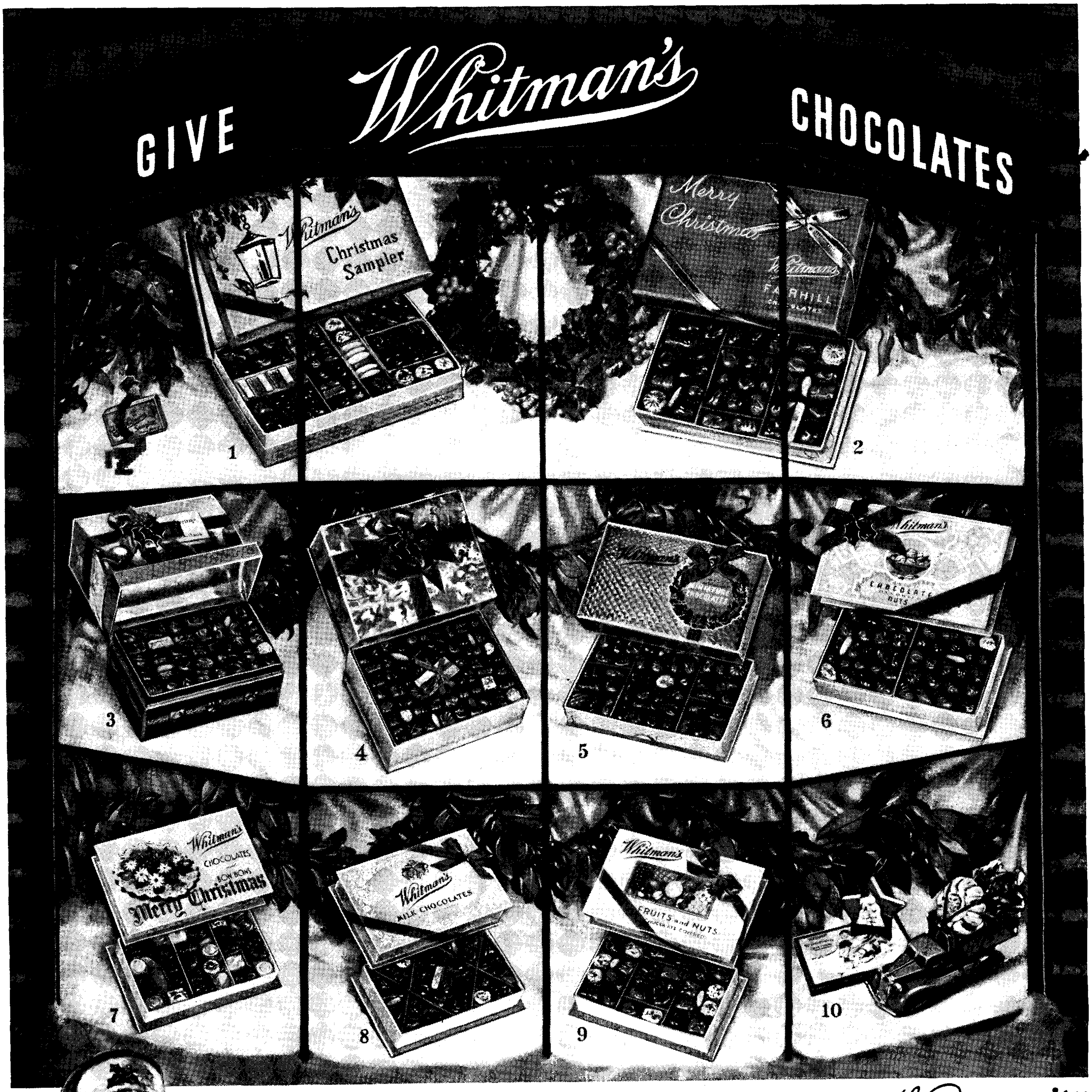
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4—SHOW BOX, 3½ lbs. . . . $5.00

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6—CHOCOLATE ASSORTED NUTS

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8—PENN WYNN

2 lbs. . . $2.00 — 1 lb. . . $1.00

All milk-chocolate coatings over creams, caramels, nuts, fruits, hard centers, marshmallows; nougat, combinations, and solid chocolates.

9—FRUITS and NUTS

2 lbs. . . $2.00 — 1 lb. . . $1.00

Six different kinds of chocolate-coated nuts, and eight chocolate-coated fruits; caramels, hard candies, nougat and combination pieces.

10—STOCKING FILLERS

Pure, fresh, delicious candy.

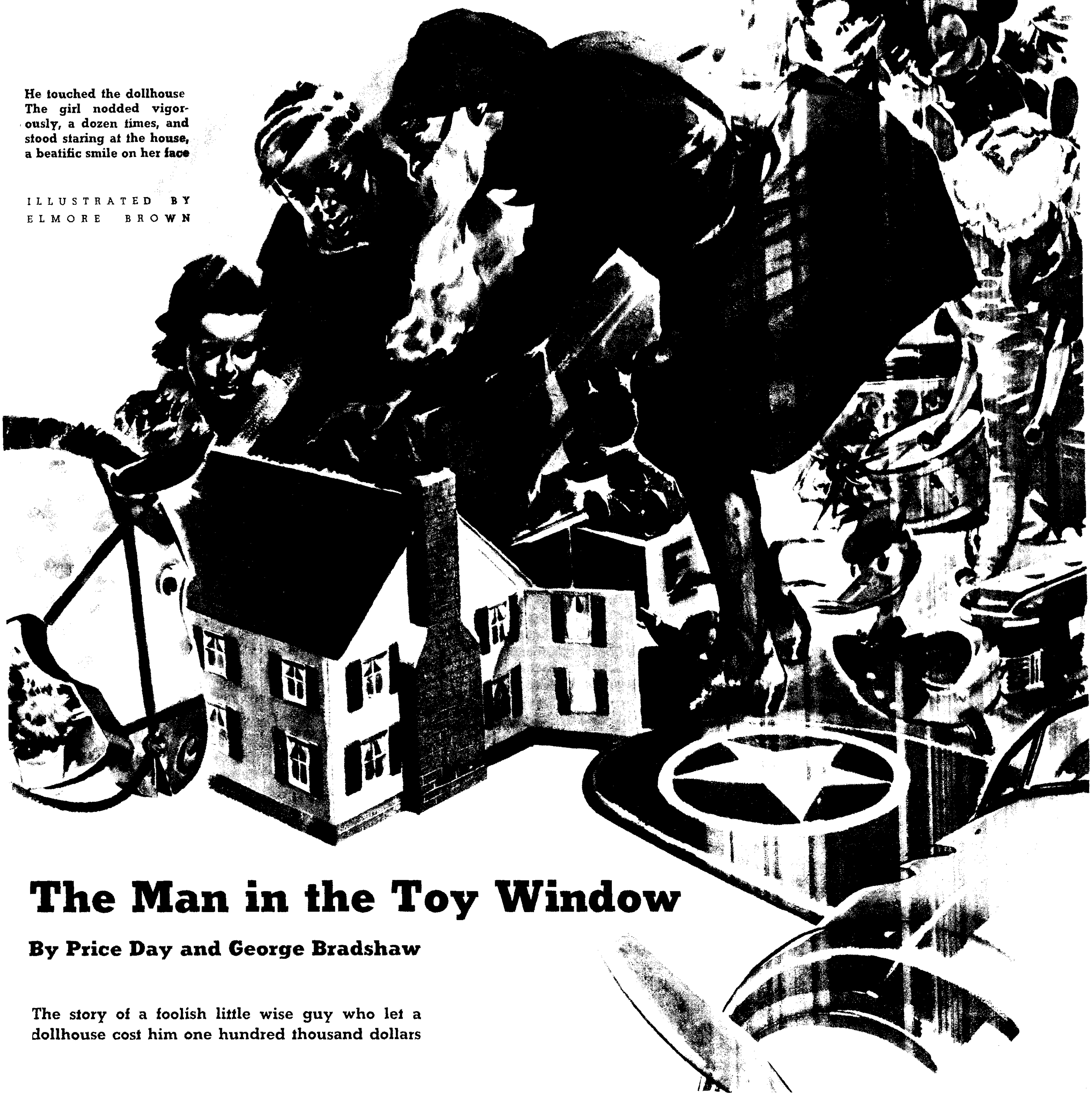
Toy Truck, strong, useful toy, candy-loaded **50c**

Wonderbox, famous package of children's candies **25c**

Chocolate Stars, cream-centers, fin for the tree or stocking **10c**

Other candies **5c** up. Other toys **25c** up

Collier's The National Weekly for December 2[illegible], 1939



He touched the dollhouse The girl nodded vigorously, a dozen times, and stood staring at the house, a beatific smile on her face

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Man in the Toy Window

By Price Day and George Bradshaw

The story of a foolish little wise guy who let a dollhouse cost him one hundred thousand dollars

AT THE busiest corner in the city the streetcar stopped and the little man got off. He drew his sharp brown face down even deeper between the upturned lapels of his overcoat, and stood on the island, waiting, with excessive caution, for the lights to change.

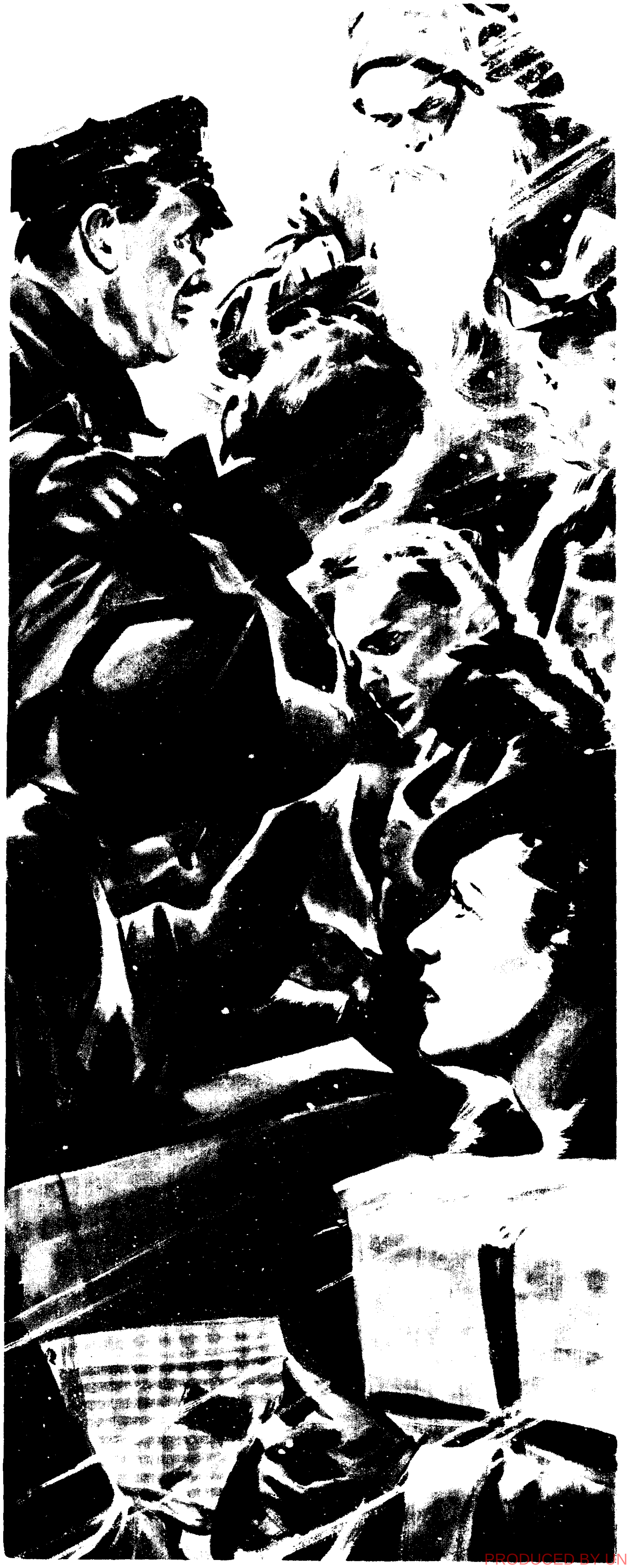
He was a very small man—hardly more, you would have said, than four feet tall. The overcoat reached to his shoetops; from the shoulders his arms went straight down into voluminous pockets. The wind blew aside a skirt of the overcoat, to reveal thin, bowed legs in green stockings. Above the stockings, though they were not visible, were red knee pants, and above these a red jacket, laced down the front. Tucked into the overcoat was a short, square white beard. The beard, like the immoderately beaked nose and the bushy white eyebrows, was false. He wore a derby.

The lights changed. The small man left the island and made for the curb. The cop on the corner, slapping his mittened hands together to keep the circulation going, looked down from his mountainous height and bulk and grinned good-naturedly, the teeth very white in the red face.

"Heigh-ho, heigh-ho," he half sang. He could see his breath on the air.

The small man nodded, acknowledging the greeting. He hopped onto the curb, and made his way, somewhat mincingly, down the street, past the holly-wreathed windows of Seiber's Department Store, past the closed main doors and around a windy corner to the employees' entrance.

Inside, he punched a time clock and proceeded to



The cop held the man by the collar, pointed to him. Then he pointed to the cigar box. Mr. Monahan nodded. That was the man

a locker room, where the shedding of overcoat, derby and shoes and the donning of a peaked red cap and pointed soft-leather gaiters transformed him into a more than passable gnome.

He walked through the store, bobbing his head to the good mornings of salesgirls and clerks, waiting behind their bedecked counters for the day to begin.

A voice called: "Mr. Monahan."

The little man walked on, with a nod to the girl at the information booth.

"Mr. Monahan!"

He stopped suddenly and turned. A very brisk young man approached him very briskly.

"Yes?" the small man said.

"If that transformer on the train begins to go bad again today, let me know *at once, will you?*"

"Yes, I will."

"Very well." The young man smiled very briskly and departed the way he had come. Mr. Monahan went on to the front of the store, where he opened lightly a sliding door, and looked for a moment into the large window thus revealed, a window filled with a profusion, a welter, a very embarrassment of toys. A toy fire department; bright toy trucks and farm implements; a workbench, with shining tools; a row of starry-eyed baby dolls; a miniature printing press; a dollhouse whose walls opened out to show a furnished inside, complete with family; the track of a streamlined electric train circling past stations and crossings on the floor. Outside the window was gathered a small crowd of people.

Mr. Monahan pulled at his jacket, set his cap carefully askew, opened the door a little farther and entered the window. He worked there.

MR. MONAHAN now had nine hours in which to play with toys. With warped hands—to fit the character—he flipped the switch that started the electric train. He operated the printing press. He sent a duck waddling. He fiddled with a Punch and Judy show. He stopped the train and made it run backward. He climbed into a large red toy airplane, set its lights to blinking. That always got them, outside the window. Everybody loves airplanes, Mr. Monahan thought, as he watched the faces plastered against the glass. But not many of them are going to find this thing under their Christmas trees. It costs seventeen dollars and eighty-five cents.

Mr. Monahan looked out at the faces and bobbed his head and smiled, as per contract. They didn't bother him any more, the way they had at first. At first—that was almost three weeks ago—he had been afraid to look out but now he didn't care one way or the other. Sometimes, however, he felt uneasy; so many faces, hundreds, thousands of them, and never the same one twice—except, of course, the cop's and the newsboy's.

The newsboy, Mr. Monahan couldn't help seeing. His stand was up against the window over in one corner. He stood there all day long, a sturdy, independent businessman in an old cap and a plaid mackinaw. And besides, this Eddie, the newsboy, had made a deal with Mr. Monahan.

Sitting up in his airplane, Mr. Monahan heard the tap of a penny on the glass. He looked over, saw Eddie jerk his head and point. Mr. Monahan nodded, got down, went over and crouched on the floor in front of the newsstand. He played with blocks, building them high and wobbly, so they would always fall over.

This was the deal: Mr. Monahan was to watch the stand while Eddie ducked into the doorway of the store to get warm. Eddie had propositioned him after his second day in the window. "You keep an eye open," he said, "people won't gyp if you got an eye on them, and I'll give you the evening papers free." So it was agreed. Mr. Monahan sat in the corner with the blocks five or six times a day.

HE LIKED it. Because sometimes he got so tired of the toys he wanted to take the whole lot and throw them through the window, and sometimes he thought he couldn't stand it another minute if he didn't have a cigarette. And then usually, just when things were worst, Eddie would tap, and Mr. Monahan would sit down and play with the blocks—and read the headlines. For whenever Eddie left he turned a paper around so Mr. Monahan could see the news.

This morning the first headline that caught his eye read:

BERLIN CLAIMS TWO BRITISH
BATTLESHIPS TORPEDOED
AND SUNK

Prompt Denial from London; Nazis
Offer Photos Taken at Scene

British Sink Two Subs

West Front Quiet as Snow Ties
Up Operations

Mr. Monahan skimmed through, getting the gist of the story, or as much of it as was contained above the fold in the paper. The British Ministry of Information had issued a flat denial. Two fishermen had reported a ship, classification not clear, sunk off the Irish coast. Berlin was jubilant.

Then there was a local story, played big:

LONE BANDIT TAKES $97,000 IN
GEMS; SHOOTS SALESMAN

Victim's Condition Serious; Daring
Holdup Man Makes Getaway

Police Quiz Witnesses

Roads, Trains, Busses Watched; Early
Arrest Promised

Mr. Monahan skimmed through this also. A diamond salesman, approaching his hotel the evening before, carrying his case, had been stopped by a car that pulled up alongside him. The man in the car, without getting out, had ordered the salesman to throw the case into the back seat. The salesman had done so. The car started off. The salesman grabbed at the door, and was shot through the lung. Before losing consciousness, he told police that the bandit's left hand was without a little finger; he had noticed the hand on the steering wheel. Blue car—small sedan. Largest robbery in city's history. The police expected speedy apprehension of the criminal.

Then, on the front page of a newspaper put out for the sporting public, was a list of the entries at a Southern track:

FIRST RACE: 6 furlongs for 3-year-olds and up: Fire Tongs 117, Uncle Joe 120, Dig Dig 118, Underpass 118, Aedile 121, Richard First 110, Mr. Urquhuart 116.

SECOND RACE. . . . He went on down the list. He shook his head and for a moment forgot all about his blocks. If I could get out of here, he thought, I'd put a couple of bucks on that Sweeny Pie in the fourth, at the weight.

But Mr. Monahan couldn't get out,

(Continued on page 52)

IFOR THOMAS

L. I. U.'s basketball teams are masterminded by Coach Clair Bee. Above, he's ironing out a play on a coaching board

Busiest Bee

By Stanley Frank

Clair Bee is sitting pretty in basketball but he won't be happy until his L.I.U. football team has a Grade-A schedule and money in the bank

MR. Cl[illegible] whose rugged realis[illegible] Long Island Univers[illegible] Number One basketball power [illegible] country, and in time may do the sa[illegible] football, is a small package of dynamite with a perpetual itch to explode. This tendency to go up in a puff of smoke is more evident when his scholars become languid and frustrate his desire to win, about which he makes no bones. He will even break bones, including his own, to achieve that purpose. As he did two years ago.

L. I. U. had just lost three out of four basketball games, which not only was highly irregular but absolutely unprecedented. The blowoff finally came when Long Island, playing Southern Methodist at Madison Square Garden in an exercise it was expected to win from here to St. Swithin's Day, went off the court at half time leading by two measly points.

Bee hit the roof during his between-halves oration. In expressing his profound displeasure with his scholars, Bee also hit the door so hard with his fist that he broke it. The fist, not the door. His hand is disabled permanently but L. I. U. won the ball game, 40-29. Nothing else matters to him.

"The hell with moral victories or a lost game well played," he says. "I coach to win. I've got no time to be in the middle or at the end, unless it's the front end."

A clear appreciation of Bee's attitude leads to a perfect understanding of what goes on in the old loft building in downtown Brooklyn, surrounded by a concrete campus, which L. I. U. calls alma mater. Charter members of the Ivy League, and those centers of culture on the fringe of same, want no part of our man Bee. They say his athletic standards are much too high and there is something in what they say. But Bee is a coach, his job is to win ball games, and he is doing a whale of a job of it so far.

A Matter of Numbers and Height

Like his attitude, the busy Bee's methods are strictly realistic. Under the new squirrel-cage rules, basketball no longer is a five-man game. The winning team usually gets that way because it can throw more able-bodied youths into action than the other side. Bee saw to it that he had the players, all good, last year when his scholars comprised the only undefeated major team in the country. The Blackbirds, who won twenty-four games in a row and captured the National Invitation Tournament at the Garden, overpowered their three toughest opponents, Toledo, Marquette and Loyola of Chicago, by sheer weight of numbers.

It is Bee's conviction that height is the pay-off in basketball today. So he scoured the surrounding countryside for animated skyscrapers and came up with Art Hillhouse, 6 feet 7 inches on the hoof; Henry Lagerenburg, 6:5; and Mike Sewitch, a 6:4 bundle. Bee imported a certain Richard Ahrens from Oil City, Pennsylvania, a prize specimen who checked in at 6 feet 11 inches. Ahrens never won a ball game but he is assured of an exclusive place for posterity. By tremendous zeal, he succeeded in busting out of school. Bee hasn't recovered from the shock yet. He suspects sabotage among the faculty.

When Bee went into football at Long Island a few months ago, it was expected that his activities would make "Rackety Rax," Joel Sayre's screamingly funny—and faithful—travesty of high-pressure football, look like an expurgated copy of Godey's Lady's Book. Ebbets Field was reinforced to withstand the onslaught of the magnificent lumps of meat, bone and hair which were to descend upon the joint. Presently the scholars arrived and soon it was apparent to one and all that L. I. U. had not

(Continued on page 50)

Girl with a Funny Face

By Kyle Crichton

THOMAS

Imogene Coca's Broadway career was a fine example of success in reverse until the Straw Hat Revue. Now she's in a hit

MISS IMOGENE COCA is a young lady with the face of a junior gargoyle, the shape of a suspender strap and a name so appropriate that if a national contest were held to find a name for Imogene Coca, the name Imogene Coca would win. In every show in which she has appeared she has been hailed as a triumph, but the show has driven even the complimentary guests into the street. By some extraordinary mistake on her part she has now ruined this record by starring in a really good musical show called the Straw Hat Revue.

Just where she found her old musical shows has always been a mystery. Wherever any strange group began rehearsing a play in a barn, the moment would come when a big-eyed face would stick itself out from behind a stall and a voice would say:

"Could you use a funny actor?"

This would be Miss Coca and eventually she would be the leading actor and all the critics would say what a nice, funny girl and why didn't somebody give her some material to work with? In comparison with her past vehicles, the Straw Hat Revue shapes up as a major triumph.

The origins of the present show were no more promising than Miss Coca's other efforts. It is an extended version of what the summer-camp guests were seeing at Camp Tamiment at Bushkill, Pennsylvania, last year. Anyone who has seen Arthur Kober's Having Wonderful Time will know the whole story. Around New York there are dozens of these camps on the "borsch" circuit. There is a lake, a dance hall and a revue every Saturday night. It is paradise for the youngsters who have saved desperately all year for these two weeks of summer vacation. Some of these shows are so bad that they merely afford an excuse for the lads and lassies to slip out and do a bit of necking, but they have also been the source of some of our best musical material.

The Bushkill season had Miss Coca and her husband, Robert Burton, with Danny Kaye and Lee Brody. Miss Coca was getting room and board and about $700 for the season. They rehearsed during the week and did the Saturday show and life was pretty slick. Then somebody inveigled Harry Kaufman of Shuberts down to see the performance; he liked it, booked it for the Ambassador Theater. Since then it has been merely a matter of taking in the money.

At any moment in the proceedings Miss Coca is likely to come forth with her big, forlorn-looking eyes and gaze at the audience with a sort of bovine curiosity, as if wondering how people of their intelligence could possibly be in a place like this. At another moment she is shot up out of the stage and appears as a water sprite, squeaking audibly at the joints as she propels her skinny frame about in a ballet number. In a burlesque of Carmen Miranda, singing the Souse American Way, she maintains an expression that is half fawn and half Hell's Kitchen. Without sufficient provocation she will burst into song, furnishing a cake-pan sort of soprano and an attitude of bravado which says that she will finish what she is doing, theater afire or not.

If she lacks beauty she certainly has personality. She had it even at the age of eleven when she launched her vaudeville career at the Dixie Theater in Manayunk, a section of Philadelphia where even the cops go about with bodyguards. But what she remembers particularly about that engagement was the audience.

"They ran up and down the aisles setting off firecrackers," she says.

She came by her stage ambitions naturally because her father played the fiddle at the Chestnut Street Theater in Philadelphia and her mother was a dancer.

She learned to dance, too, and played in a vaudeville flash act. Jimmy Durante saw her in this and hired her for the Silver Slipper Club, where she danced in the chorus and had one song number.

"It came in the second show," says Imogene, "and everybody was drunk by that time, so it didn't matter."

She kept going in and out of night clubs for years—the Fifth Avenue Club, New York, the Jay C. Flippen Club, the Piccadilly Club, Philadelphia, the New Yorker Club—but most of them folded after ten weeks or so.

"That was the day of the mobsters and gangsters," she offers, "and they paid very nicely every Saturday night, but I didn't want them (*Continued on page* 60)

Turtle Soup

By Richard Howells Watkins

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

It takes a bright young man like Lee to get a cottage, a pension and a ship captaincy out of a few cases of scrap iron

THE flat-nosed Virgin Islander at the winch kept his hand on the brake handle. But he did not check the descent of the solitary case.

From out of the Caribbean sun that was blasting the steel deck of the Irene Maxwell, the case dropped swiftly into the shadowy depths of Number 2 hold. A splintering crash rose and was drowned out by the boom of vibrating steel. Before the ship had ceased shuddering, a swirl of rusty dust twisted up out of the hatch. And, close behind it, lifted a white man's voice, bawling condemnation.

Mr. Rand, the mate, already had blood in his eye. The old man was making another trip, quite against the mate's hopeful expectations. This mishap gave him an outlet for his injured feelings. He hurled a special word of his own at the black winchman and clattered down the iron rungs to the bottom of the hold. He found Lee Dobie, the second, already trying to patch up the badly smashed case with a hammer. The young second mate had his body spread out over the box in a peculiar, screening manner. Hastily he slapped on another piece of wood.

In spite of this Al Rand got a glimpse of the contents of the splintered case. It was a battered, rust-reddened gasoline motor of ancient make. He saw that much and then Lee Dobie quickly shoved another broken slat across his vision. Mr. Rand stood still, staring at the shattered case. His anger evaporated and his customary vigilant, self-seeking watchfulness took its place. He had never seen scrap metal shipped in cases before.

"The old man is looking for you," Mr. Rand said untruthfully. "Go up."

The usual devil-may-care Lee Dobie was sweating with uneasiness. Reluctantly he obeyed. Once started, he shot up the iron rungs as if there had been gunpowder under him. He wouldn't be gone long.

Al Rand seized the hammer, ripped off another slat and plunged his hand into the second case. Scrap iron! He could feel the rust under his hand. He peered in. Another ramshackle ex-motor.

LEE DOBIE was already clattering down into the hold again. Mr. Rand tapped on the slat. When Dobie jumped off the rungs the mate's eyes squinted suspiciously at the flurried young man. He glanced at the markings on the case and then around at scores of others, all part of the same shipment, and moved to the ladder. Halfway up, he paused and looked over his shoulder at Lee's bent back. A sudden grin twisted his lips and was instantly suppressed.

When Lee Dobie came up out of Number 2, Mr. Rand, though he was usually watching the old man, was lingering unobtrusively in the starboard alleyway. He saw Lee head at once to the bridge, where old Captain Burbage was leaning wearily against the rail. The old man was talking to Jake Schenk, one of this interisland line's largest shippers and owner of those cases below. Lee Dobie broke in on them abruptly, for a second mate. He spoke rapidly, with his eyes turned down to Number 2. The old skipper and the sleek man of business listened to him with marked intensity.

"Well, what do you know?" Mr. Rand asked himself in increasing satisfaction and answered for himself: "The three of them are in it."

In the course of an unscholastic life Mr. Rand had read little, heard much talk and seen a great many moving pictures depicting villainy at sea. But, barring a little pilfering by steevies or sailors, this was the first time he had encountered it in others in the way of his own career.

HE HIMSELF had a low opinion of villainy, derived from personal experience. It was dangerous. It didn't pay, except in a big way in Europe. But if you had the luck to get on the opposite side to villainy, he reasoned, you might make a handsome profit with very little risk.

Mr. Rand smacked his thick lips.

"Turtle soup!" he breathed. "Turtle soup!"

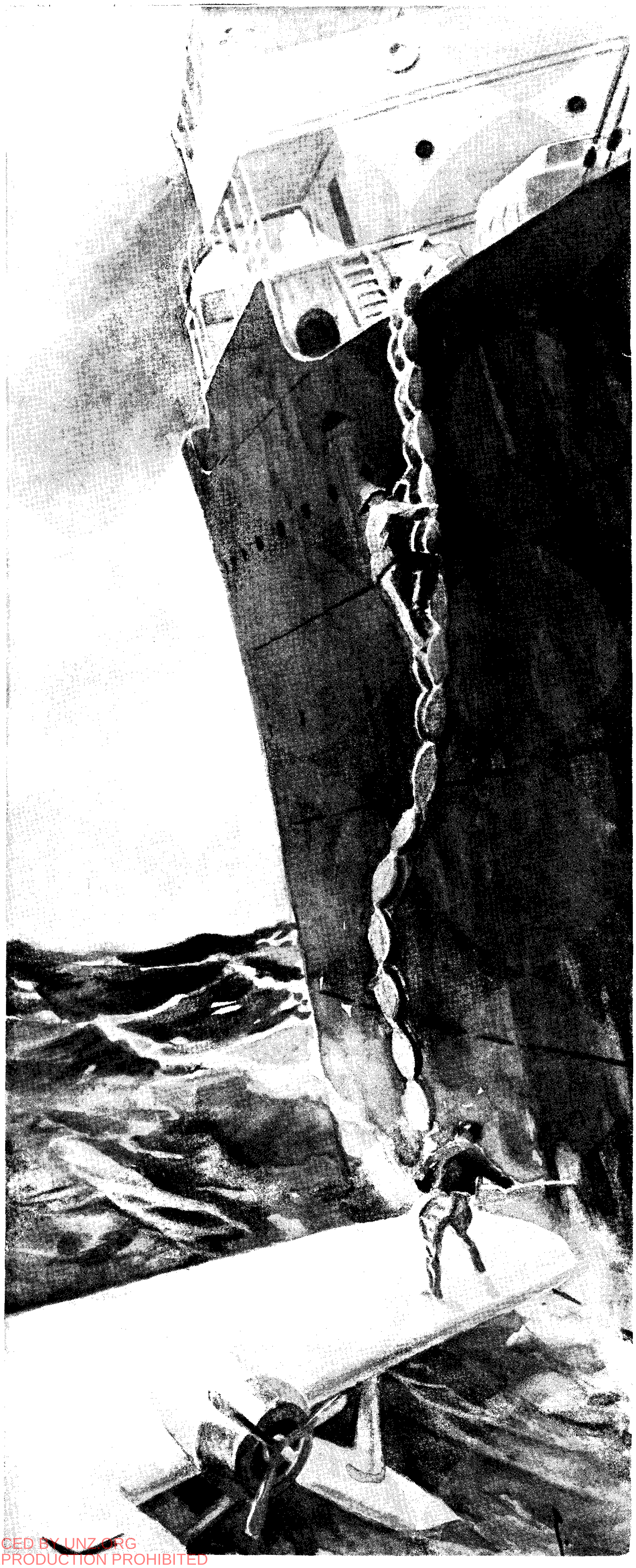
He glanced over at the dock. There reposed a long, rust-reddened mound of scrap metal, old motors, frames, obsolete or worn-out bits of machinery, old rails and other bits of industrial garbage awaiting transshipment to England. It was all the property of Jake Schenk. It seemed to Mr. Rand that the pile had diminished a trifle since the loading of the Irene Maxwell with what purported to be a varied shipment of machinery and merchandise consigned by Jake Schenk to St. Kitts, Martinique, Guadeloupe, Dominica, Barbados and Trinidad.

Suddenly somebody slid up alongside Al Rand. He started violently. But it was only Mr. Sproul, the middle-aged third officer. Mr. Sproul nodded toward the bridge and sniggered gently.

"Well, Chief, I see the old man's making another trip—and him too far gone to stand on his feet," he said. He tut-tutted indignantly. "You run him ragged enough last voyage so he'd ought to stay on the beach."

"Ar-r!" Mr. Rand's good humor momentarily departed. "Old Barebones

(Continued on page 54)



He was boarding her alone, as matter-of-factly as if she were at the dock. He climbed rapidly

You Can't Beat the Dutch

By Frank Gervasi

BY RADIO FROM AMSTERDAM

"Better a drowned land than a lost one," say the Hollanders, ready to drown out all invaders. They are well-fed, determined and unhappy. The blockade is smothering them in their own fat

THERE are no ration cards in Holland. Butter comes to the breakfast table in creamy, yellow affluence accompanied by several varieties of bread and buns. Lunch is a gastronomic orgy of hors d'oeuvres, polychromatic cream soups, fish, meat, game, ices swimming in whipped cream, cheese, fruit, pastry, coffee, liqueurs and long cheroots.

Dinner is a debauch and in between there is *theedrinken.* Out of sixteen hours of wakefulness the Dutch consume at least four at the table. They have fun. The streets of that vulgar Venice that is Amsterdam or of Rotterdam or The Hague are alight nightly with neon signs of cinemas, restaurants, theaters and bars.

In berserk Europe, where freedom and happiness are directly proportionate to the availability of food, fun and gasoline, Holland is a beleaguered island of liberty. There are no ration cards in Holland for butter, bacon or petrol, for fun or love or freedom.

Hollanders do not belong to one political party but scatter their eight million four hundred seventy-four thousand allegiances among thirty-seven parties. They carry no single ticket of state-apportioned rights. For every two parties which merge, two others emerge so that power shall remain divided, and that Hans and Jan and their wives shall retain their fundamental right to squawk about taxes, razz militarism and thwart any organized attempt at regimentation of the nation.

More reasonably than any other people of Europe the Dutch can boast they have never known prolonged foreign domination. Behind their dikes of brick and mud and willow branches they suck sand from the sea to make their ditch-bordered parallelograms of land. On these they raise cows and sheep and grain. Behind dikes seven or eight feet below the leaden level of the North Sea they erected a civilization and defended it against the Spaniards, English, French and Prussians.

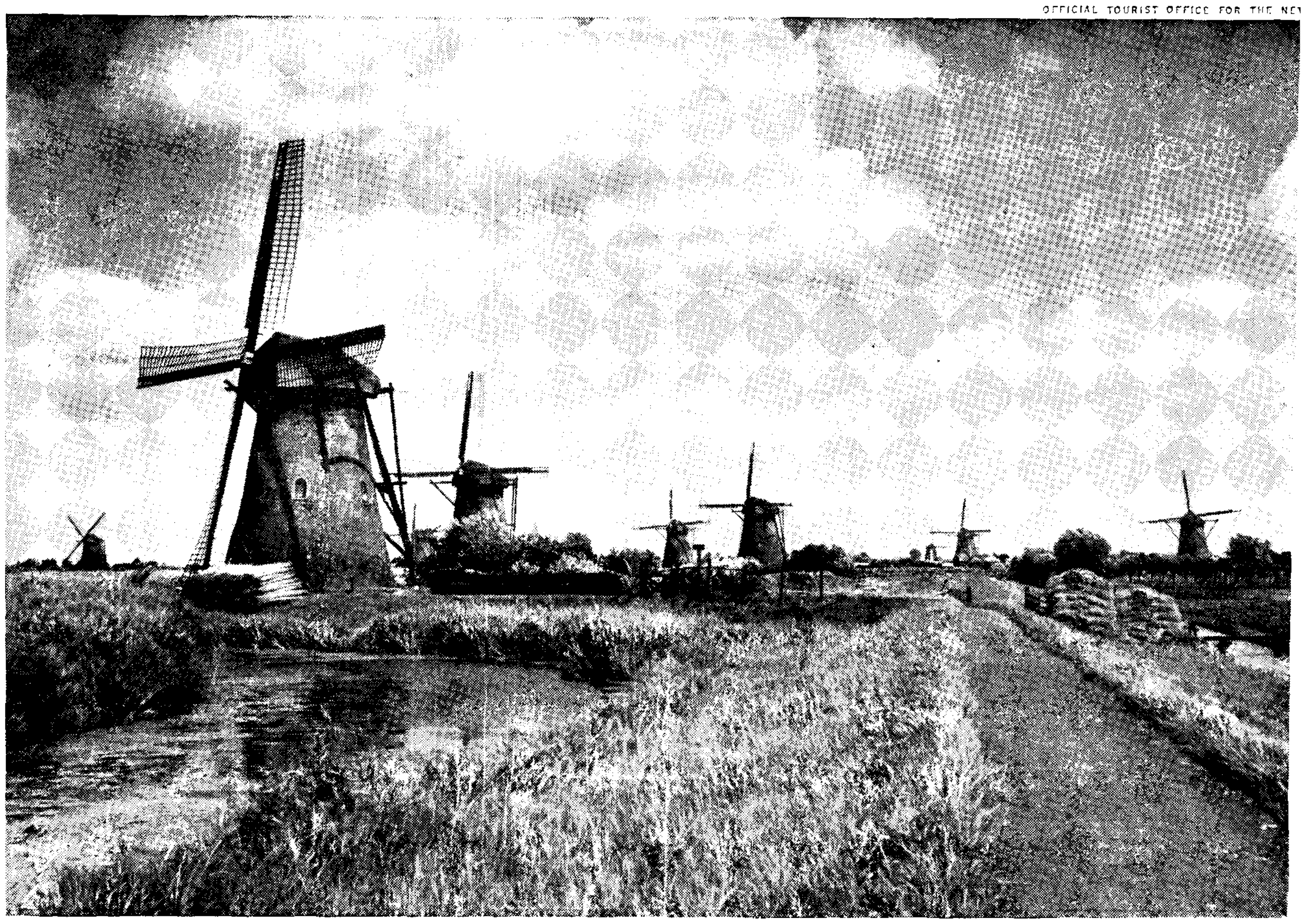
The Dutch emerged long before any other people of Europe as an industrious nation of farmers and merchants. Their policy is one of friendship with all peoples and enmity toward none. Acre by acre the Hollanders have fought back the sea since one hundred years before Christ when the Batavieren settled here, and now they intend, these Dutch, to keep what they have wrought—even if they must drown the land once more with the pent-up waters of the Zuider Zee. They intend to defend themselves on the east and southeast against invasion from Germany, not alone with puny pillboxes but with water, mud and ditches to bog down advancing tanks and break the legs of oncoming cavalry.

They intend equally to defend themselves on the west against the British. Holland may be invaded as logically by the British for an attack against the Germans as it may be by the Germans to bring Nazi airplanes and submarine bases nearer to the British Isles. In the War Office at London and the Kriegsministerium in Berlin there are plans for such invasion of Holland, for generals think of everything even if diplomats don't.

There is no hatred in Dutch hearts either for German or Briton—there is only the fear that one or other or both

Windmills help control water in Holland, acting as pumping stations. Note water at right is lower than at left

OFFICIAL TOURIST OFFICE FOR THE NE



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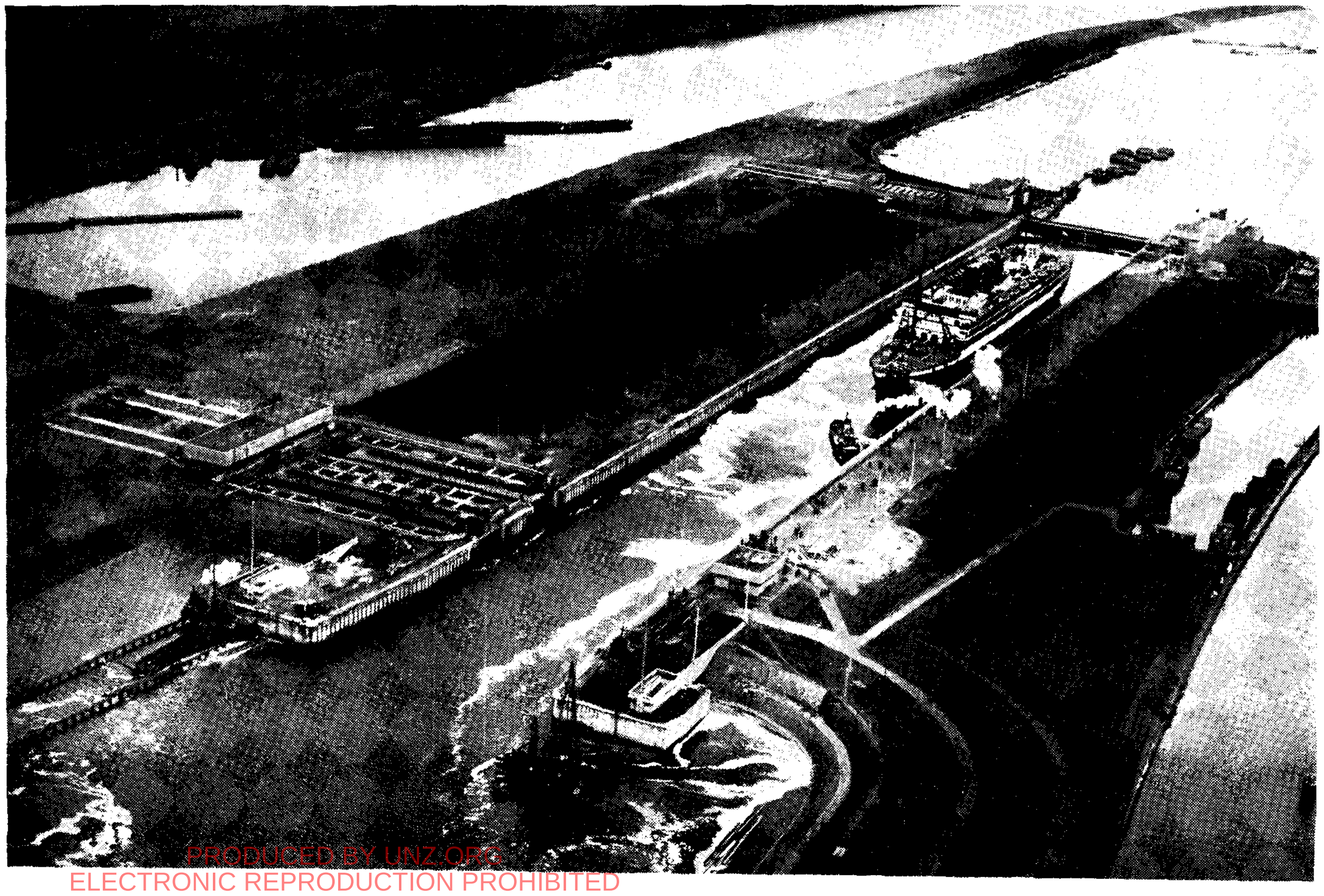
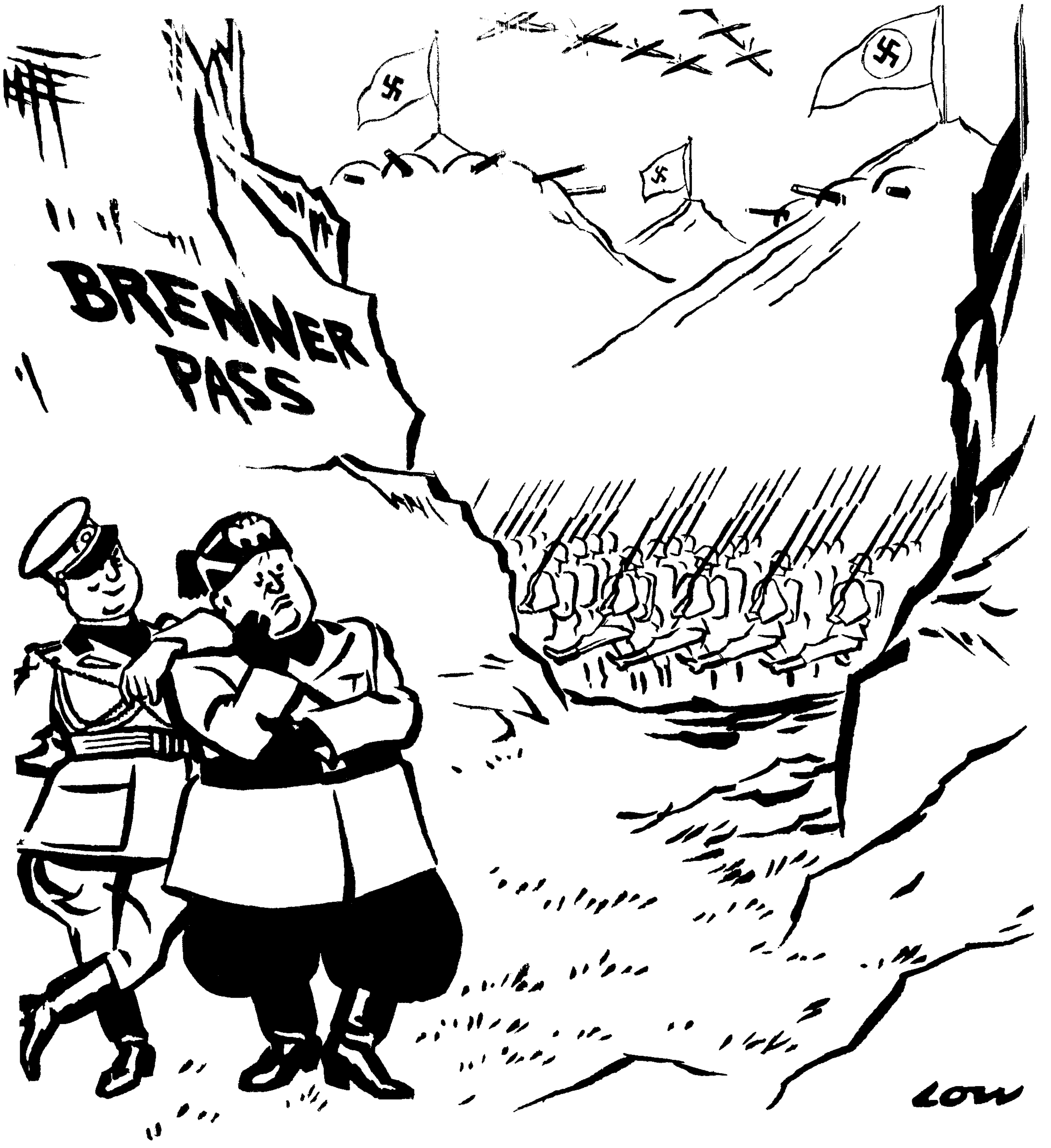


The great locks at Ijmuiden, Holland, at the west end of the North Sea Canal. These locks, among the world's largest, serve a triple purpose: They admit shipping to Amsterdam, keep out the North Sea to make possible the vast Zuider Zee land reclamation projects and are key units in the flood defense Holland is preparing against Germany



WHAT DID HE MEAN WHEN HE SAID HE'D NEVER FORGET ME?

DRAWN BY LOW FOR COLLIER'S AND SENT FROM LONDON BY RADIOPHOTO

may come in to make of Holland a battlefield. The Dutch detest the Nazis, as might be expected of a people who worship freedom and abhor repression and are intensely individualistic and therefore grimly opposed to national discipline.

Dutch officers do not dare to stiffen regulations in army life. Dutchmen wouldn't stand for it. As one colonel put it—he was a tall, blue-eyed, pale-haired *jonkheer* from Groningen—"Our soldiers are but civilians in uniform. They remain civilians in their gray-green, retaining even so the color of their land. They will fight, if it comes to that, as men fight to save their women and their homes, but not as a Prussian fights."

Dutchmen admire the Germans for their technical skill, their aptitude for organization, but they detest them for their love of hyperdiscipline. On the other hand Hollanders hate the British for the blockade.

This blockade is the fiercest and most effective Britain has ever enforced, costing Dutch merchants millions monthly, through delays entailing demurrage and lighter charges and bounties for unanticipatedly long charterings. Hit a Dutchman in his wallet and he gets sore as a boil. Britain has gone too far, Dutchmen say—so far, in fact, that these people who have been the most pacific in modern world history mutter things about the Boer War, and when in a really nasty mood remind Britons that Holland once had a certain Admiral Troop who nailed a broom to his mainmast in symbol of the fact that he was in the habit of sweeping the seas of British men of war.

"Just Leave Us Alone!"

Holland's once flourishing trade with Britain and Germany is being destroyed in a war not of Dutch origin. The nation faces the appalling possibility of economic strangulation in the midst of its own plenty out of the sheer necessity of continuing her neutrality. Neutrality has become a fetish with the Hollanders and their cry is, "Laat ons met rust"—leave us alone.

Britain's North Sea blockade threatens to cut off Holland from her own vast empire where coffee, rubber, copra and oil await shipment to the belligerents. But with Holland's bottoms blocked in the North Sea, Batavia—eight thousand miles from Amsterdam as KLM, the Royal Dutch Air Transport, flies—might as well be someplace on the moon.

The Dutch are very proud of their empire. It covers an area fifty-eight times larger than Holland herself and sustains sixty-five million people compared to the scant eight and a half million who pack Holland. It is the third largest in the world, after those of Britain and France, but it is probably the wealthiest from the standpoint of profits. The Dutch do not have the enormous overhead of a vast army and navy to maintain a hold on their empire. They don't enslave natives, they even marry them occasionally and, considering that Bali is Dutch, maybe Dutchmen aren't so dumb.

The utter absurdity of having a wealthy empire and being unable to derive profits from it in the world's trade marts at a time like this is one of the things that are driving Hollanders to drinking more of their own gin than ever before in their long history of lusty tippling—"We don't drink water any more. We save the water for the Germans and drink the gin."

The use of water as a defense weapon is an old Dutch stratagem. It was first employed by William the Silent when Leyden was being besieged by the Spanish troops of the Inquisition's Duke of Alva in 1574. William, who coined the dictum "Better a drowned land than a lost land," opened the dikes around Leyden and flooded the enemy out. In those days the Dutch were a race of warrior merchants. Of the twenty-five thousand vessels carrying the world's goods they owned fifteen thousand. Their admirals were men of the kidney of old Tromp and his son Cornelius or like Michel de Ruyter who whipped the British at Chatham in 1667, or like Piet Hein, who intercepted the Spanish silver transports and whose fleet was called "Invincible." They were tough and their tenacity made the word "stubborn" synonymous with "Dutchmen." They still believe it is better to have a drowned land than to lose it.

Poland was a granite block blasted into shale by skillfully placed sticks of motorized German dynamite. Holland is different. A motorized column moving into their marshy land would be smothered like a firecracker in a wet sponge.

They Rolled Back the Ocean

These Dutch who conquered the sea with their men of war and then tamed it with the mathematics of hydraulics have put their old enemy to work in their defense. They are prepared to flood all but one quarter of their land to save it from the Germans.

The heart of Holland's defense system is the Zuider Zee, whose conquest by her engineers bears out the axiom that no body of water is safe where there's a Dutchman with a shovel. The Zuider Zee was a great inland salt sea fed by the North Sea, cutting down into the heart of the country. The Dutch pushed it back inch by inch with an enormous dike running along the sea's entire periphery.

They built a twenty-mile-long dam across the northern mouth of the Zuider Zee and turned it into a sweet-water lake. Then they installed in their North Sea Canal three water gates, one of which is larger than the Gatun locks of the Panama Canal. The dam took from 1924 to 1932 to build but in the seven years since its completion it has already earned huge profits for the Dutch in the new land created by the constant drift of silt and soil into the huge saucer.

Maybe it's just an accident or maybe the Dutch engineers planned it that way. Nevertheless, the Zuider Zee has become a national reservoir of defensive strength.

As the water poured into it from the rivers, its level rose until it reached a point on the dikes four feet ten inches above sea level. This means the Zuider Zee is a huge tank whose waters can be discharged as required through water gates and locks into the canals crisscrossing every square mile of the billiard-table countryside. The water gates in the main dam pour off any excess water that may accumulate within the Zuider Zee so that its level is constant and easily regulated.

With the land itself averaging six feet below sea level, a phenomenon made possible by the restraining dikes and by an intricate system of locks, the water in the canals averages about four feet two inches below sea level. At Amsterdam, for instance, the sidewalks in most places are just barely above the canal water's edge. This means that the

(Continued on page 58)

Saddle and Ride

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

The Story Thus Far:

CAUGHT stealing cattle at Ben Herendeen's Three Pines ranch, Ollie Jacks, a notorious rustler, is brought to trial in the little town of War Pass, on the edge of Powder Desert. While the jury is discussing the verdict, Clay Morgan, owner of Long Seven, rides into the town with his nine-year-old daughter, Janet. He leaves Janet with an old friend, Ann McGarrah, and goes to the Long Grade Saloon.

Among those whom he meets are: Sheriff Nickum, Ben Herendeen and two of his neighbors, Gurd Grant and Lige White. Although Clay and Herendeen are civil enough to each other, they are not friends. Ten years before, Herendeen had been in love with a charming girl, Lila Durrie; and Clay had married her. Then, just before her death (following Janet's birth), she had admitted to Clay that she had always regretted marrying him, because she had really loved Ben Herendeen.

While the men in the Long Grade converse, someone runs in with some astonishing news: Ollie Jacks has been acquitted! . . . Furious, Herendeen prepares to kill Jacks when he is released. But when the rustler steps out of the courthouse and turns to Clay for protection, Clay has a talk with Herendeen. He tells the owner of the Three Pines that, so long as Janet is in town, there must be no trouble. And when Jesse Rusey, the town marshal, backs Clay up, Herendeen reluctantly permits Jacks to go his way, unmolested.

That night, however, Clay sees Jacks (shadowed by Herendeen's men) slip out of War Pass. Then a few minutes later, he hears shots out in the desert; and he knows that the cattle thief is dead. . . . Working with a bunch of cattle, the following morning, Clay encounters Charley Hillhouse, Herendeen's foreman. The two men are old friends, and Hillhouse cautions Clay to avoid an open break with Herendeen. "You should stay out of the dirty messes men like Ollie Jacks make for themselves," he says earnestly. "I don't like to see you go soft."

"All right, Charley," Clay replies. "I'll change the tune when I see Herendeen." Hillhouse is silent for a moment. Then: "Be a mighty bitter tune, for one of you. I will say no more."

II

THEY pushed the beef down a ravine and out onto a flat plain upon which lay the dust smoke of cattle approaching from all points of the compass. A chuck wagon and a string of horses on picket showed in the foreground. Beyond it men rode through a held bunch of cattle, neatly cutting out the calves for branding and throwing the cows of the various outfits into each outfit's separate bunch. There was a bawling and a bleating through all this boiling dust, and the smell of scorched hair and hide, and the resounding firecracker rattle of a man's cursing.

These roundups were always shorthanded. Morgan took his place with Lige White, snaking calves out of the herd, dumping and dragging them to the brand fire and afterward shagging them off to their proper bunches—Three Pines, Crowfoot, Long Seven or Running W; there were, additionally, a couple of men from ranches farther away to take care of cattle that had strayed into this range. Everybody worked. Somewhere around noon men left the dust to eat a quick meal, and ran back into the dust again. Herendeen, with two of his crew, rode out of the south with a fresh batch, ate his meal and went away; he had not directly looked at Clay Morgan. Gurd Grant came in from the hill country, driving everything he saw before him. Lige White's men were combing the desert over by Fanolango Pass. When the dust got too bad they hit the cook's coffeepot and dashed back to the job. Every few hours the cutting men took fresh horses from the picket line.

Lige White's eyes were bloodshot and he didn't feel in the best of spirits. He said to Morgan: "I'm old enough to know better than to drink a quart of rye in one night. But, dammit, when a man starts tapering off it means he's getting old—and I hate to admit it. Fat cows, this year. How's Janet?"

"Fine. I left her in town."

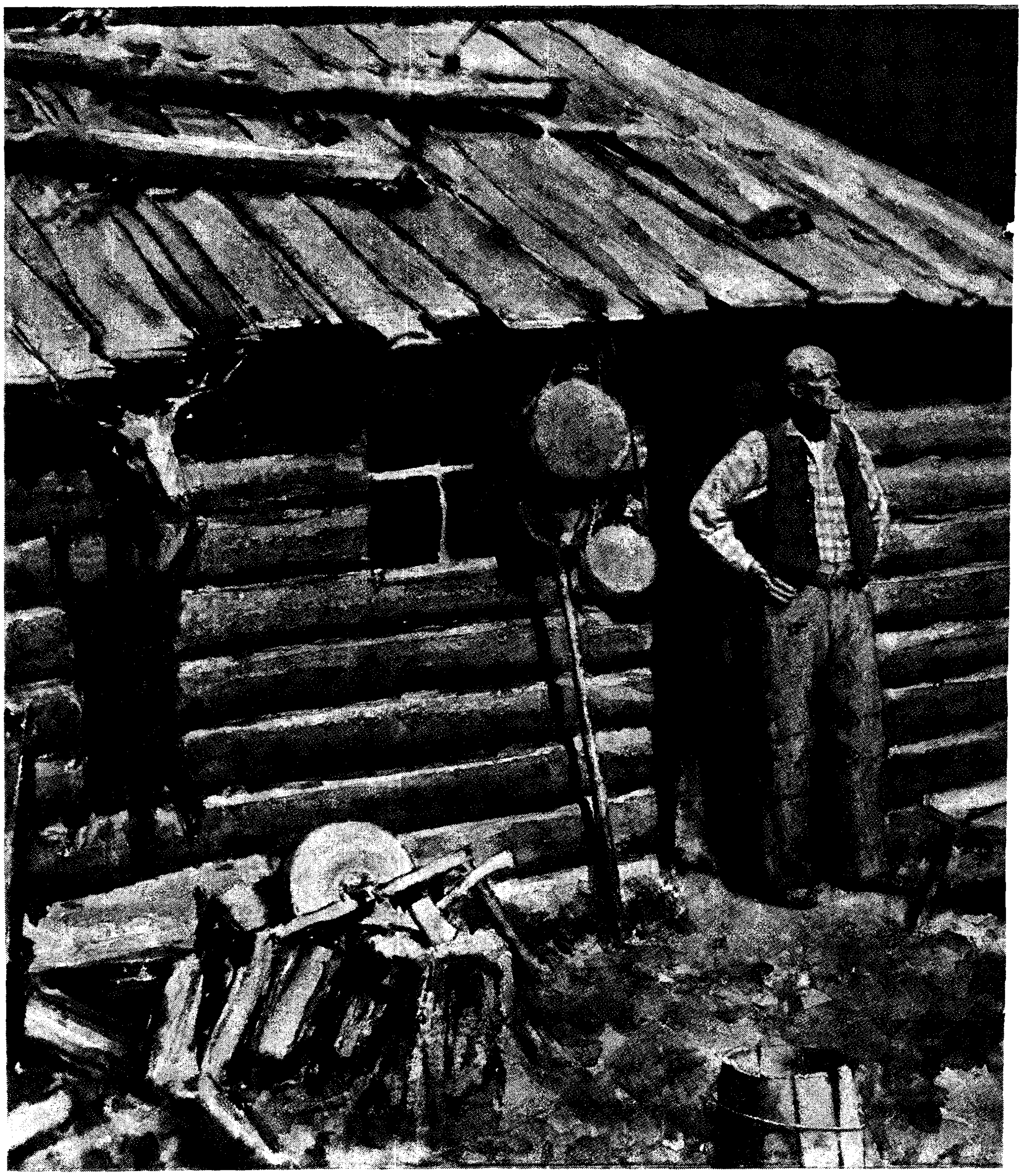
"Damned pretty girl. Well, you're lucky, Clay. Mighty nice to have a youngster to ride the trail with, watchin' him grow and tellin' him what you know about things. I used to think that if I had a boy I'd sure show him the world. Hear the old owl hoot and listen to the cougar scrape his whiskers on the tent wall. Shake the frost off our blankets and ride the rim to see daylight come. I wish I had that boy."

It was, Clay Morgan knew, a sore spot in this handsome, likable Lige White—that he had no son. It was on his mind a good deal and he often spoke of it whenever he thought of Janet; any child drew his attention and his charming smile. He was always praising Janet and always wanting to buy her candy in his large-handed way. He was a man who had to put his affections somewhere. Through the middle of this sweaty, dusty afternoon's work, Morgan thought about this intensely human streak in Lige White which seemed to find no outlet; then he remembered Mrs. White's set and calm expression and her quiet voice—and the misery of her eyes.

HERENDEEN and his men cleared the Haycreek Hills of the last straggling stock; Gurd Grant cleaned up the edge of the Potholes and came in. Running W had scoured Fanolango Pass and at twilight this day the job was done, the brands segregated and held in separate herds. After supper Morgan started Harry Jump back to the Mogul range with the Long Seven beef, and the Crowfoot and Running W cuts went away, lumbering shadows in the moonlight, the scrape of feet and the click of those long horns and the plaintive "baw" of the last calf riding back through the night-still air.

Dust and heat were gone and the campfire's flame, so still was this air, tapered upward to a blue-yellow, almost stationary point. Charley Hillhouse, who was wagon boss, said: "We'll move over and work the Antelope Plains tomorrow."

The cook swore around the shadows, harnessing his team. Afterward the mess wagon went bumping away on its four-hour ride, to be ready on the Antelope Plains by daybreak. Lying on his blanket, head athwart the seat of his saddle, Clay Morgan listened to the dry groaning of the wagon wheels fade into this enormous night. He rolled a cigarette and savored its keen smell. Stars crowded the sky; they washed that limitless sweep of black with a diamond glitter, all down to the black horizon's edge,



until they seemed to fall below the rim of a flat world. Here and there, in the pine summits, coyotes began to hark up their mourning plaint. "Ar-ar-oooo."

Hillhouse and Clay Morgan and Lige White sat by the fire, their cheeks sharply, taciturnly graved by light and shadows; and men lay blanketed in the background, weary and relaxed and cradled by their inward thinking. Herendeen walked forward from the shadows to stand high above this sprawled group. He tossed a sage stem into the fire and watched the pale and heatless flame rise. He was across from Clay Morgan; his eyes searched the crowd. The edges of his vest fell away from the rounds of his shoulders and the deep stretch of his chest; his bigness was all in proportion, legs and arms and torso; it was a muscular bigness, a bigness of thick bones.

CAP VERMILYE was a Long Seven man, the oldest rider of the lot and the most prolific storyteller. He said now, from the background, "Reminds me of a time out in the Staked Plains. This was in '78—"

Ben Herendeen broke in as if Cap Vermilye hadn't spoken. "Lige," he said, "I hear there's a new homesteader come to the spring Jim Spackman used to squat on."

"I heard so," said Lige White.

Cap Vermilye said no more and for a moment the silence was deep and different. A swift spark lighted Clay Morgan's resentment at Herendeen's intolerant interruption. He sat up slowly; he was near enough the fire to be seen. Charley Hillhouse turned his head suddenly to watch Morgan, a small crease of worry showing between his eyes.

"We'll warn him out of there tomorrow," said Herendeen. But when he stopped talking, Clay Morgan knew he wasn't finished. Herendeen's thoughts were on his face, for everybody to see. "Or maybe we've got some great big soul in this crowd whose heart bleeds for people like that. Seems to be a hell of a lot of charity around here lately."

Morgan swayed forward to lift a burning sage stem from the fire; its oil-bright glow flickered against his cheeks, against his eyes. This silence held its waiting and its reserve. Morgan tossed the sage stem back into the fire, drawing a sharp glance from Charley Hillhouse. Lige White uncomfortably crossed his feet. Gurd Grant crouched by the blaze and revealed nothing on his scrupulously neutral face. Morgan relaxed gently on his shoulder blades and pillowed his head against the saddle. He said nothing but he saw the changing expression on Herendeen's cheeks. Herendeen had braced himself for trouble, he had maneuvered this talk around to make a break; but nothing happened and he stood a moment, uncertain and displeased, and afterward walked away. He called back: "I'll see you tomorrow, Lige. You too, Gurd." Presently he left camp at a dead run.

Rolled in the blanket, Morgan smoked the cigarette to its end. When he had finished, the fire was a vague glow of ashes and the night's cold had crept in from the sky. The camp slept.

INSTEAD of turning west to his own ranch, Herendeen traveled due south toward a low range of hills that separated Running W from Three Pines. An hour's ride brought him within sight of a far-shining light, which was the mark of a homesteader's cabin against the hills; but when he came upon the homesteader's cabin, as he drifted into the heavy shadows at the base of these hills, a dog began to bark and suddenly the light died. He reined in before the cabin, feeling his contempt for the evident fear that had caused the homesteader to kill the light. They were all alike, these homesteaders, little men crawling as near the range as they dared, sticking their plows into the unplowed soil and slowly starving while the sun burned up their crops and ruined the land ever afterward for graze. He could not tolerate this breed or their sun-blackened wives, or their towheaded children. They were aliens. They were no better than Indians. He sent his deep, blunt call at the shack: "Hey—come out here."

They were talking, inside. A boy's voice said, "Pa, don't go." A woman was talking, quickly and with suppressed excitement. The door squealed open and somebody stood in its black square, speechless.

"WHAT you doing here?" demanded Herendeen. "This place is on Lige White's range. We drove Jim Spackman away from it last year."

"You Lige White?" said a man in a dim, drawn tone.

"What the hell is that to you? My name's Herendeen and I asked you a question."

"Oh," said the man. "I'm Jack Gale. I bought Jim Spackman's rights to this place."

"He never had any rights to sell."

"He built the house, Mr. Herendeen." Then the man added quietly: "It's free land, ain't it? I understood it was. I also understood Mr. White wouldn't mind."

Herendeen was nettled by the argument. "You damned nesters are all alike, trying to stand on this free-land business. You stick your plow into it and ruin it, and starve to death, and steal cattle to keep your kids alive, and move away. We're not in the game of providin' meat to nesters."

"I'll make my way," said Gale peaceably, "and I don't ask for nobody's beef. I want no trouble."

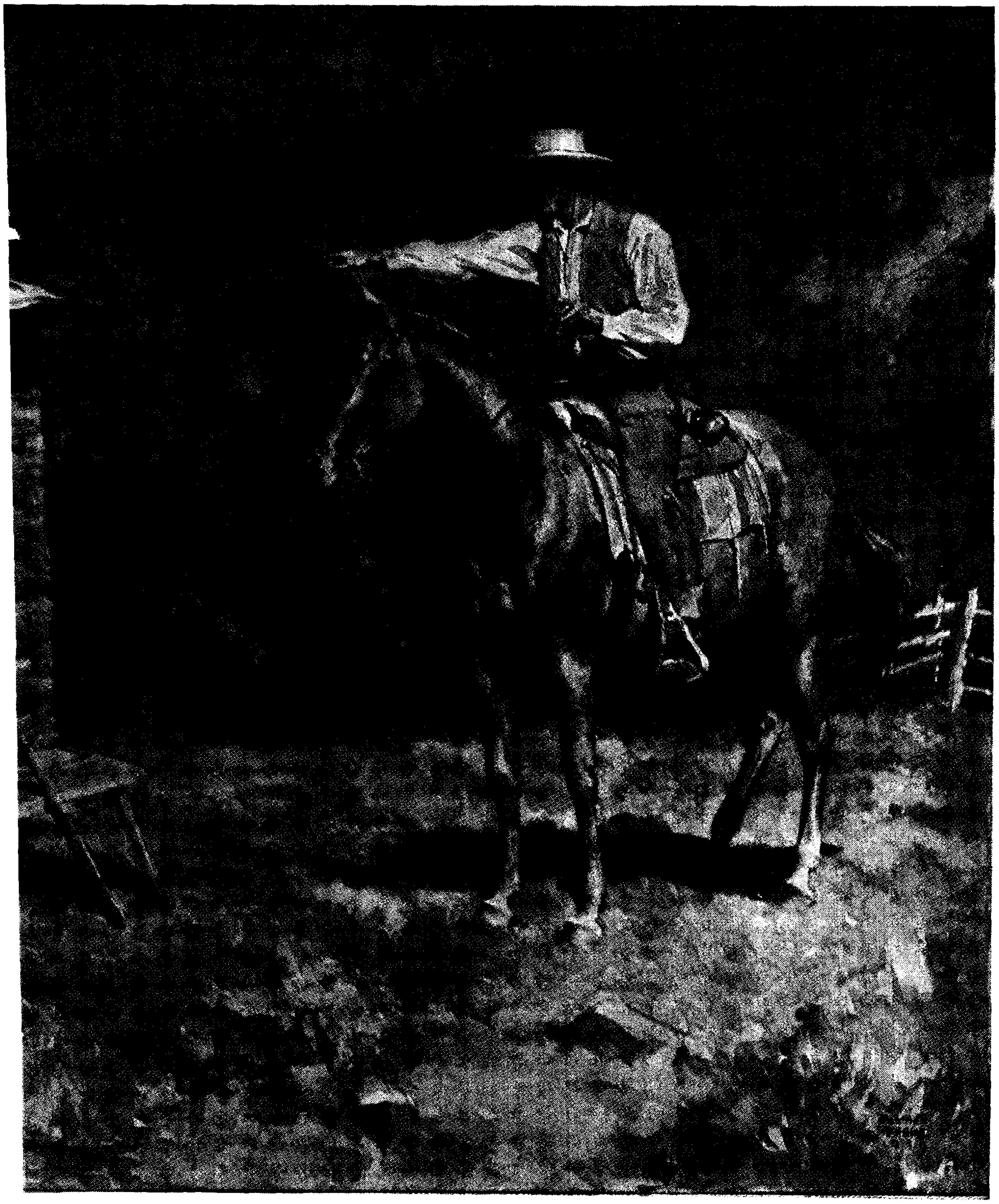
"You got a fence around that spring?"

"Yes," said Gale reluctantly.

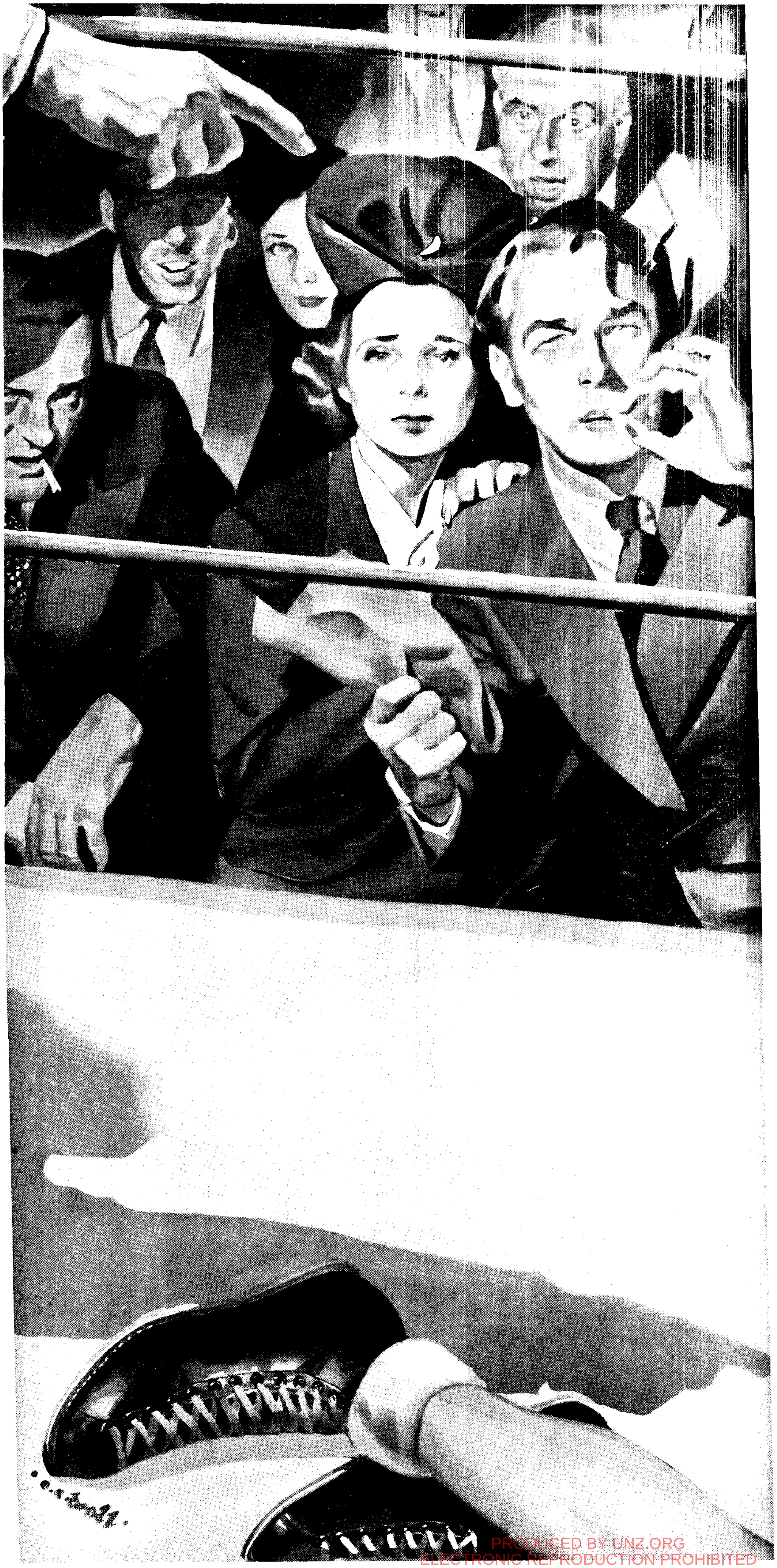
"Sure," grunted Herendeen. "Now you pull that fence down and you get out of this country by the end of the week."

For a moment Gale didn't answer. His breath sighed into the darkness and his feet scraped the doorsill. Spring water, dropping down the hillside, bubbled across the yard. Then Gale said in a

(Continued on page 36)



"Now you pull that fence down and you get out of this country by the end of the week," Herendeen said. For a moment Gale didn't answer



He Licked the Champ

By Eric Hatch

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Will Jones takes his girl to a fight. A story that shows what fame can do for a man who has fallen in love with the right woman

THE light shone white and cruel and hard on the canvas of the ring. To the eighty thousand people gathered around that ring what was going to happen there was important. To a few, it was terribly important. To Will Jones, it was vitally important. It meant everything in the world to him that a man named Packer, whom he really didn't like at all, should here successfully defend his championship.

Will Jones was sitting in one of the press seats, though he didn't look as though he belonged there, for he was big and lumbering and had an open, kindly face. The men about him were a sharper cut. He looked like what he was—a small-town businessman, youngish, friendly, strange in the big city. On his left was the star reporter of the Maple City Courier, who had brought him, and who on the side was his partner in the insurance business back home. On his right was Mary. He was going to marry Mary. They'd been engaged ever since—they'd been engaged a long time. It was only in the past year the money'd begun rolling in. He hadn't wanted her to have to use any of the little money the Maple City Courier paid her for doing social notes and odd editorial jobs. That hadn't been part of the dream.

"*In this corner* . . ."

Will Jones reached out and took Mary's hand. He felt it press his. The announcer finished introducing the challenger—Harry Comus, the challenger, a new type of fighter—educated, smart, whose road work was done on Park Avenue now, although once upon a time it had been done behind the barracks of an Army camp. The crowd cheered. Will Jones thought about the time a few weeks ago when Tom Buckley, the Courier's star reporter, had taken Mary and him to Comus' training camp at Spectator, N. Y.

"Harry, shake hands with Will Jones of Maple City."

"How do you do." Comus had looked at him slightly puzzled.

"*You* know—*Will Jones.*" Tom Buckley had been embarrassed. He'd promoted Will Jones from nothing to something. He didn't like it when people didn't recognize the name.

"Will Jones—Will Jones." Then Comus flashed a smile. He had remembered. "Oh, *I* know—the man who licked the champ."

Tom Buckley had beamed. Will Jones had beamed. Harry Comus had beamed, all of them pleased that the right thing had been said.

"In *this* corner . . ."

Will Jones' grip tightened on Mary's hand. They were introducing the champ—James J. Packer—the Maple City Powerhouse. His name wasn't James J. Packer, it was Leander Packer, but that didn't matter.

"The—heavyweight—champion—of—the—world!"

Cheers, swelling, rumbling, roared over the stadium. The two men in the ring shook hands. Their faces were masks, worn for the occasion, fierce, threatening.

Will Jones didn't see them shaking hands. He didn't even see the ring, it had faded like an old-time moving-picture flashback and in its place he saw a red brick schoolhouse in a country town and a green meadow behind it filled with hay and daisies and screaming children.

He saw two boys there, noses streaming blood onto their torn shirts, fists flailing, faces wearing expressions of ferocity that were no masks but the deadly, *(Continued on page 48)*

In the interval, Will Jones began actively to wonder what was going to become of him if Packer were beaten. Until now he hadn't believed it possible

The Stars Repeat

BY BUDD WILSON SCHULBERG

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

A SHORT SHORT STORY ● COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

DOWN Hollywood Boulevard [illegible] arctic sleigh picturesquely [illegible] the coarse salt the studios use for snow scenes, and bearing a little girl dressed in a white ski costume tirelessly blowing kisses to thousands of sweaty and excited people lining the curb.

Bill Hall didn't join them, because he had first seen Christmas come to Hollywood when the boulevard looked like a small-town street on the back lot, and seeing a star like Shirley Temple wasn't exactly a novelty for him either.

Bill pushed through the crowd with his hands in his pockets, his eyes idly searching the sidewalk. Christmas was getting him down. It marked the seventh year without a real job. He wasn't even picking up the quickie stuff he used to pay the rent with back in '34 and '35.

Right now the big parties at the studios must be in full swing. He thought of the free champagne and the tipsy office boys with their fat tips and the pretty little stock girls laughing at all the jokes. He thought of all his old friends who hadn't called him since his name started dropping out of the trade papers seven years ago.

He had been in on some great studio parties in his day. Of course the greatest of all was the time he met Evelyn King. That was back in '25 when she was known as America's Girl Friend. He still remembered his first shock at finding out that this Flaming Youth was a down-to-earth kid with plenty of common sense and a yen for baking lemon meringue pies. She wasn't much of a flapper any more, but her pies and her common sense were better than ever. It was hard to believe they had been married almost fifteen years. The years would move slower from now on. That's what worried him most. Too many of Hollywood's loveliest romances had turned out to be nothing but prosperity plants.

He remembered his last big studio Christmas party. He had had a couple of bad flops that year but was all set to do Frontier, an epic Western with a million-dollar budget. Bill had always been sure-fire on Westerns and he was counting on this to put him on top again. The party was just getting good when his producer, Eddie Mason, strolled over. They had a couple of drinks together before Eddie said, "Well, Bill, I've got a little Christmas present for you; you're going to get a vacation. How does a couple of months in Europe sound?"

"But what about Frontier?" Bill asked. "We start shooting a week from Friday."

"Not a chance," Eddie said. "We just found out Gary Cooper has to do another picture at Paramount first. Which means a good two months at the outside."

SO HE and Evelyn had gone to Europe, their first real vacation together. It was in Budapest that Bill picked up a copy of Variety:

FRONTIER ROLLS TODAY
Bellman Takes Meg Over from Hall
On Big Dough Horse Opera

Fifteen minutes later Bill had Eddie Mason on the phone: "What the hell, Eddie? If you didn't want me to do the picture why didn't you say so? I've been in this game long enough to be able to take it."

And Eddie's voice pouring over the wires like syrup: "But, Bill, so help me, we heard that you were going to do big things in London. And naturally we didn't want you to think we were standing in your way."

"Yeah, yeah," Bill said, hitting a low C flat. "I get it. Damn' nice of you, Eddie." And he hung up while Eddie was still explaining.

[illegible] a long time ago—two or three [illegible] Hollywood careers seem to go. [illegible] to be forgotten in a town that has [illegible] famous for its memory. After the first [illegible] years no one asked Bill to parties any more. They just sent him Christmas cards—those fancy Christmas cards that Bill used to say cost more than a lot of B pictures. But they didn't even send him those any more. As far as they were concerned, Bill was dead.

As Bill turned north from Hollywood Boulevard on Cherokee he could see the gigantic HOLLYWOODLAND sign, high on the hills overlooking the town. Remember the little extra girl who jumped off that sign last Christmas Eve? No dough and no break in pictures and no more fun in life, said the note she left. Bill knew how she felt. There were times lately when he couldn't help thinking the same things himself. . . .

Because up till now he had clung to the ghost of his old job. He hadn't tried to be an assistant because once you do that your directorial days are gone. And who'd want him as an assistant anyway? They were looking for young kids, boys they could develop. And he knew how the directors felt about ex-celebrities.

WALKING up the steps of the Cherokee Arms, he thought of something else. Evelyn was a real sport but she couldn't go on like this forever. She hadn't been saying much lately either. I guess she wants to pull out and hasn't the nerve to break it to me. Well, I can't blame her. After all, she still has her looks. She has plenty of good years ahead. Why should she tie a rock like me around her neck? . . .

The long corridor was full of noisy celebration. He armed himself with a smile as he unlocked the door to his room. Evelyn was smiling too. "Merry Christmas, darling," she said as she hugged him. Then she led him to the table, which was covered with envelopes of many sizes.

"Christmas cards!" she said in a burst of joy. "I've been waiting for you to get home and open them all afternoon."

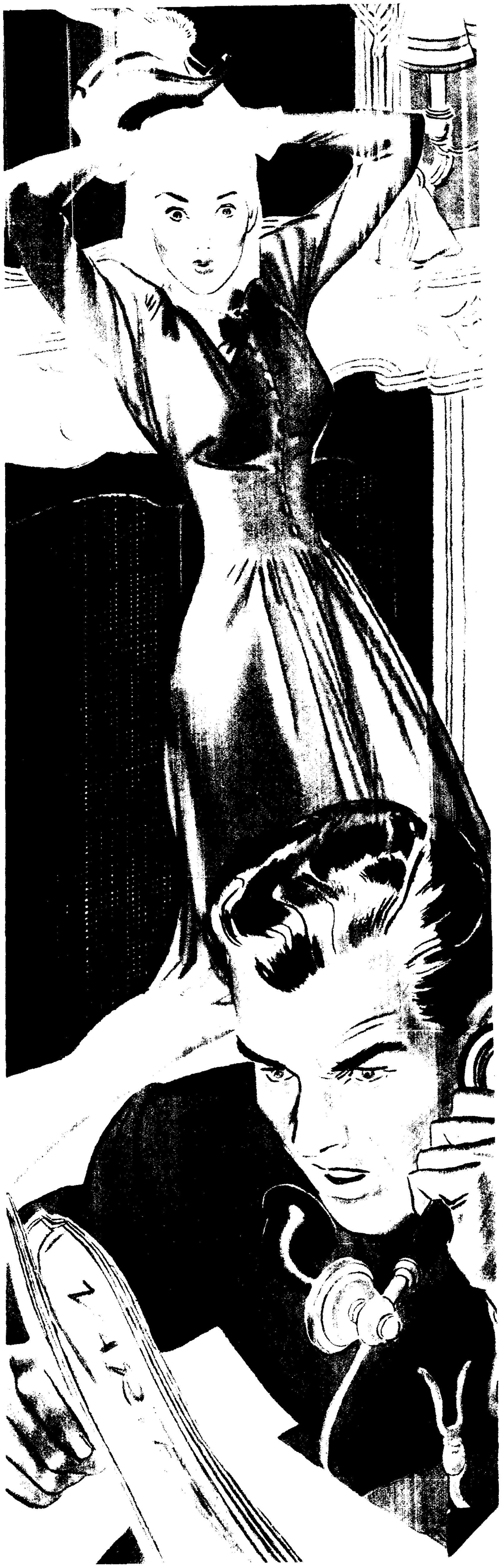
They ripped them open together. "Look at this one from Charley Krims," he yelled. "He's head of Famous Artists' now." Evelyn held up another, a square foot of red sandpaper, lettered in semiprecious stones: "Hoping Christmas Rubs You the Right Way!" From one of the biggest stars Bill had discovered. "From Betty—what d'ya know!" Bill mused, turning it over slowly in his hand.

Finally, when Bill had seen them all, Evelyn placed them proudly along the little mantelpiece. "Just the way we used to!" she laughed as he pulled her down to his lap.

"Honey," he said, "this is the swellest Christmas I ever had. It's given me just the boot I needed. When the studios open Tuesday I'm going out and track down any kind of job—first assistant, second—I'll even take prop boy if I can get it."

Evelyn, so glad she had rummaged through those old boxes that morning, so relieved that Bill hadn't realized the cards were more than ten years old, didn't know why she was crying.

And Bill was doing a little crying himself, not because he was going to let her think she was fooling him with that old Christmas card Betty sent him back in '27 (for the stars never repeat themselves), but because he knew that he and Evelyn were going to be okay from here on in.



"If you didn't want me to do this picture why didn't you say so? I've been in this game long enough to be able to take it"

Turkey All the Time

By Frank J. Taylor

It may be turkey time for you now, but at Jim Louie's, turkey is always the dish. The 69-year-old Chinaman who has cooked his fifty thousandth turkey gives you some tips

THERE we were in Portland, with an appetite like a forest fire, and no place to go. So we put it up to Mr. Bill Hoffman, the oracle of The Multnomah, who knows everything about Oregon.

"Where's *the* place to eat in this town?" we asked. "And what's *the* dish?"

"Jimmy's," he replied. "And turkey's the dish. Get there early."

So we did. It was high noon when we pulled into the lobby of the Railway Exchange. The whistle was blowing down by the water front but already a stream of hungry humans surged through the place. We were swept down a narrow hallway, through a pair of swinging doors, into an old-fashioned de luxe bar, finished in mirrors and mahogany.

Opposite the door stood Mr. Jim Louie, who has changed turkey time from the holiday season to fifty-two weeks in the year in Portland. A round, pink-cheeked, bright-eyed Chinaman with a Billiken smile, he whetted a long, thin carving knife behind a steam counter laden with roast turkey, goose, duck, ham, greeting each newcomer:

"Hello, Mista Gerber. Hello, Mista MacArthur. Hello, Mista Case. Hello, Mista May. How do you do? Like a little dark meat today?"

In less time than it takes to tell, every seat in the place was pre-empted, and the surplus customers had pitched their legs good-naturedly along the wall, waiting their chance at a turkey sandwich and a dish of coleslaw, the downtown Portlander's favorite luncheon since long before the present-day customers were born.

Sixty-nine and ageless, Jimmy Louie, turkey maestro extraordinary, is a Northwest institution dating back to the delightful days preceding the Noble Experiment. In those delectable days a sizable slice of Portland's business was transacted in this famous room, with ceremonious Frank Huber deftly stirring drinks, one with each hand, behind the bar, and rosy-cheeked Jim Louie, equally ceremoniously, dispensing from behind the free-lunch counter the niftiest thin-sliced turkey sandwiches in the Oregon country.

Well, times have changed. Prohibition has come and gone. The business district moved uptown. Everything's changed. Everything, that is, except Jim Louie, who still carves turkey at the same old stand, not only for the hustling luncheon crowd but for travelers from New York, San Francisco, St. Louis and wherenot, who've heard of and hunted up his obscure hide-out with its seventeen thousand dollars' worth of mahogany finish. Jim Louie is the fellow who cooked a better turkey and people beat a path to his door.

"You see," he explains naively, "I getta leputation. I cook only A-1 turkey. All high-class. Everything the best."

It's a simple matter to acquire a reputation for turkey cooking, according to Jim Louie:

"A young fellow, he cook a hundred turkey, and know nothing. He cook a thousand turkey, and know not very much. Cook ten thousand turkey, he know a little bit. Cook fifty thousand turkey, he know something about it."

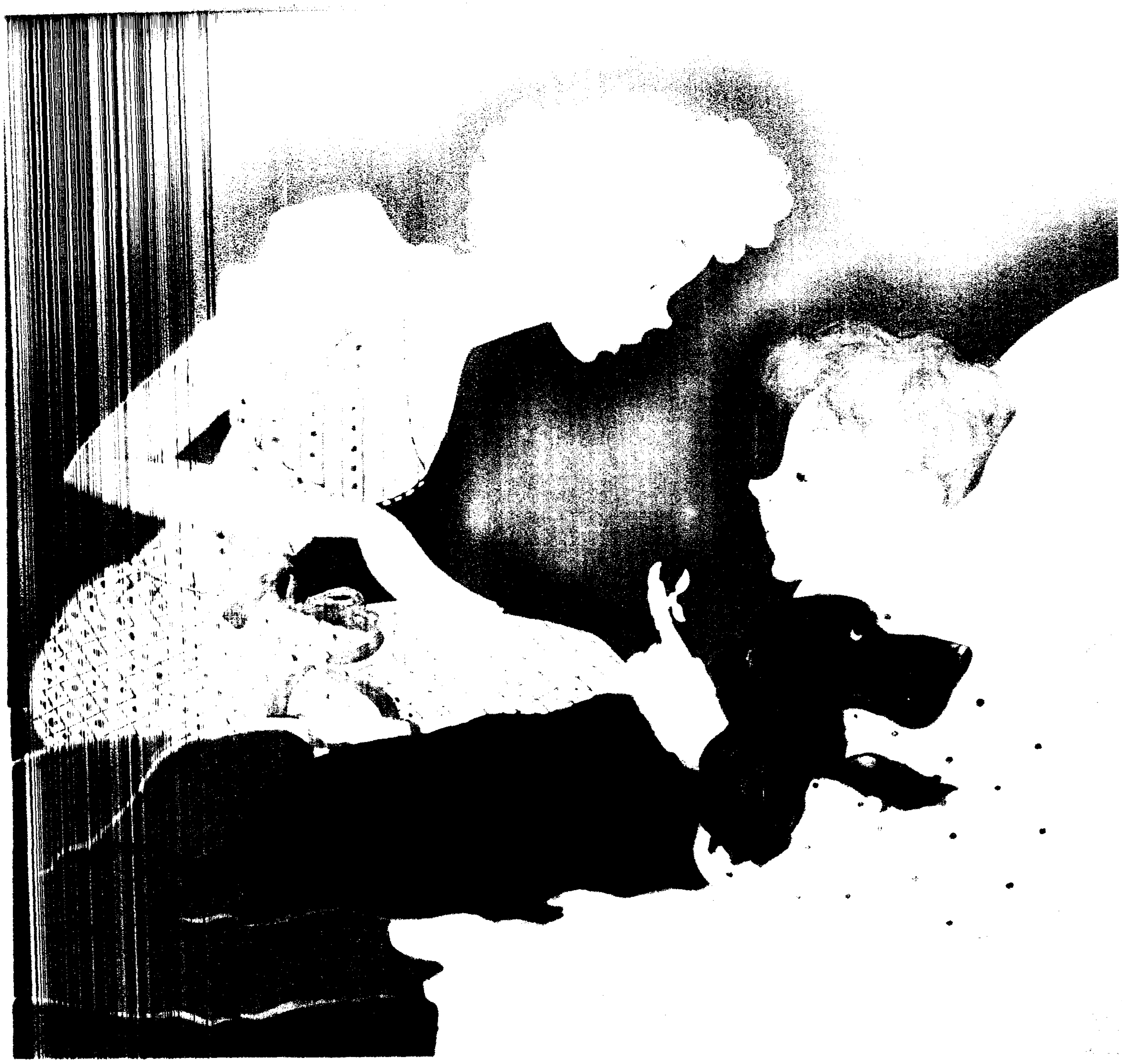
Mr. Jim Louie is a young fellow born in 1870 who has cooked his fifty thousandth turkey. For forty years, day in day out except Sundays, he's turned from one to ten birds to a brown, not counting several thousand geese, ducks, wild fowl and Virginia hams.

Back in 1881, when he was eleven, young Jim Louie landed in Portland from his native Canton. A lot of the Louie tong had come to America to

(Continued on page 61)

Jim Louie gets ready to present one of the turkey sandwiches that have become an institution in the Northwest

She was bending down, like an angel in a religious picture. "Buddy. . . . You're going to be all right, darling," she said



HE-MAN

By Mildred Cram

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Woman exercising her immemorial privilege of getting men into trouble

BUDDY LINCOLN had a job. *And* a sick headache—one of those over-the-eye headaches, the slightly nauseating variety. He tried to keep going.

"Ham on rye."

"Coke with a vanilla scoop."

"Coffee."

But his bright, up-and-coming fountain smile didn't fool anybody, even the boss.

"What's the matter, Buddy? Bilious?"

"Pretty." Buddy admitted.

"Try some soda."

"I have."

"Maybe you'd better go home."

"Maybe I had. That's sure swell of you, Mr. Adolfo."

He got into the coupé out behind the store and, keeping the hot side of his head in the draft, headed for home. Dorothy never expected him before seven. She'd be surprised when he came home at three. Perhaps he'd better park around the corner and walk up to the door and ring. Girls scare easily when they love their men. She'd think Mr. Adolfo had fired him or something. . . .

When he crossed the intersection where Palm meets Poinsettia, he recognized Sal Kenyon's roadster parked in front of the house. Well, he'd sneak in through the kitchen and lie down. He was too sick to talk to anybody.

The kitchen screen was unlatched. He tiptoed along the hall and into the bedroom. Dorothy was in the living room talking to Sal Kenyon. Buddy could hear Sal's high, whinnying laugh . . . she always made him think of a horse with the giggles. . . . He'd just ease onto the bed and try to sleep. If he *couldn't* sleep, with those two laughing and talking on the other side of the wall!

He put a pillow over his head to dull the sound and wished Sal would go so he could be alone with his wife, his sweetheart.

He lay very still, throbbing, under the pillow. He thought how lucky he was to have found a girl like Dorothy. The first time he saw her . . . a year ago, now . . . he said to himself, "The guy who gets her gets a prize. He wins the sweepstakes." She came into the store one day and climbed up on one of the stools at the fountain and shook her hair back and said: "Chocolate ice cream soda, please." But *how* she said it! With a smile in her eyes. And the way she watched him! As if he were somebody! She made him feel glad his coat was clean, and that he had just brushed his hair, with plenty of water.

IF YOU'D told him, then, that she'd marry him four months later! Him! Just a fellow. Not tall. Not short. Sort of thin. Sort of medium, curly hair. . . . And Dorothy the prettiest girl in town, slim, big-eyed, blond, with clear, fresh skin and white teeth. Not one of those painted-up girls. Real.

"Gosh," Buddy thought, "I can't see why she fell for me!"

His job wasn't much. He doubled between the fountain and the prescription counter. People, all day long. Sandwiches. Coffee. Doughnuts. A long row of faces that had to be fed. . . .

But Dorothy loved him!

It happened when they drove to the beach one night in his little old coupé. A warm night, with plenty of stars and the ocean whispering. She wasn't a girl to go down on the sand in the dark. But she sat in the coupé with him. And after a while he knew she wanted him to kiss her. So he did. And they sat for a long time, his arms around her. Then she said: "You're the first, Buddy. I never kissed anybody before."

A month later she married him. . . .

Suddenly Buddy came out from under the pillow and stuffed his fingers into his ears. He wished Sal would go away so that he could tell Dorothy how sick he felt. She'd put her cool cheek against his and whisper how sorry she was. . . .

Then, without meaning to, he heard Sal say:

"Oh, I guess we have to take what we can get. There aren't any real he-men any more."

This made Buddy mad and he listened because he wanted to hear Dorothy's comeback.

Dorothy was silent for a moment. Then she said:

"It's funny, isn't it? When we're kids, we think we're going to have a great romance some day."

Sal laughed. "And then we don't. Instead, we get engaged to somebody like Bill Fraser. I used to think I'd meet Ronald Coleman and he'd fall for me. . . ."

"I was in love with a character in a book," Dorothy said. "He made all the boys I knew look sick. He was six feet tall, quiet but masterful . . . you know, lean and bronzed and not afraid of anything."

"I *wonder*," Sal *said*, "why *there* aren't any heroes any more? I mean *real* ones? Men are such sissies nowadays."

"Maybe they always have been," Dorothy said. "Maybe there never *were* any Robin Hoods and King Richards and all the rest. We haven't much proof."

"Gosh," Sal said. She struck a match. "I hung on as long as I dared, hoping some tall, dark and handsome guy would sweep me off my feet."

"I know," Dorothy said. "Somebody romantic. A count, maybe. Or a famous flyer. Or even one of those bring-'em-back-alive explorers . . ."

"YOU don't meet them in this town," Sal said. "Just a lot of nobodies. Bill's all right. He works hard. He's clean. But, gosh . . ."

Again, silence.

Then Dorothy sighed.

"I guess all the Clark Gables are on the screen," she said. "The kind that get out and fight for you."

"Fight!" Sal snorted. "It's up to us to do all the fighting. I wonder why we get married at all."

"We give up, I guess," Dorothy said. "Somebody comes along who's nice. And we feel sort of sorry for him. And we're afraid of missing out altogether. So we do it. And then we get fond of him. He isn't the one we dreamed of. But . . ."

Buddy couldn't wait for the horrible rest of it. He had to get out of there. Fast.

Too fast. His foot caught the corner of the dresser and the mirror wobbled noisily against the wall.

The silence on the other side increased, as if Sal and Dorothy had died in there.

"Buddy?" Dorothy called. Her voice

seemed a little strained. "Is that you?"

"Yep," Buddy said.

He tried to fool her:

"I just came in. Got a headache. Who's there?"

"Sal Kenyon," Dorothy said. "We were . . ."

"Guess I'd better go," Sal interrupted. "Sorry you've got a headache, Buddy! Hope you'll be okay. . . . Better take some aspirin."

"Yep," Buddy said. "I'd better."

He was sitting on the edge of the bed when Dorothy came in. She looked frightened and worried.

"Hope I didn't scare you," Buddy said. "I thought I heard talking when I came in. I didn't call out because I didn't want to see anybody. I feel lousy."

"What's the matter?" Dorothy's voice was shallow, breathless.

"Headache."

She didn't run to him, this time, to kiss him.

"I think I'll just lie down. And maybe you could make me a cup of tea? It might help."

Dorothy looked relieved.

"I'll get it *right* away!" She almost ran.

BUDDY lay very still. So this was it. She was sorry for him and fond of him. That was all. He was a shrimp. But he'd do. He had to do. She had married him because she couldn't find a hero. . . .

She was very busy out there in the kitchen. Rattling dishes and banging the teakettle on the stove.

Well, he'd have to go on as if he hadn't heard . . . All the rest of his life. Knowing . . .

"Your tea's ready, honey," she called. "Better come and get it!"

She was a good housekeeper. Tidy and quick and practical. She had put a clean cover on the table in the nook, a little jar of flowers and the old brown English teapot. She was neat as a pin, herself . . . the shining gold of her hair in order . . . her dress spotless. . . . One in a million. And lost to him, forever. . . .

Buddy swallowed.

"Seen the new neighbors?" he asked. Just to make conversation. To seem natural.

"They're *awful*," Dorothy said. "He's a terrible tough. And she's worse. You know. Cheap. But they've got the cutest little dog."

"Yeah?"

"A cocker spaniel like my dog Goldie I had when I was a kid. It looks hungry."

"Some dogs are naturally skinny," Buddy said.

Dorothy got up and went to the window. The bungalow next door had been unoccupied for several months. Now that these new tenants had moved in, there couldn't be any real privacy. The two houses were cheek to jowl.

"Look," Dorothy said. "He's there now. Trying to get in. . . . Oh, Buddy, . . . and he's such a *sweet* little dog!"

Buddy looked.

"Maybe they don't want him in when they're unpacking."

"He's been there all day."

"Well, he's their dog. Not yours. No use borrowing trouble."

Buddy's head throbbed. He couldn't think clearly but he knew what Dorothy was thinking . . . that maybe he had heard. He supposed loyalty . . . complete, blind, unquestioning . . . was too much to ask of any woman. At that, there was truth in what Dorothy had said to Sal. He knew himself pretty well. He wasn't much to look at. He was no hero. He hated violence. Hated to get worked up over anything. All his life, Buddy had tried to believe the best of everybody. He wanted to be liked. He supposed he was a pacifist or something. But he kept out of quarrels. "Live and let live" was his motto.

Dorothy tapped on the window and the cocker spaniel looked around. He had big brown eyes and an anxious, puzzled expression.

"Oh, Buddy . . . do you suppose they'd care if I asked him in and gave him some milk?"

"I wouldn't," Buddy said. "People are funny about their dogs."

Dorothy slipped back into the nook and poured another cup of tea. She looked so domestic and married and darned sweet that Buddy's heart and liver felt like one solid sheet of pain.

"It's nice," she said, "having you home like this in the middle of the afternoon. I get so *lonely* sometimes."

Just then the man next door came out on the back stoop, slamming the screen.

"Come here, you!" he called to the dog.

The little cocker spaniel stood shivering at the bottom of the porch steps, half apology, half reluctance.

"He's scared to death of him," Dorothy cried. She leaped to her feet again and went to the window.

FROM where he sat, Buddy could see the man next door clump heavily down the steps.

"Into the house . . . get *in* there. . . ."

And suddenly Dorothy screamed.

"He kicked him! Oh, Buddy, he kicked that poor little dog!"

She turned, her eyes blazing, her lips quivering. "*Do* something! Tell him to stop!"

"Take it easy," Buddy said. He put down the teacup. "We don't want to get mixed up with a guy like that."

Dorothy's breath came quick and shallow. Her eyes were dark and she turned away from him with a twitch of her shoulders.

Buddy knew what she was thinking. Yes, he could follow her into her thoughts, now. Those silences would be eloquent to him from now on.

"All right," he blurted. "Why don't you say it? I'm a coward. Tell me right to my face, will you? You don't have to turn your back and try to cover up your real feelings."

Dorothy's face was very white. "Oh," she whispered. "I didn't think that of you, Buddy. That you'd *listen*. When girls are alone together they say all kinds of crazy things . . . like kids pretending and showing off. . . ."

She caught her breath.

"I think anybody who listens in and hears something he doesn't like, really has it coming to him. That's what I think, Buddy."

"Okay, it's swell to hear your opinions. I always thought I was a lucky guy. What a sap! Well, you went into it with your eyes open. You knew I wasn't Clark Gable or the Lone Ranger. But you decided to take me anyway. A good meal ticket. Was that it?"

"At least I didn't think you were a cheat."

"You, calling *me* a cheat!"

"I thought I was safe from eavesdropping in my own house." Dorothy's face was white and strained.

Buddy's head throbbed. He wanted to say something cruel, devastating.

"If you don't like the way you get treated in this house you know what you can do. . . ."

This had an absolutely horrible effect. Dorothy began to cry and ran out of the kitchen into the bedroom. Buddy followed. Sobbing, she tore at the hangers in the closet, ripped off a coat. She jumped for her hat on the shelf.

"Where do you think you're going?" Buddy asked, chills coursing down his spine.

"I guess your mother'll let me stay . . . till I find a job somewhere."

And the next thing Buddy knew she was gone. The front door slammed and he heard the sharp tap of her heels on the asphalt. Running! Running away from him! As if . . . as if she really meant it. . . .

Buddy ran after her.

"Hi! Dorothy! Come back here! Listen! You *can't* . . ."

But she could.

A downtown bus was lumbering along Poinsettia. Dorothy waved her hat and stopped it. Before Buddy could make the corner, she was aboard and the driver was putting on speed for the grade on Palm.

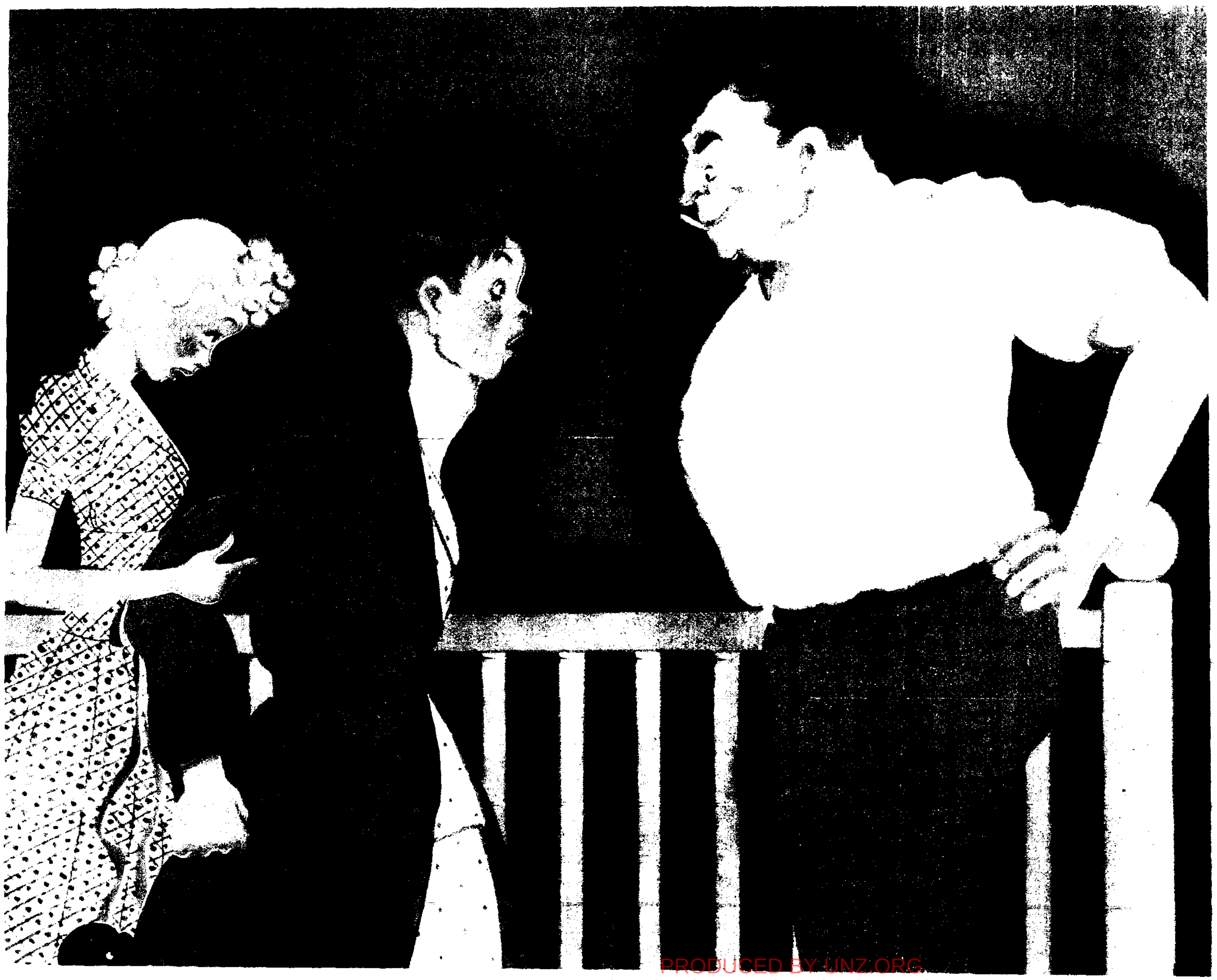
Dorothy was gone.

Buddy went slowly back to the bungalow, pretending, in case any of the neighbors were looking, a cheerful indifference. He even whistled a few bars of Over the Rainbow. He'd hate to have anyone know. Because, of course, she'd come back. He'd phone. He'd drive out, later, to his mother's house and get her. . . . This *couldn't* be. . . .

BUT it was. The bungalow felt empty and cold. Five o'clock. And getting dark. Funny, how terribly silent a place can be when you're alone in it. . . . Buddy tiptoed around, drawing the blinds, lighting the lamps. He thought: "I'll let her cool off before I phone. If I called now, she'd just cry or yell at me." He wished suddenly and passionately that he were six feet tall, that he weighed two hundred pounds, like the man next door. A regular bruiser. The kind that kicks dogs. Then maybe Dorothy would respect him and love him and hang around his neck. . . . As it was, he wanted to blubber like a baby.

He threw himself face down on the bed and waited for the pain to drain out of his throbbing temples. After a while it did. Seven o'clock. Suppertime. Only there was no Dorothy to call, "Come and get it!" in a sweet, light, loving voice. No table set. No candles lighted. No good smells. . . . He'd have to get his own . . . or else . . .

(Continued on page 35)



"Here, you," he heard himself saying. "Get off this property or I'll knock your block off." "Mine?" the big guy said

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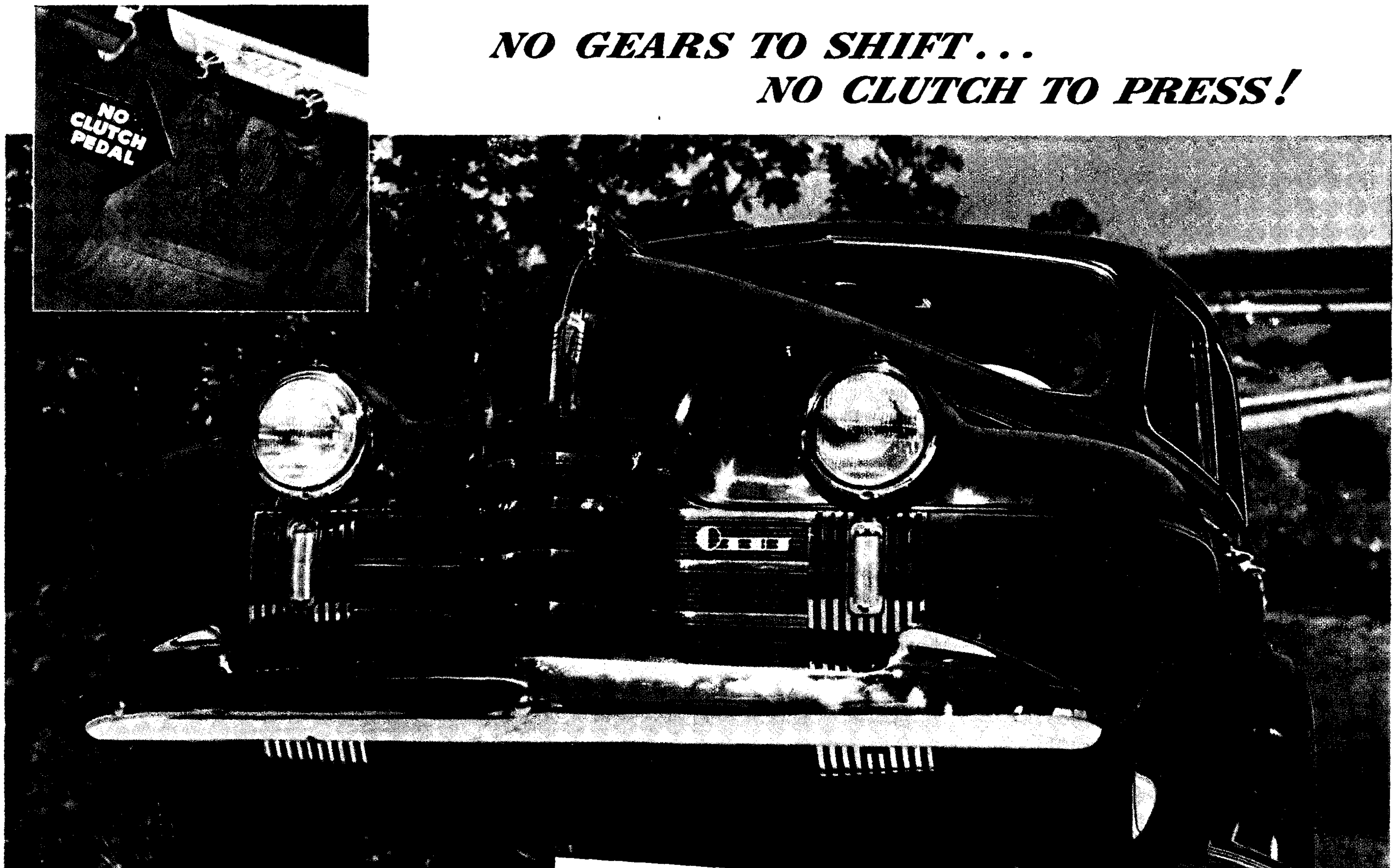

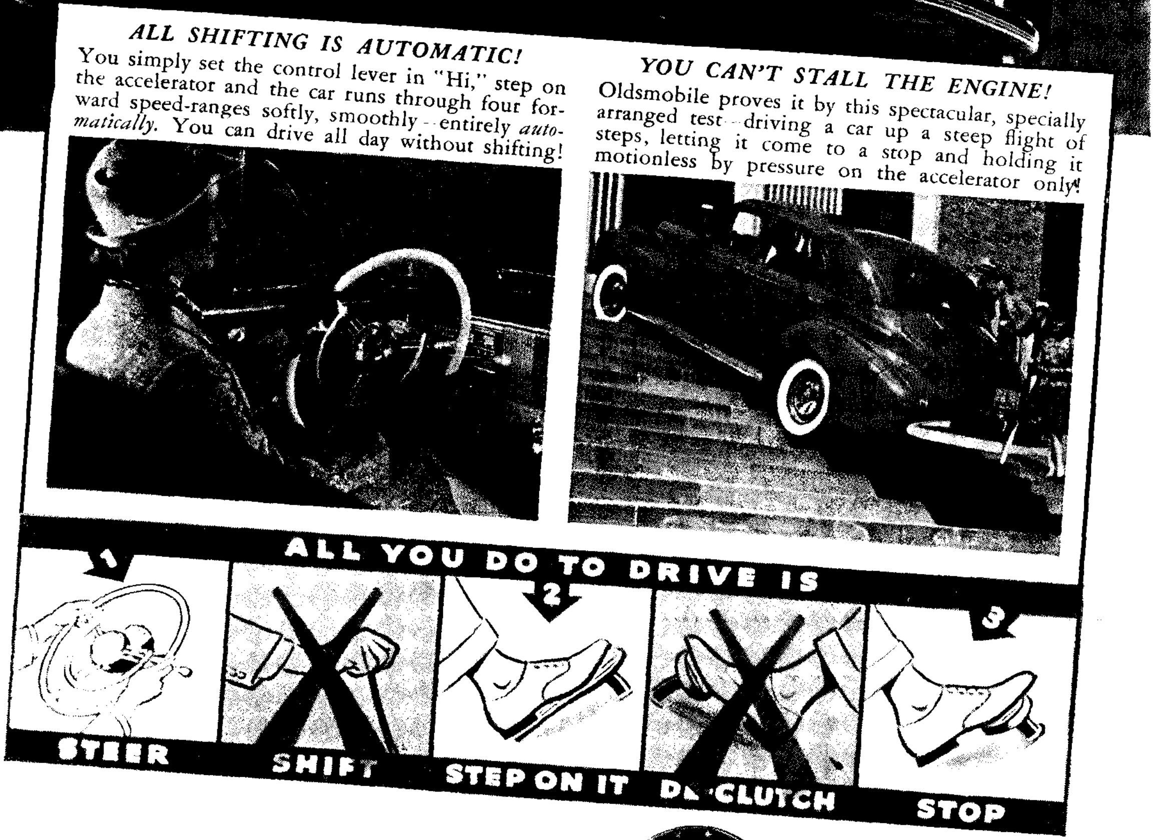

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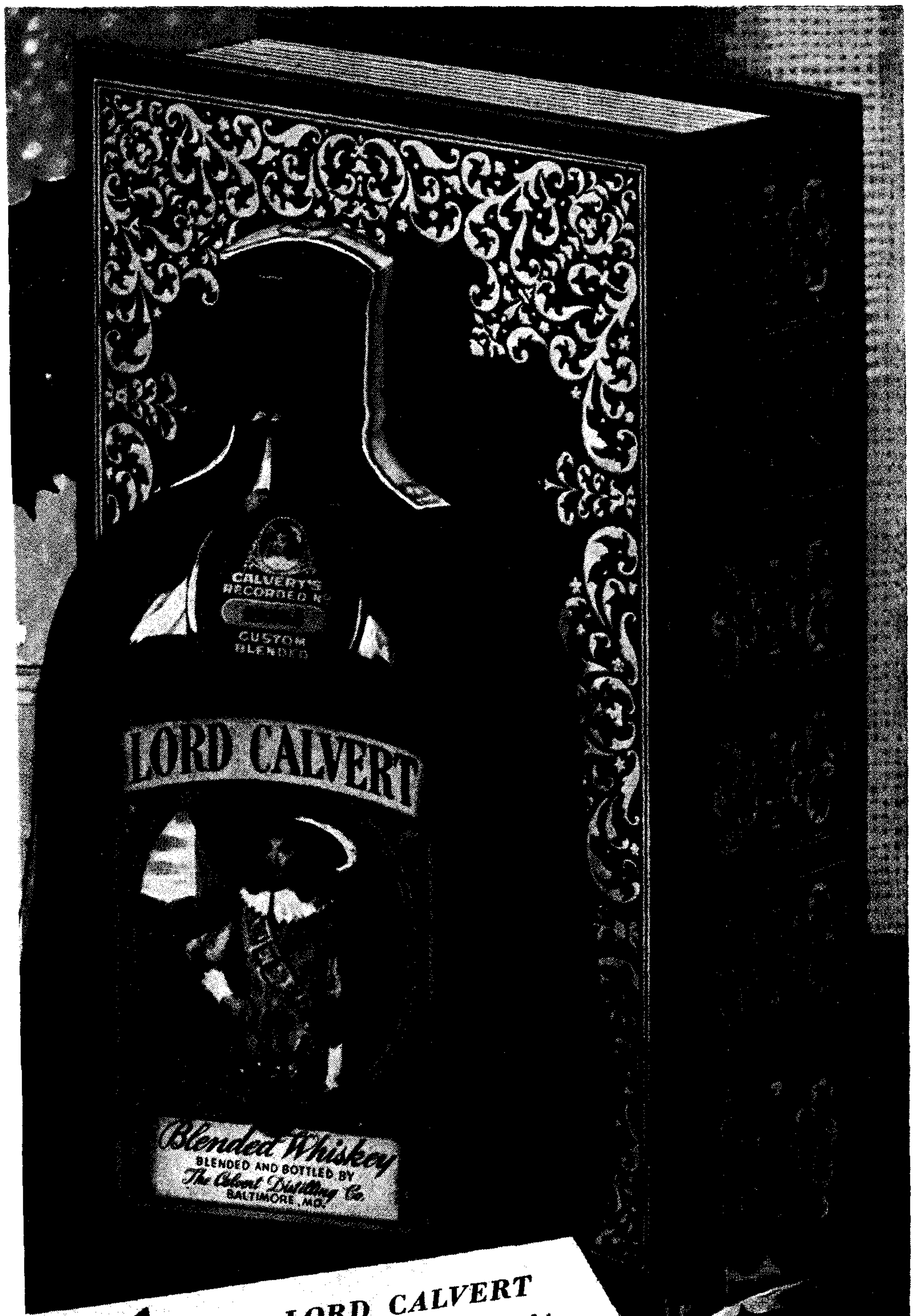

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How to make your beau or pappy—
Or even good old hubby—happy!

WIFE WHIMPERS:

I gave my husband shirts last year
That pretty nearly choked the dear.
If I repeat, I'm sure that he
Will choke the daylights out of me.

ARROW ADVISES:

Quick, ma'am! Get him Arrow shirts! They're Sanforized-Shrunk—fabric won't shrink even 1%! Swell new patterns, topped by America's favorite collar—the *Arrow* collar! $2, up.

COUSINLY COMPLAINT:

I like Cousin Conrad fine,
Except when he sits down to dine:
Then he seems to squirm and shrug!
Can he be a jitterbug?

ARROW GETS AT SEAT OF TROUBLE:

Give Conrad some Arrow shorts. They have more room in the seat and have no creeping, chafing center seam. Sanforized-Shrunk. 65¢, 75¢, $1, $1.50. Arrow tops, 50¢, 65¢, 75¢, $1.

NIECE HAS PROBLEM:

I would awf'ly like to kill a
Week or two at Uncle's villa.
What present to this dear relation
Guarantees an invitation?

ARROW RECOMMENDS:

You can invest your coin-of-the-realm in no finer uncle-tickler than Arrow's de luxe patterned shirts—styles just plucked by Arrow's Style Scouts, styles months ahead of the rest of the nation. $2.50, $3.50, and $5.

FIANCÉE HAS QUALMS:

Just in case you'd care to know,
Emphatically I hate to sew!
The shirts I give my groom-to-be
Must hold their *buttons* perfectly.

ARROW HAS JUST THE THING:

Give him Arrow shirts! Buttons are *anchored* on . . . fabrics are pre-tested for wear! We suggest Arrow *Trump*, with an especially long-wearing soft collar ($2) . . . Arrow *Dart*, with a long-wearing non-wilt collar ($2.25.)

DAUGHTER'S FACE IS RED:

Last year I gave a tie to Dad—
It cost me every cent I had.
Here's what hurts—I cannot bear it—
Father never seems to wear it!

ARROW TO THE RESCUE:

Redeem yourself, gal. Give him *Arrow* ties this time—they've got the same styling that made Arrow shirts world-famous. They're wrinkle-resistant, long-wearing, and only $1 and $1.50.

SISTER LOVES BROTHER:

Walter is my favorite brother,
Perhaps because I have no other.
Can I make him debonair
With the pittance I can spare?

ARROW HITS A BULL'S EYE:

Outside of a complete repaint job, nothing will pep up Walter's appearance like a good show of handkerchief in his breast pocket. Get him some *Arrow* handkerchiefs. They're generously sized, neatly stitched, and come in masculine colors 25¢, 35¢, 50¢, and $1.

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Sad Cypress

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

ATTENDED by two nurses—Eileen O'Brien and Jessica Hopkins—and tenderly ministered to by young Dr. Peter Lord, wealthy old Mrs. Welman dies in her country home, Hunterbury, near London.

Shortly before the old lady passes away, Roderick (Roddy) Welman (her dead husband's nephew) and her niece, Elinor Carlisle (who is engaged to Roddy), come down from London. Like everyone else, they are astounded when Edmund Seddon, Mrs. Welman's attorney, announces that he can find no will, and, this being the case, the old lady's entire estate must go, automatically, to her next of kin—Elinor.

Another surprise—this time a shocking one—awaits Elinor Carlisle: Roddy (whom she adores) tells her that he has fallen in love with Mary Gerrard, the lodgekeeper's daughter. Suspecting that Roddy is merely infatuated with the girl—who is beautiful and, thanks to Mrs. Welman's generosity, well-educated—she insists that he go to the Continent and there think the matter over. And Roddy, in need of a vacation, goes to Italy.

Nurse Hopkins takes Mrs. Welman's death calmly. But she informs Nurse O'Brien that she is worried—someone, she says, has stolen one of her tubes of morphine tablets. The tablets, it seems, had disappeared *shortly before Mrs. Welman's death!*

Acting on Nurse Hopkins' suggestion, Mary Gerrard makes a will; she bequeaths everything she owns (Elinor, aware that her aunt had intended to leave the girl well taken care of, has informed her that she is to receive two thousand pounds) to an aunt, Mary Riley, who lives in New Zealand. Elinor, too, makes a will. Her entire estate will, should she die, go to Roddy.

Eileen O'Brien takes a case not far away, while Hopkins, the district nurse, remains near Hunterbury. From a series of letters exchanged between them, the reader gathers that Mrs. Welman and Sir Lewis Rycroft (killed in the war) had once been in love but they had been unable to marry because Sir Lewis had had a wife—a lunatic in an asylum. . . . Mary Gerrard's father—a crusty old fellow—dies. Whereupon, Nurse Hopkins tells her that the old man had informed her, on his deathbed, that he was not Mary's father.

A few days later, Elinor Carlisle invites Nurse Hopkins and Mary to share some sandwiches with her; and, after eating one of the sandwiches, *Mary dies!* At this point—when Elinor is arrested, charged with murder—young Doctor Lord sends for the brilliant Belgian detective, Hercule Poirot. He gives Poirot the facts in the case; he asks Poirot to find the guilty person—who is, he feels sure, *not Elinor Carlisle.*

V

POIROT kept his eyes on Peter Lord's.

"What else did Mary Gerrard eat or drink?"

"She and the district nurse drank tea with the sandwiches. Nurse made it and Mary poured it out. Couldn't have been anything there. Of course, I understand counsel will make a song and dance about sandwiches, too, saying all three ate them, therefore *impossible* to insure that only one person should be poisoned. They said that in the Hearne case, you remember?"

Poirot nodded. He said: "But actually it is very simple. You make your pile of sandwiches. *In one of them is the poison.* You hand the plate. In our state of civilization it is a foregone conclusion that the person to whom the plate is offered will take *the sandwich that is nearest to him.* I presume that Elinor Carlisle handed the plate to Mary Gerrard first?"

"Exactly."

"Although the nurse, who was an older woman, was in the room?"

"Yes."

"That does not look very good."

"It doesn't mean a thing—you don't stand on ceremony at a pickup lunch."

"Who cut the sandwiches?"

"Elinor Carlisle."

"Was there anyone else in the house?"

"No one."

Poirot shook his head. "It is bad, that. And the girl had nothing but the tea and the sandwiches?"

"Nothing! Stomach contents tell us that."

Poirot said: "It is suggested that Elinor Carlisle hoped the girl's death would be taken for food poisoning? How did she propose to explain the fact that only one member of the party was affected?"

Peter Lord said: "It does happen that way sometimes. Also there were two pots of paste—both much alike in appearance. The idea would be that one pot was all right and that by a coincidence all the bad paste was eaten by Mary."

"An interesting study in the laws of probability," said Poirot. "The mathematical chances against that happening would be high, I fancy. But another point, if food poisoning was to be suggested, *why not choose a different poison?* The symptoms of morphine are not in the least like those of food poisoning. Atropine, surely, would have been a better choice!"

PETER LORD said slowly: "Yes, that's true. But there's something more. That damned district nurse swears she lost a tube of morphine!"

"When?"

"Oh! weeks earlier, the night old Mrs. Welman died. The nurse says she left her case in the hall and found a tube of morphine missing in the morning. All bunk, I believe. Probably smashed it at home some time before and forgot about it."

"She has only remembered it *since* the death of Mary Gerrard?"

Peter Lord said reluctantly: "As a matter of fact, she *did* mention it at the time—to the nurse on duty."

Hercule Poirot was looking at Peter Lord with some interest. He said gently: "I think there is something else—something you have not yet told me."

Peter Lord said: "Oh, well, I suppose you'd better have it all! They're applying for an exhumation order and going to dig up old Mrs. Welman."

Poirot said: "*Eh bien?*"

Peter Lord said: "When they do—*they'll probably find what they're looking for! Morphine!*"

"You knew that?"

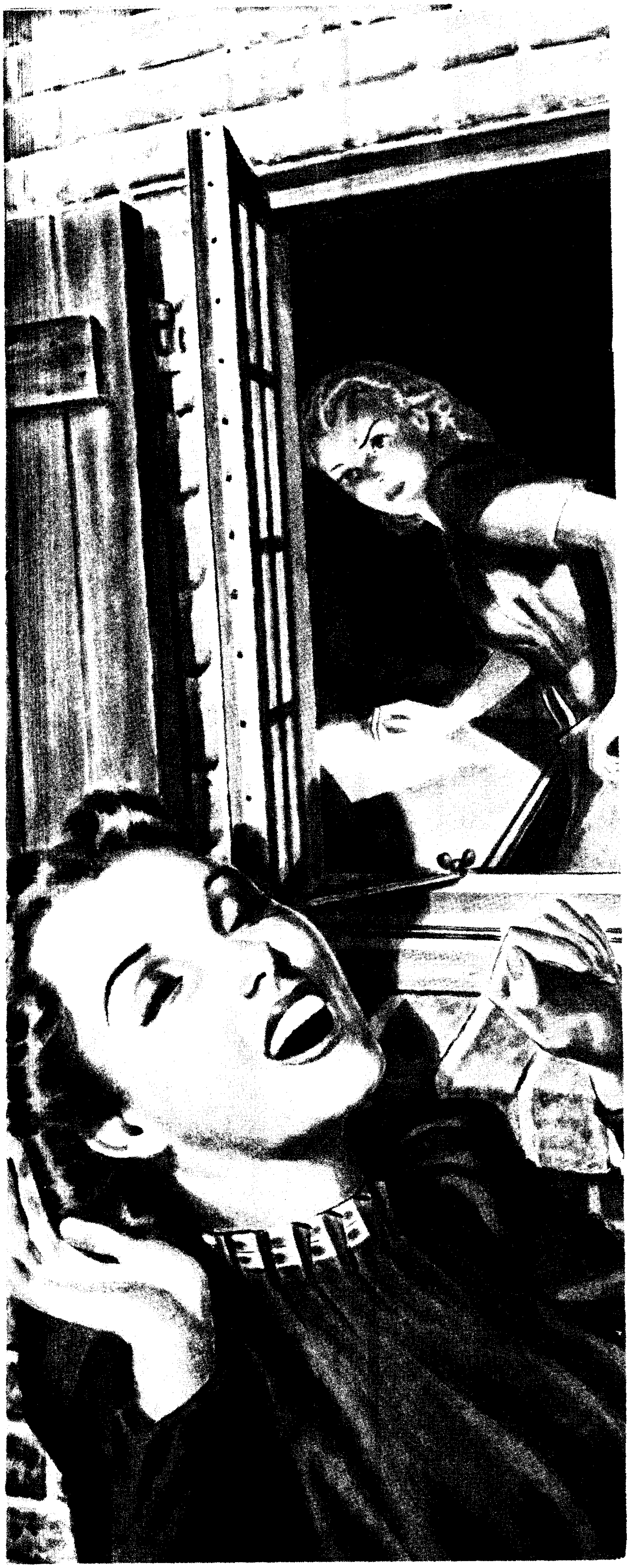
Peter Lord, his face white under the freckles, muttered: "I suspected it."

Hercule Poirot beat with his hand on the arm of his chair. He cried out: "*Mon Dieu,* I do not understand you! You *knew* when she died that she had been murdered?"

Peter Lord shouted: "Good Lord, no! I never dreamed of such a thing! I thought she'd taken it herself."

Poirot sank back in his chair. "Ah! You thought *that. . . .*"

(Continued on page 43)



He allowed the story to be dragged from him—that scene of Elinor looking in the window and of her laughter

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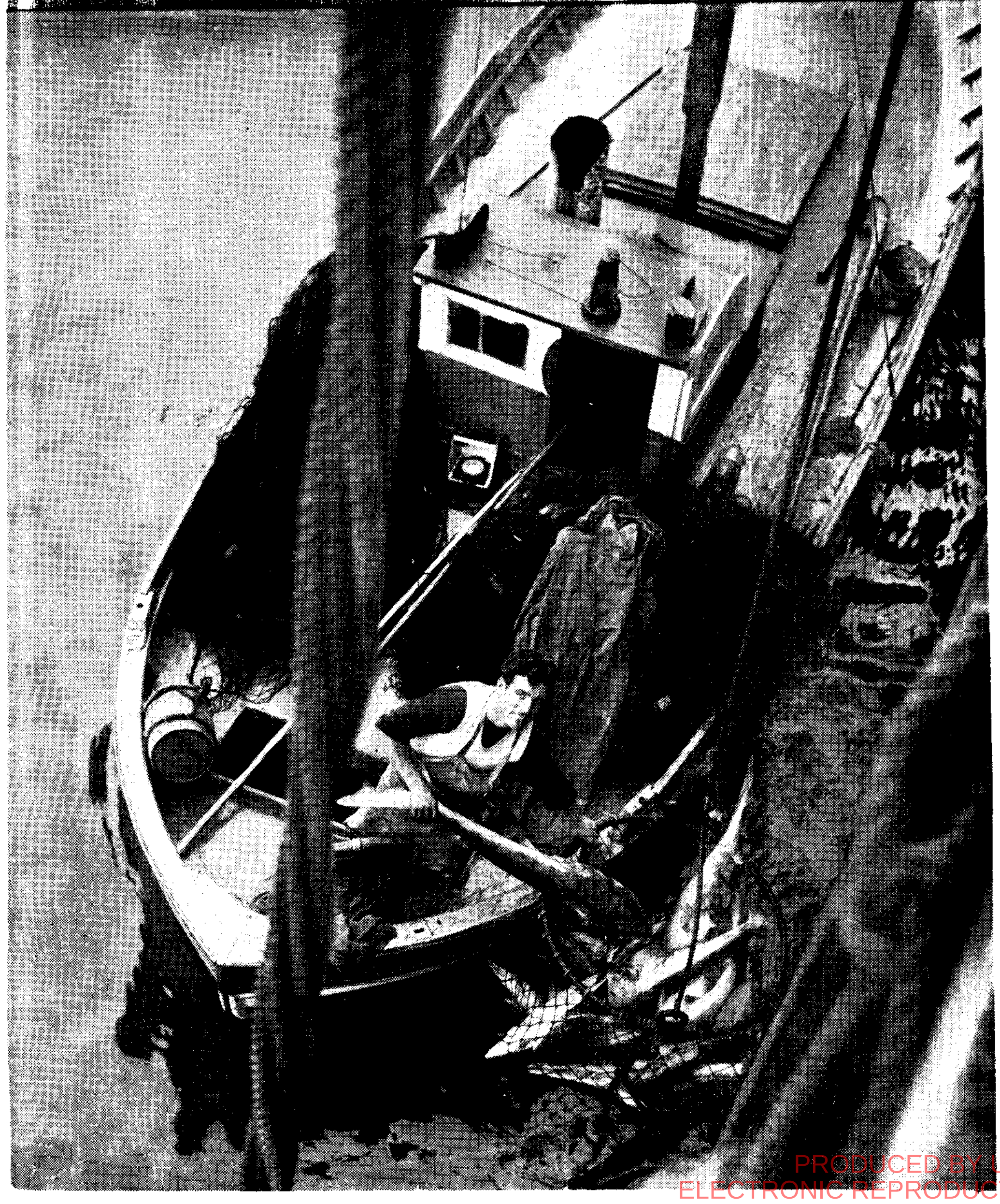

DAN CAVANAGH

[illegible] These nets are made of cotton or linen, [illegible] luck, may last [illegible] years if kept in repair

[illegible] nor is it dangerous. This man's day nears [illegible] the catch of shark—just average today

Catch those Vitamins

By Jim Marshall

Fishing for sharks nearly precipitated a civil war among the fishermen on the Pacific Coast, but it was worth it, for the shark's liver yields quantities of oil containing vitamin A. As a result a $20,000,000 shark industry is booming

OUT in the middle of Monterey Bay, off the California coast, brown-eyed Serafino Colletti shut off the chug-a-chug of the Maria's one-lunged kicker. He left the wheel in the tiny pilot shack of the thirty-footer and came aft to where the passenger was seated on the low gunwale. The passenger perked up.

Now the shark fishing would start and the thrills begin, but Serafino didn't seem very excited. He took a long drink of red wine from a squat bottle and sang a little street song from his native Genoa in a smooth baritone. As the boat lost way, he put down the bottle and started heaving out a brown net.

Earlier in the day the passenger had walked along the pier running out from the curving sand beach at Santa Cruz, watching the anglers lined along the stringpiece, fishing for shark.

Occasionally a line would zing out, the fisherman would set himself and reel in. The fish on the other end would put up a good fight. Not so good a fight as a Chinook salmon or a Puget Sound steelhead, but a good battle. A few minutes playing and the shark would come up—three or four feet long—threshing around on the pier deck. The angler would kill it, take it over to the scales, weigh it and then, baiting with a sardine, heave in for another one. Interesting fishing but nothing extraordinary.

Tonight, thought the passenger, watching the brown net slip over the side, tonight will be the real thing. Maybe a ten- or fifteen-footer, fighting like mad.

The net slid out into the smooth swells. It was about a hundred yards long, thirty feet deep, weighted at the bottom, the top kept on the surface by cork floats. After a while it was all out. The passenger sat tensely on the gunwale, waiting.

"That's all now," said Serafino. "I sleep a little. You sleep too." He took another mouthful of the wine and stretched out on the hatch cover. In two minutes he was snoring. The passenger shuddered. There he was, on a tiny boat, surrounded by thousands of man-eating sea tigers that a mad Genoese was trying to entice into a flimsy-looking net.

About midnight Serafino rolled over and sat up, rubbing sleep-heavy eyes.

"We get some shark," he said. "Maybe four or five already, I think. Come five, six o'clock in the morning, we haul in and get the fish aboard and take them to Malio Stagnaro on the pier. Then we have breakfast and sleep some more—after our hard night's work, no?"

That, it turned out, is about all there is to commercial shark fishing, which is one of the Pacific Coast's newest industries. A couple of years ago sharks were just another nuisance. They wrecked sardine nets and nobody knew what to do with them after they were caught. Today, from San Francisco down along the California and Mexican coasts, shark fishing and processing is a $20,000,000-a-year business, and growing fast. The shark—half a dozen varieties of him—has ceased to be a useless, much-feared sea devil and has become one of the Pacific's most valuable fish.

A tiny little something that no one ever has seen accomplished all this. This something is vitamin A. Vitamin A is good for what ails you and shark livers are full of it. Sharks, in turn, are full of liver. A 150-pound man has about five pounds of liver but a shark of the same weight totes around about thirty-five pounds of the same organ. Nearly a quarter of his weight is liver—which is tough luck for the shark.

The oil, which contains the vitamins, is extracted from the livers by a secret process, a hundred pounds of liver yielding about eighty pounds of refined oil. This oil is added, sometimes, to cod-liver oil, to "fortify" it. The vitamin in the oil hasn't yet been isolated.

Since shark liver sells for around twenty-two cents a pound when the market is good, shark fishing is not a bad way to make a fairly easy living even though the fishermen get only four cents a pound for shark on the hoof, so to speak. A boat bringing in a ton of shark from a night's fishing—not an unusual catch—grosses $40, and isn't expensive to operate, since it drifts most of the time. The supply of sharks seems inexhaustible and new uses are being found for the rest of the fish after the liver is extracted.

Sharks Are Good Eating

You can buy shark fillets in most fish markets in California coast cities at around eight cents a pound.

If you insist you may buy canned shark liver, but not at the corner grocery. The American supply—still insufficient—is marketed raw, but heavy tonnages of the canned variety are imported from Japan and Siberia.

In the old days, many people ate shark as fillet of sole or even sturgeon. But labeling laws came in to stop this and for a time shark sales for food lagged badly.

People wouldn't eat shark because of the old legend that sharks are man-eaters. The California Bureau of Commercial Fisheries pointed out that if this were so, there would be no sharks left "because there aren't enough people available in the water to feed the shark population." The bureau added that most of the sharks caught off the coast were quite small, lived on smaller fish and tiny marine organisms, and were fine for eating. So, slowly, the food market was built up again.

Besides being used for food and for vitamin A, the skins of some varieties of shark work up into fancy leather. The teeth, small, triangular and white, are made into jewelry and souvenirs. The coast Chinese buy the fins for soup instead of importing them, as they did formerly. And the rest of the fish goes into poultry feed and fertilizer. A remarkably useful fish is the shark.

(Continued on page 59)

He-Man

Continued from page 22

He whipped up some scrambled eggs and made coffee. Wondering, vaguely, why he felt hungry . . . they say condemned men eat well . . . anyhow, he cleaned the plates.

Afterward, satisfied, he decided to wait until Dorothy called *him*. After all, the whole thing was her fault. There were just as good fish in the sea. . . . And, besides, a girl's lucky, nowadays, to get any kind of a husband at all. Men are scarce as hen's teeth and shy as deer. Let Dorothy think it over. Alone. . . . He wouldn't be surprised if she phoned any minute now.

But she didn't. Buddy sat in the front room, with the radio on, listened to the Symphony Hour. He thought how sweet Dorothy always was . . . how patient . . . never nagging him to go to a movie . . . just glad to sit there, curled up in the big chair at first and then moving over to his lap. . . .

If it hadn't been for those people in the next bungalow . . .

Somewhere around eight-thirty he heard them go out. They slammed their front door and got into their car and drove off.

Then Buddy heard a faint scratching and whining. On his own door!

They'd left the dog out!

"Go away!" Buddy said. "You can't come in here!"

THE cocker spaniel stopped scratching. Then Buddy's lonely heart got the best of him and he opened the door a crack. "Go away, will you? Go home!" The cocker spaniel was sitting on the mat. He looked up at Buddy and wriggled.

"Okay," Buddy said. "Come in. But you can't stay."

The cocker spaniel accepted the invitation. He was small and thin and had golden-brown, soft hair and a brown nose and brown eyes. He cringed when Buddy touched him, as if he expected the worst. And then he licked Buddy's hand, trying to wag all the tail he had, which wasn't much.

"Hungry?"

Buddy went into the kitchen and fixed a dish of cereal and milk. He felt guilty. Suppose that big guy next door should catch him feeding his dog?

"You eat that," Buddy said, "and get out, quick. Don't throw it up, either, or they'll pin it on me."

The food disappeared in one frenzied, ecstatic gulp.

"Gosh. You *were* hungry!"

This time Buddy opened a can of corned-beef hash. And, with that disposed of, the cocker spaniel decided to stay. It was cold outside. Dark. With a great, mysterious, hostile sky full of stars. No place for a small, soft, scared dog.

"Okay," Buddy said. "You can stay until I'm ready for bed. Then out. See?"

The cocker spaniel lay on his back, all four feet in the air.

"Gosh," Buddy said, "you're a girl!"

This made it worse. You couldn't put a girl dog out in the cold. Besides, the wind was coming up. . . . Buddy went to bed. Instantly, the cocker spaniel jumped up beside him and put her head on Dorothy's pillow. Buddy put his ear against the warm, silky head. Damn it, if she wasn't the softest, nicest dog he'd ever met. Acted as if she knew how unhappy he was, how lost, how wretched without Dorothy. . . .

For a long time, he lay awake. The cocker spaniel slept, her muzzle on his shoulder, her wet nose hot against his neck. Never before in all his life had he felt so sorry for a living thing . . . perhaps because he was in such desperate trouble himself. Even in sleep, the cocker spaniel shivered, remembering harsh words, cruel blows, misunderstanding. . . .

"Both of us," Buddy whispered. The slow tears spilled over and down. He flung his arm across his face.

"I love her so, pup. . . ."

It must have been midnight when the people next door came home. They called the dog:

"Here, Queenie! Here, Queenie!"

And whistled.

Queenie shivered in fear, but Buddy steadied her in the crook of his arm.

"Here, Queenie! Here, Queenie!"

"She's run off," said the brassy voice of the woman.

"Swell," the man answered. "She's a damned nuisance, anyway. Good riddance."

"That settles it, pooch," Buddy whispered. "You've got a new home."

Then there was silence, and Buddy slept at last. Six blessed hours of oblivion.

When he opened his eyes, sunlight was making dizzy patterns on the ceiling. For a minute he couldn't put together the shattered pieces of his destiny. Then he saw Queenie at the door. She wanted to go out.

"Okay," Buddy said. "Wait a minute."

"Aww-w!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

QUEENIE sat down politely while he put on his robe. Already, she belonged to him. Belonged here. Her eyes were gentle and trusting and luminous with a great new happiness. The wisp of a tail with its tip of golden-brown threads whacked the floor.

Buddy thought: "What'll I do now?"

Cautiously, he raised the blind. The people next door must be asleep. They had come in late. Queenie could go out for a quick run now and then he'd lock her up until he decided what to do.

Buddy opened the door. Queenie slipped out.

And there, on the adjoining porch, was the man next door. In his shirt sleeves.

"So you had her, did you?"

"Yep. I guess so," Buddy said. "She came in, and I let her stay."

The man came off his porch and crossed the seedy lawn.

"Come here!" he commanded. But Queenie cringed against Buddy's legs.

"I heard you say you'd be glad to get rid of her," said Buddy. "I'll pay you for her, of course. . . ."

"Suppose that doesn't suit me?" the big guy sneered.

He took three steps up onto Buddy's porch and caught Queenie a blow in the ribs that sent her sprawling off onto the lawn.

"Hey. Cut that out," Buddy cried. "She isn't doing any harm. It wasn't her fault, anyway. . . ."

THE man looked Buddy up and down. Smiled. And spat.

He was the biggest guy Buddy had ever seen. The broadest. The thickest. The toughest.

Suddenly, Buddy became acutely aware of everything. It was as if his threatened senses sharpened and focused . . . like a stereopticon. He saw every detail, clear as ice, in three dimensions. The cheap, blond wife, her hair in curl papers, standing in the doorway, chewing gum. Two parked cars dozing at the curb. The cocker spaniel, trying to crawl back to him. . . . And, at the corner, an uptown bus stopping to let out a passenger . . . the passenger, Dorothy. Dorothy, running toward him. . . . Coming home!

The man put his face close to Buddy.

"She's *my* dog, see? She'd better learn who she belongs to. Same goes for you, mister."

Swaggering, pushing out his barrel chest, he started toward Dorothy.

"Hello, Babe," he said. "What's your hurry?"

Something happened inside Buddy Lincoln. A light seemed to flash behind his eyes. His heart burst. He felt as if he were drowning in a bitter jet of gall and rage and hate.

"Here, you," he heard himself saying. "Get off this property or I'll knock your block off."

"Mine?" The big guy let out a bellow of a laugh. "What with?"

"I'll show you what with," said Buddy.

"Buddy!" Dorothy screamed. "Don't!"

But she couldn't stop him. He was crazy mad, now. He didn't care. He *couldn't* care. He wanted to kill this mocking enemy. Wipe him out. Smash him. Beat him into a crimson mush.

Crazy but clear-eyed. He wasn't afraid of this thug now. That paunch wasn't all muscle. Those massive arms weren't all brawn. And there couldn't possibly be intelligence behind that brutish face . . . not a dangerous intelligence.

He had never hit a man before and the crash of his fist against flesh and bone made his eyes water. His spine tingled.

"Oh, you *would,* would you?"

The big guy caught him on the palm of an outspread hand that felt strong as a coiled steel spring.

But Buddy saw a dark stain spreading where he'd hit, under the pouchy eye. He rushed again. Missed. It was like throwing himself against a wall. He jumped clear and came back, striking at the bull neck.

"Buddy!"

Nobody could call *his* wife Babe. He'd die first. . . . He'd go down fighting. . . . His rage mounted in him, became elemental, overwhelming, blind. . . .

Strike and recoil. Strike and recoil. The big guy's eyes danced before him like disks of black fire. . . . He struck. Again and again his fist sank into the blue flesh of that detestable mug.

Sobbing, he met the impact of ceaseless, terrific blows on his jaw, his nose, his chin. His face was slimy with blood and tears. He heard himself yelling. The brassy woman screeched. In a flash, through a crimson haze, he saw Dorothy's white face.

HE STRUGGLED through an endless effort, an endless suffering. Until nothing human was left. Only the will to maim, to hurt, to destroy utterly this thing that was punishing him. . . .

"Lay off, will you?"

The hoarse words trickled slowly into his consciousness.

"Lay off, you crazy little fool. I don't want to have to kill you."

The big man moved backward.

"Gee, kid," he said placatingly, "whatcha sore about? I didn't mean nothing calling your wife Babe—"

Buddy let his hands fall to his sides.

The world vanished down a chute. He tried to hang on to consciousness. . . . He must . . . he *must* . . . long enough to stagger straddle-legged to where Queenie huddled, shivering, waiting for him. . . . Long enough . . . to pick her up and carry her back to Dorothy. . . .

"Here's the dog! She's yours!"

Then he must have blanked out. Because when he came to he was lying in bed in their bedroom, his and Dorothy's, and Queenie was in his arms. His hands were bandaged. His jaws ached. The place smelled of antiseptics.

"Buddy," Dorothy whispered, tender, frightened.

She was sitting beside him. Sort of bending down, like an angel in a religious picture. Sweet and loving and beautiful.

"Buddy . . . you're going to be all right, darling. . . . Can you hear me? And they had to fix his nose!"

"Who?" inquired Buddy vaguely.

"That coward next door. You nearly *killed* him. . . . Oh, Buddy, I love you so. . . . I knew last night . . . so I came creeping back . . . to tell you how sorry and ashamed I was . . . how *proud* I am . . . because you married *me!"*

"Don't," Buddy managed to say through swollen lips. "It's okay now. . . ."

Everything was wonderful. Wonderful. Maybe he had a few loose teeth and a couple of shiners but he was a he-man. . . .

"Kiss me," he said in a sudden, calm, masterful voice.

And Dorothy did.

There's a tip for you in what this cowpuncher knows about coffee

It takes a lot out of a man to ride the range all day. So the cowpuncher likes his coffee—and plenty of it.

What that coffee does is take the sag out of tired muscles. It actually banishes fatigue. More, it makes the mind and muscles more alert, if there's more hard riding ahead.

But can a cowpuncher sleep? You ought to see him hit the bedroll! For the fact is, the lift he gets out of coffee—or the lift it gives you—lasts only two hours, if you're like 97 people out of 100.*

That means you can enjoy coffee in the evening and enjoy sleep too. Try it and see.

*Medical authority on request

PAN AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, NEW YORK CITY

RIGHT or WRONG?

Can you score 100% in this 1-minute Coffee Quiz?

COFFEE IS VITAL TO PUBLIC MORALE

Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

"I venture to predict that nothing could so break down public morale...as the stoppage of the public's morning cup of coffee," said a high-ranking naval official in testifying recently before the Senate Naval Affairs Committee (HB9218). Check "Right" above.

COFFEE INCREASES EFFICIENCY

Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

In a recent scientific test, one group of stenographers, who were given coffee, wrote more words per minute and made fewer mistakes than the members of another group who were denied the helpful stimulation coffee invariably gives. Check "Right" above.

HAVEN'T YOU GOT "A THING TO WEAR"?

CHEER UP! What you need is another cup of coffee!

COFFEE CHEERS YOU UP!

REMEMBER THIS: To make good coffee, use enough – a heaping tablespoonful to each cup.

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Saddle and Ride

Continued from page 17

halting, softening tone: "I don't see why—"

Herendeen said. "I don't want any argument. You hear?"

Gale's wife called from the interior of the house: "Gale, come in here. Come in." Herendeen heard her run across the floor. She caught hold of her husband and these two were gently wrestling around the doorway with Gale saying, "Now, Allie, stop it—stop it." But she pulled him inside and slammed the door. A child, very young, began to cry in a thin, startled rhythm. Herendeen pushed his horse over the yard, bound away for his ranch. The foot of the horse struck a loose pail, and this racket excited the beast and set him into a quick pitching. Herendeen slashed his spurs into the horse and fought him around the yard. The horse bucked sidewise, smashed into the wall of the shack, hard enough to stir it on its flimsy foundations. Herendeen swung the horse with the pressure of his big knees. He was angry in his quick, thoroughly destructive manner. He bawled, "You be out of here by the end of the week or I'll burn you out!" and plunged his spurs into the horse again, rushing across the desert. Behind him was absolute silence. The baby had ceased crying suddenly, as though a hand had reached over its mouth to stifle it.

LEAVING War Pass, Hack Breathitt fell into the Cache Mountains south of town and went nighthawking along the dimly starlit trails until he felt the need of sleeping; and so made camp and slept. Next day, controlled by no particular desire or fancy, he cruised the hills, as familiar with each gulch and each meadow and ridge as a man is familiar with the rooms and hallways of his house. These hills rolled upward to piney, cool crests beyond which, westward, lay another land of long distances; arrived at the summit he had his look and turned back, liking his own land too well to stray. In this timber he passed Three Pines cattle at graze; far southward he came upon a nester's house, and beyond that arrived at the clearing of a small two-bit rancher by the name of Vance Ketchell.

He had noon meal here, discussed the weather and traveled on; once, from a prow of these benchlands he stood long enough to watch the scatter of houses, corrals and barns marking Herendeen's ranch, lying beside a shallow stream, lying between the short walls of a canyon. From this elevation he was able to look beyond that canyon to Grant's ranch at the base of the Haycreek Hills. Far up in Mogul, to the rear of other gray-cut hills, lay Clay Morgan's range. Below him, in Herendeen's valley, dust rose on the winding road, kicked up by a team. From this distance it looked like Mike Levi's store wagon; Mike made the rounds with an unfailing regularity, selling almost anything—needles and vanilla extract and cheap stock saddles and veterinary remedies.

It was all a part of a warm, bright day. Hack Breathitt came down the bench into Herendeen's valley, though at a distance from the ranch, crossed over and lost himself in the broken, pine-covered ridges at the base of Mogul. Magpies flashed black and white ahead of him; at Dell Lake, a miniature pond surrounded by tules, he saw a few ducks bobbing. Still higher on the edge of Mogul he looked back to see the Burnt Ranch stage wind upgrade from the Southwestern Desert, tip over the lip of a low pass near Dell Lake and go on toward War Pass in clouds of dust.

As he followed the net of trails leading upward to the Mogul, Hack Breathitt had no cares and no serious thoughts. This was a fine, warm day. Ahead of him on the pine-shadowed trail occasional golden shafts of sunlight slanted through the treetops. Here and there a swirl of dust showed where an antelope had been a moment before. The silence was thick and held its rank scent of resin; and at intervals Hack sang incomplete bits of such songs as he knew, the sound of that going out around him in widening waves. Dusk caught him in this rough land, still without any thought of direction; at full dark he turned a bend of the trail and saw firelight pulse against the side of a near-by ravine. He turned into the ravine and, being a smart young man, he called ahead of him to disturb nobody's nerves: "Hello—hello—hello."

The fire, he found, was at the base of a bare rock wall running up the side of Mogul. A spring broke out of the mountain here and trees crowded down from adjacent ridges. There wasn't anybody within the range of firelight but Hack reined in and held his seat, knowing that somebody had stepped into the shadows and was watching him. A moment later Pete Borders came forward.

"You make enough racket to raise the dead, Hack. Pull off your saddle if you ain't goin' any place."

Hack said, indolently amused: "Now where would I be goin'?" He stepped to the ground and relieved the horse of its gear. He watered it, put it out on picket; he had his own frying pan and coffeepot and presently was crouched at the fire with Borders, cooking up his quick meal.

Borders said: "Nothin' new?"

"A man," reflected Breathitt, "that never goes any place never hears anything."

They ate and lay back from the small blaze, each man alternately throwing in a small pine branch when the fire burned down. Hack was sprawled full length, propped on an elbow, nursing his cigarette. Borders sat crosslegged, a long-limbed man made loosely of wire and rope. He was redheaded and his eyes were the restless eyes of a man quick and untrusting and very curious. "Hack," he said, "whut you ride so much for?"

"Doctor's orders," said Breathitt, and softly laughed.

Borders shook his head. "You got a bad doctor. Time's comin' when fellows like you and me ain't going to be safe sittin' around a fire this way."

Breathitt said, with a pointed humor: "There's a difference between you and me, Pete. I just ride."

AT DAYBREAK Clay Morgan rode as far as the Antelope Plains with the roundup crew and worked with it until midmorning. Afterward he set off to have a look at the grass and water on the western edge of the Moguls. Gurd Grant, having business at his own ranch, went along. Gurd was a big and completely friendly man of Morgan's age with light features and a consistently pleased expression in his eyes. There was no malice and no subterfuge of any kind in Gurd. But now, as he rode, he spoke in a rather troubled, uncertain way of Herendeen:

"You know, Clay, he ain't such a bad fellow. I hate to see you two start chewing the same piece of leather. Of course, you never did like each other. I can remember as far back as school when you and Ben got in some pretty tough jangles." He gave Clay a half-embarrassed glance. "I can also remember when you married Lila." He was on dangerous ground, and realized it, and cut off his remark with one brief addition: "That's part of your trouble with Ben, too."

Morgan didn't answer. He traveled with his glance thrown far ahead and there was nothing on his face for Gurd Grant to see. The tall fellow had this way of covering up, by silence and by a kind of indrawn composure. Gurd Grant said:

"But we've all got to stick together, Clay. You been over to that Freewater settlement lately?"

"No."

"Ride over sometime. You'll see a lot of little trails coming out of the mountains to it. What made those trails? Your beef and mine and Lige White's and Herendeen's. That's supposed to be a bunch of homesteaders over there. Hell, they're a bunch of brand changers. They're living off us, and making a mighty prosperous thing of it, too. Ben wants to stop that. So do I. So do you. That's right, isn't it?"

"Not sure," said Morgan quietly.

"Why, hell," grumbled Gurd Grant, "what's wrong with a cattleman fighting for his rights?"

Morgan shifted in the leather. "This is what's wrong," he said. "Ben Herendeen never had any brains and never will."

"Don't let an old quarrel get you off on the wrong foot," argued Gurd Grant. "The important thing is to stick together. We got to do that."

"Gurd," said Morgan, turning toward his partner, "I want to warn you. Ben's the kind of fellow that gets worse the farther he goes. Maybe he'll start by chasing a few crooks out of the country. But he won't stop there. He'll get the idea that nobody has any rights unless they're riding close to him. When he does that, he'll start a first-class war—and you'll be the goat. Stay clear of it, Gurd."

"We've got to stick together," insisted Gurd.

RIDING on through the short hills, they came to Crowfoot's quarters, seated in a small, round valley backed against the Haycreek Hills. A creek, charging out of the pine timber, crossed the meadow in front of a low, long-galleried white house surrounded by poplar trees. The two dismounted in this pleasant shade and went back to the dining room for a late noon meal. They were still at the table when a single horseman came out of the hill trail at a full gallop. A moment later Catherine Grant appeared.

"Gentlemen," she said, "you are both very solemn."

Gurd Grant held his seat with a brother's habitual indifference but Clay Morgan rose at once before this laughter-loving girl with the gay and gently blue eyes. This was Catherine Grant who, with her brother Gurd, ran Crowfoot. She was dressed in a full, dark riding skirt. Her hat lay atop a mass of hair the color of red and copper; the run had whipped her cheeks pink, it had lifted her spirits and turned her vitally alive. She had long, full, firm lips: she was tall for a woman, with self-reliant shoulders. The riding skirt pulled tightly at her hips, showing the depth and the roundness of her upper body. She had one glance for her brother, slanting and a little amused; and a show of quick pleasure at Clay Morgan's presence.

"Once," she reflected, "there was a man named Morgan. He lived on top of a mountain and never did come down. He grew a beard, so they say, and got the habit of talking to himself. I wonder what ever happened to him?"

"Crazy as always," said Gurd. "And quit running your horse down that trail, you hear?"

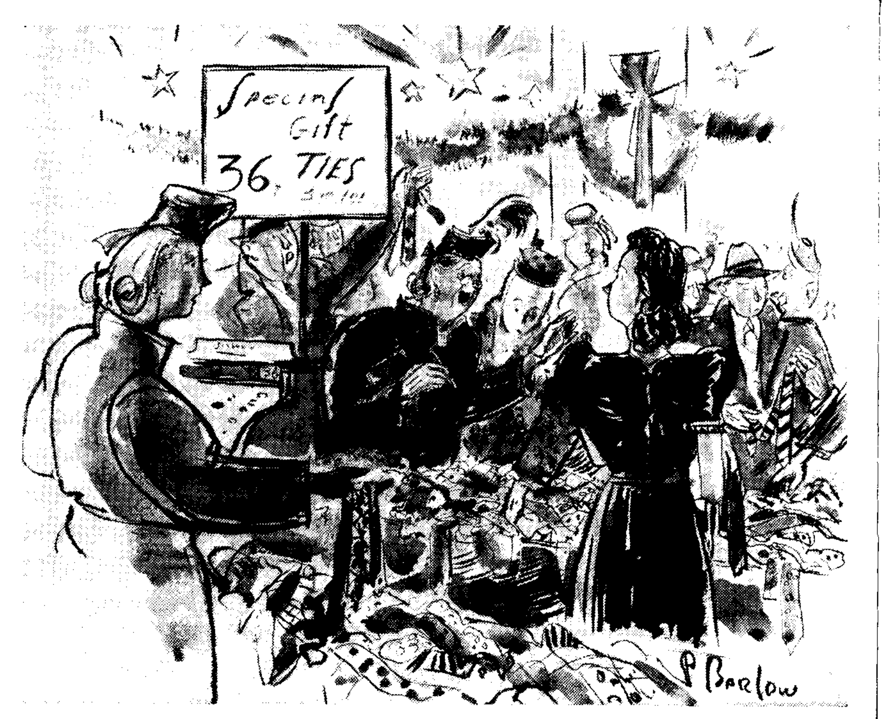
SHE didn't hear. She stood in front of Clay, stripping away her riding gloves—smiling and watching his answering smile break the solid, healthy darkness of his face. Gurd Grant sat as an interested and forgotten spectator to this scene, quick to note his sister's instant gaiety in front of Clay, and Clay's lightening expression. There always had been an odd closeness between these two people. Sometimes, as now, that closeness puzzled him and sometimes bothered him; he never could get at its meaning. All he knew was that whenever they met they seemed to share some old memory that excluded everybody else, as now. He rose and left the room.

The cook brought Catherine her meal. She sat opposite Clay, eating a little and talking a little. Clay lighted a smoke. He braced his elbow on the table, chin propped in his long, heavy hand. "Your hair," he said, "is getting darker."

"That's gray you see. Gray from worry."

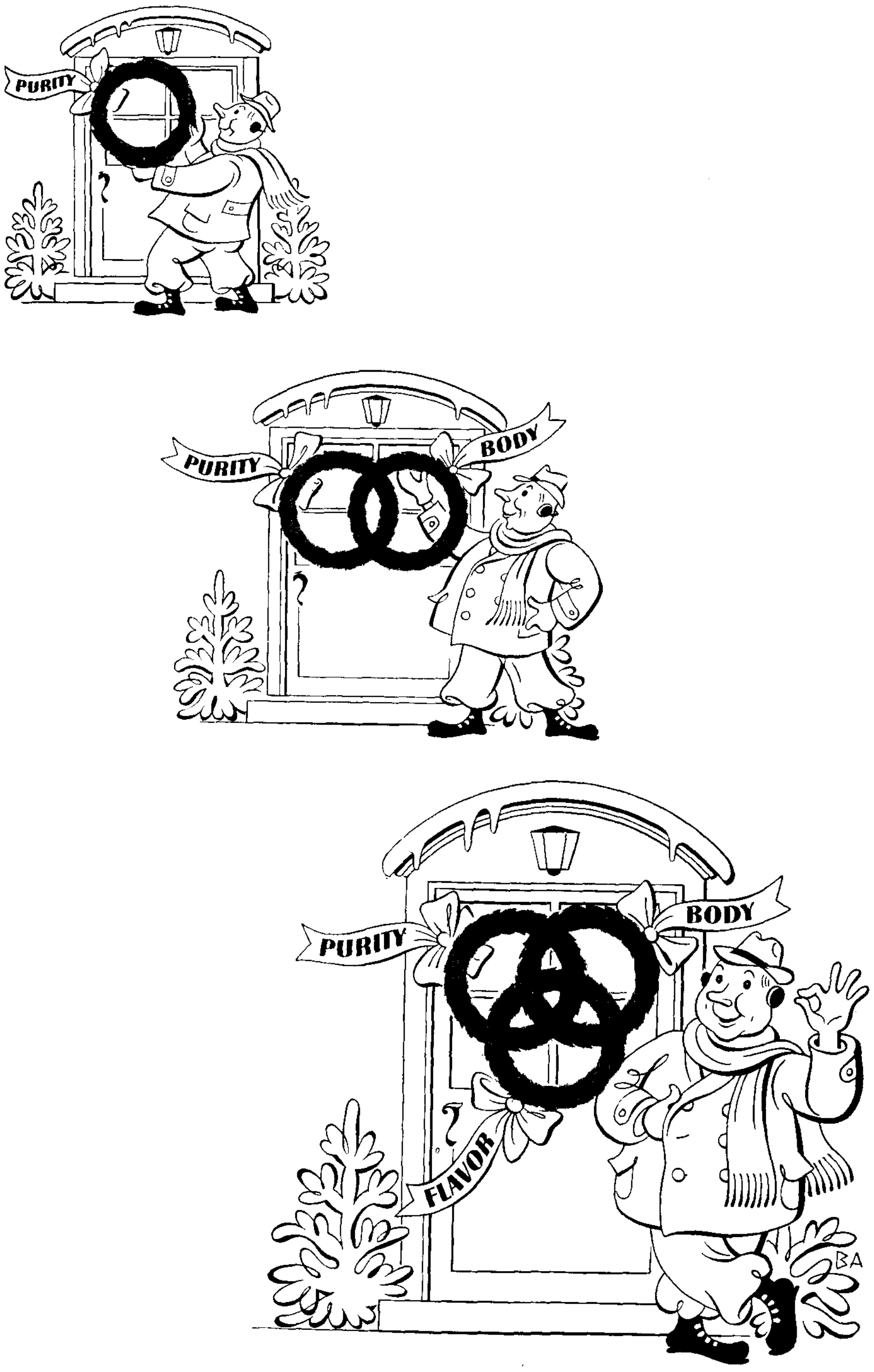
"When you were eighteen it was almost a carrot-red."

She said: "I remember you said that once, a long time ago. It almost made



"Just a moment, please. I want to compose a little greeting to tuck inside!"

PERRY BARLOW



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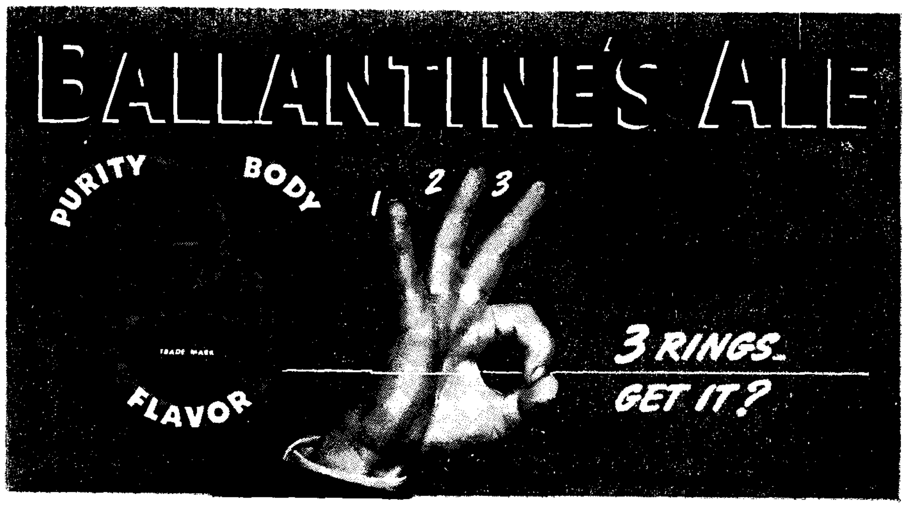


me cry. I came home and wondered if I could dye it."

"We used to talk pretty straight, didn't we? We had some tall quarrels."

She gave him a straight, smileless look. "Why did we ever quarrel, Clay?"

"Maybe," he said, "it was because we always stuck together and had so damned much fun." He wasn't sure of what he wished to say. This girl was a close, deep part of his life. Once, she had been nearer to him than any other woman. Some of that old feeling remained, so that when he sat by her now he had a feeling of pleasant ease, knowing that he had to explain nothing to her, knowing that she understood. He said: "When a fellow is pretty young, he's not apt to think of other people's feelings. I'd as soon cut off a hand as to hurt you, Catherine."

SHE looked down at the motionless shape of her hands on the table. "I think I like you better when you're not so polite. The quarrels were pretty real. We meant what we said." And then she met his glance. "Well, it is nice to remember that you were once so angry that you wanted to rough me up."

He couldn't hold back his grin. "Did that once, too."

"Yes," she said, so gently, "you did, once."

This room was shaded and cool. Outside, the hot drowse of afternoon lay over the land and Gurd Grant's voice, speaking to some hand by the corrals, echoed distinctly across the drowsy quiet. Catherine said: "How's Janet?"

"In good health. I left her in town for a few days with Ann McGarrah."

Catherine Grant's composed expression didn't change. "You should let her visit with women as much as you can, Clay. A girl needs that."

"I'm beginning to notice it."

Catherine said: "She looks enough like Lila to startle me."

"Yes," said Clay. "Well, it is still a long ride home." But for a moment he held his place, finding complete satisfaction in Catherine Grant's presence. His own life was rather rough and rather bare; it helped a good deal to watch the color of Catherine's hair and the soft lines of her lips, to hear the melody of her voice. She was a graceful, competent girl, with warmth to her and strong feelings behind her laughter—and a pride that he had often hurt, though she had never told him. He didn't say anything. He watched her over the width of the table, he held the steady return glance of her eyes; and this went on until he felt some of the heat of those earlier days when he had ridden with her and danced with her and kissed her, and had felt the soft, wild, half-giving and half-refusing strength of her body.

SUDDENLY she rose and turned away, knowing what was in his mind. He left the table, following her out to the house porch. He said: "See you later, Catherine."

"All right, Clay."

She stood on the porch, watching him go. At the far lip of the meadow he turned and lifted a hand; and afterward his long body swung with the long, rocking-chair canter of his horse and the trail carried him into the timber.

Gurd came around the house. He said to his sister in a teasing, amused voice: "Rakin' up the ashes of an old fire?"

"Hush."

"You two," commented Gurd, "used to be pretty thick. Before Lila came along. I always wondered how thick."

She straightened against the porch post and showed him a self-contained expression. Gurd laughed a little, seeing his sister close up on him, and ceased to laugh when he thought of something else. "I don't like the way he's acting. He won't talk to Ben."

"No," said Catherine. "He never will."

"It was something that had to do with Lila and Ben, wasn't it?"

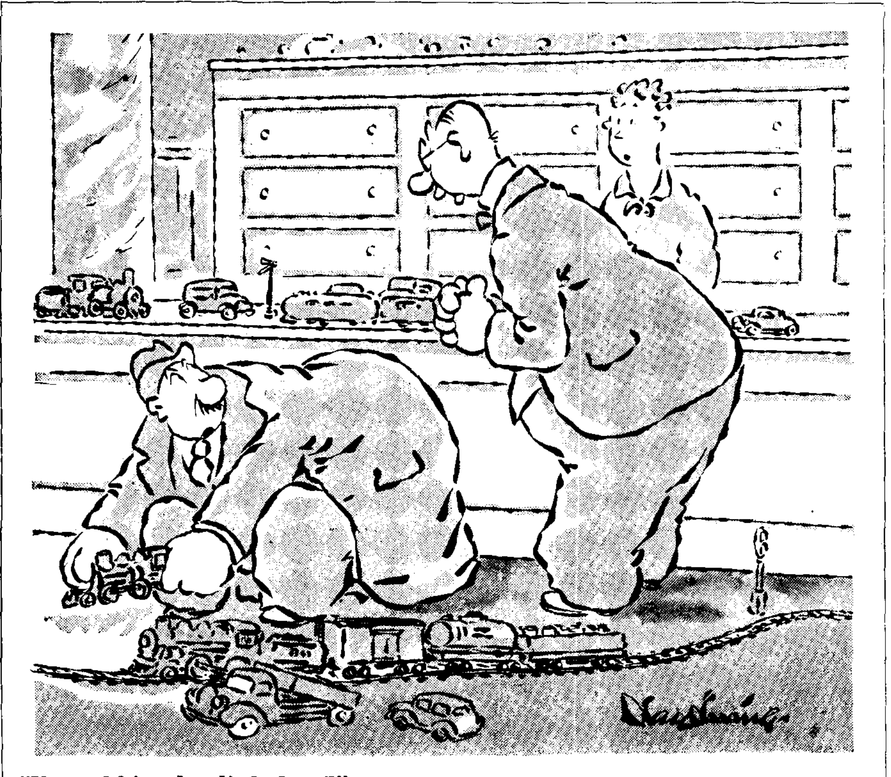
She shook her head. "Never mind, Gurd."

Gurd said irritably: "He came damned near a fight with Ben in War Pass—over Ollie Jacks. He just scraped by a quarrel with Ben last night out on the roundup. It won't do. We've got to stick together. I don't like the way he hangs off. If it was any other man I'd say he was too thick with the thieves. Ben's all right. There's no reason Clay should be so tough about Ben. One of these days they'll wind up in a hell of a battle."

Catherine murmured: "It has been a long while coming."

Gurd cast a speculative glance at her. "You know a lot about Clay."

She showed him that old composed expression again. The quick ruffle of horses' hoofs turned her against the porch post and in this attitude she watched Herendeen and Lige White cross the meadow. When they reached the porch Lige White lifted his hat with the gallant flourish he could never escape. Herendeen simply stepped down, saying: "Want to see you, Gurd."



"How old is what little boy?"

JAY IRVING

"Come in and eat," said Gurd hospitably.

Herendeen said, "Had my meal already," and stopped by Catherine. This was when he thought to remove his hat. He dipped his heavy cropped head at her. He pulled his tremendous shoulders together; it was an unconscious gesture that turned him into a solid, huge shape. He said: "Why don't we go into War Pass some night, Catherine, and paint the town?"

"Some night."

He extended a hand and caught the sleeve of her riding habit between his flat-balled fingers, rubbing the fabric together; the pressure swayed her a little from the porch post, light as he meant it to be. He said in a thoughtful way, "Pretty," and went on into the house with the other two men.

THEY sat down in the drowsy shade of the living room. Lige White looked around, chuckling over a sudden fancy. "I remember how your mother used to receive visitors here. A very proper and courteous woman, Gurd."

"Gurd," said Ben Herendeen, blunt and impatient as always, "we're going to set some men on these hill trails at night. Just to see who travels 'em after dark. Lige has agreed to take care of the Antelope Plains. I'm posting one near the west base of the Moguls. I want you to keep some men up there on the high trail to War Pass. Be sure they don't talk and be sure they do this after dark."

"All right," said Gurd. "But you're fishin' with a pretty loose net. What we need is a man just to ride around with his eyes and ears open, without being suspected."

"Range detective," said Lige White.

Herendeen gave both of them a stolid look. "Already got that man."

"Who?" asked Grant.

HERENDEEN held his answer for a moment, as though he did not quite want to reveal the name. Lige White understood this and spoke with a show of resentment:

"Who the hell is running this show, Ben? We're all in it, or we ain't."

Herendeen bent forward and let the man's name drop softly into the room. "Now," he added, "say nothing about it. Anybody knew it was him, his life wouldn't be worth much." He put his hard stare on Gurd Grant. "I don't want Morgan to know, either."

"Well now," answered Gurd Grant with slow discomfort, "I don't know about that. He's in this, too."

"Is he?" said Herendeen.

"Why, of course," said Grant.

"What was he playing along with Ollie Jacks for? Anybody know where he really stands? Anybody got a square answer out of him? No. Until we do we'll keep this to ourselves." He had a way of dropping his closed fist through the air to drive home his talk, and did it now. Then he added, dryly: "It may be he's on the other side of the fence."

"That's a damned fool thing to say," flared up Gurd Grant. "I don't like it."

"He's protecting Hack Breathitt," pointed out Herendeen. "And what's Hack? Figure it out."

"Wait a minute," said Gurd Grant. "Hack's all right."

"He made camp with Pete Borders last night," said Herendeen.

Grant scowled at the news. "Foolish thing to do," he admitted. Herendeen rose. "You two fellows meet me at my place around six. Maybe I can show you something. Maybe, before long, we'll smoke out Morgan. Far as I'm concerned, it's fish or cut bait. We'll have this country, empty of people that don't belong in it, by ninety days." He slapped his hand sharply against his knee and rose, leading the other two to the porch.

Catherine remained by the steps. Herendeen paused and put his round blue glance on her, cool and appraising; he betrayed himself to her in the way he used his eyes. He showed her what he was thinking. "Friday night then, Catherine," he said and went to his horse, riding out of the meadow with Lige White.

"Gurd," reflected Catherine, "be a little careful in what you promise Ben."

Gurd said, "We've all got to stick together," and went back through the house.

Catherine turned into the house, climbing the stairs to her own room. She started to remove the riding habit but stopped and sat on the edge of the bed, closely thinking. All the talk of the men had come through the front room's open window to her—all of it, excepting the name of Herendeen's informer. Herendeen had no idea of including Morgan in his plans. He had, she realized clearly, a hatred of Morgan that would stay with him as long as he lived and he would try to put Morgan in a bad light—as he had even now suggested to Gurd. She rose, and went down the stairs to inspect the kitchen.

LEAVING Grant's ranch, Clay Morgan rode north. Beyond eight o'clock he sighted the glint of light from his ranch house, shining across the flats. Reaching home, he had supper and sat on the porch. Muscular weariness loosened his long frame and the ease of the darkening night got into him; fed and indolent, he swayed the rocker across the loose porch boards and breathed the fragrance of his cigar.

Neither Jump nor Vermilye had returned from the roundup. The cook stirred in the kitchen and old Mose was somewhere by the corrals, self-wrapped in his customary gloom. Night blacked out the day and crowded around Morgan until he was thoroughly alone. The rustling song of the crickets swelled along the dark, and a small, steady breeze, cool with coming winter, brushed him. There were two great hours in life—the hour of first gray morning's light when all things were fresh and sharp and keen, and this hour with its softness and its mystery and its time for reflection. Northward in the sky one great star burned its unwinking white-red light, somehow reminding him of the constancy of all things, the changelessness and the fidelity of the outer world. Man was the only impermanent thing.

THESE were his thoughts. They were pathways, these thoughts, all leading back to his early manhood and to Lila who had been his wife. He remembered how clear and bright that time was, how much fun it had all been; and then the fun had gone, leaving him almost beyond the power of laughter. The thing he kept remembering was her eyes, black with anger and black with reproach, looking up to him at the last, conveying the thought that their unhappiness had been of his making. She had hated him at the end because of the girlhood he had taken from her; she had hated him for a marriage she had so soon found wrong. That was always the clearest thing—the memory of her eyes. It had left him with one permanent, impossible wish—that he might live over those days, to swing her heart to him and bring back her first half-wild love of life. Not her love of him, for that, they had soon known, never had existed. He had, too, a gray, unforgettable rage toward Ben Herendeen, who had made the change in her.

Quietly he smoked his cigar, reliving those old moments; and heard the far

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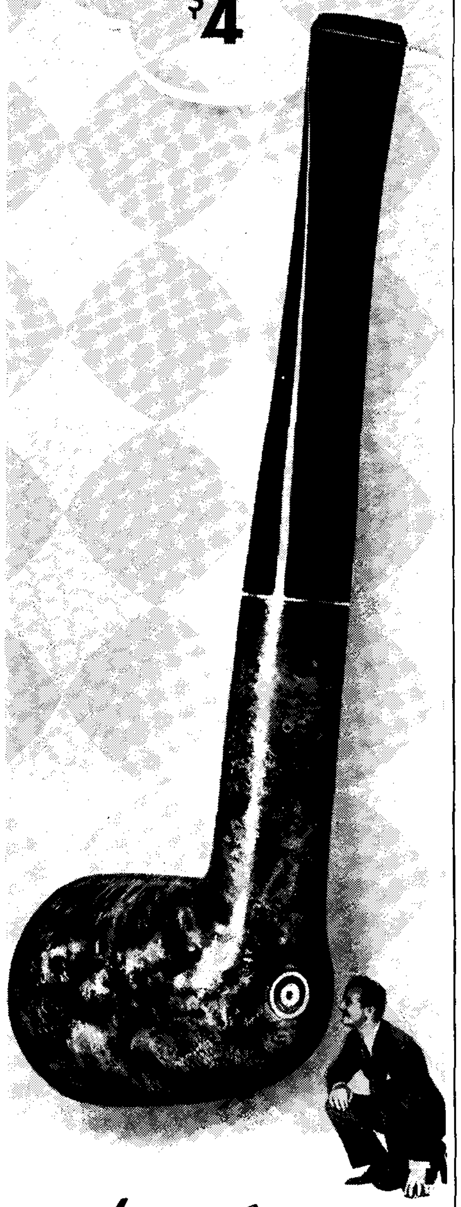

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rhythm of a horse coming out of the west, around the foot of the Mogul Hills. He took the cigar from his mouth, cupping its glowing tip in his palm, and sat quietly until the rider turned in at the porch. Catherine Grant called quietly, "Clay," and got down.

He rose as she stepped to the porch. He said, "A long ride for you," and caught the fragrance of this girl's hair. It was a familiar fragrance, it took him far back; it revived old things better not to have been revived. But she brought all this with her and stood now before him with her sweetness and her strong spirit touching him, lifting his impulses. The ride had deepened her breathing, it had whipped up her gay, alive temper. She said, near to laughter: "You're not pleased, Clay. I have broken into your sober thoughts."

"How would you know?"

"I know. So well, so very well." In a small, light and fugitive murmur she added, "Too well."

HE BROUGHT over another rocker. She sat beside him, lying back. Her arm trailed over the rocker's arm, her face was a round, soft-shining blur in the dark. But he didn't need to see it; he remembered how her lips would be long and gently pursed, how half grave and half amused her eyes would be. She said in a more serious voice: "Maybe I'm doing something you won't like. I'm carrying tales. Ben and Lige White came over to see Gurd directly after you left. Ben's going to have men out in the hills, looking for rustlers. He's got somebody in the country pussyfooting for him. I don't know who it is—but somebody we're all acquainted with, I think. Gurd wanted to tell you all this. Ben said he didn't trust you."

Morgan said: "Sounds natural."

She let the silence go along quite an interval. Her voice was cool and near: "You hate him more than people realize, Clay. As he hates you. Nothing ever would bring you together. Is that why you took Ollie Jacks' part?"

"No," he answered.

She didn't press the point. This was the way they had always been: close and tolerant, sometimes angered and frank, but never demanding. She had a silent streak of her own, a depth she never let others see; and gave him the same respect. She said now: "Do you know why I came?"

He said cheerfully: "To sit on my porch again."

"Clay," she said, almost as a warning, "let's keep away from that."

"Why did you come?" he said obediently.

"To tell you I think Ben would do anything to lay a trap for you. Remember that—always remember that."

He said, "I'll tell you this," and turned slowly in the rocker, hearing other horses sweep around the base of the Mogul Mountains. Catherine came to her feet. She murmured, "I don't want to be seen here," and stepped inside the house.

Morgan went to her horse and led it around to the dark side of the house. A single rider rushed at the porch, with other riders pounding more distantly behind him. Clay returned to the porch, watching the first rider's shape break the blackness and circle into the yard. His horse was hard-breathing, pushed by a long run; he said, as he stepped to the ground, "Me, Clay. Me—Hack."

"What's the trouble?"

Hack Breathitt stepped to the porch. He said: "I guess I need a little help on this." He was a thin, agitated shape in the shadows; he was swearing softly to himself, full of anger. He listened to the strengthening rush of the yonder horses. "That will be Herendeen and Lige White and Gurd Grant. It has come to a hell of a pass when a man can't ride these hills as he pleases."

Clay Morgan said, rough and sudden: "If they're stepping on your feet, take a shot at them."

Hack let out a heavy, irritated sigh. "Not yet, Clay. I'm tryin' to be peaceable. Whut should I kill a man for?"

They said no more, for the three ranchers had reached the yard. They were stopped, they were keeping to their saddles, and letting the silence run; they could see Hack and Morgan on the porch, touched by the outshining lamplight from the living room of the house. These two were side by side on the porch, the thin and restless Hack touching elbows with the long-bodied Morgan. Morgan's shoulders had a high squareness. Every muscle showed the displeasure he felt. It was in the way he stood and waited. He said: "Get down and do your talking."

The three left their saddles, slowly coming into the light. Morgan had his quick sight of their faces, of Gurd's worried expression and Lige White's embarrassed dislike at what he was now doing, and Ben Herendeen's bony, flat triumph.

"It's what I expected," Herendeen said.

"You're lucky I didn't knock you out of that saddle," grumbled Hack Breathitt.

"If you had nothin' to worry about, why run?" asked Herendeen.

Hack Breathitt was a shrewd man and he had no trust in Ben Herendeen. He said, half between outrage and amusement: "Wasn't runnin', Ben. I was just bein' careful. I just kept rememberin' Ollie Jacks."

Herendeen, so huge and so willful, stared at Breathitt with an angered flush on his massive face. Light glinted against his pale eyes. He could have broken Hack Breathitt's back with his two arms, as all of them knew; the desire to do it was ground into the expression around his lips. This was his way—to hate anything in front of him.

Gurd Grant said: "We were coming along the trail down by Dell Lake and saw you and Pete Borders riding together. Pete hit off one way and you went another. All we wanted to know was why you camped with him last night. But you made a run of it."

Breathitt murmured: "Seems like you boys are mighty interested, to follow me eight miles on the dead gallop."

Gurd showed some embarrassment. Lige White never said a word. Morgan tried a fresh match on his cigar. That flare brightened everything on the porch momentarily; Herendeen's glance came around to Morgan and then, after the match died, these two were staring at each other, Morgan so dark and so cool and Herendeen with all his intolerance in his eyes. It was a feeling on the porch. It put something into the night and turned the rest of them still.

"Clay," said Herendeen, "you propose to shelter every brush jumper that comes along?"

"Hack's a friend of mine," stated Morgan, "and he's on my land. I'll stand behind him."

"Maybe then we'd better wait till he gets off your land."

"No," answered Morgan, as insolently calm as Herendeen had been, "it makes no difference where he is. I'll still back him up. Any time, any place."

Gurd Grant spoke quickly, to avoid a break: "We've got no quarrel with Hack, Clay. Not if his campin' with Borders was just accidental."

Clay Morgan still watched Herendeen as he answered Gurd: "Since when has a man got to explain himself to a self-constituted committee?"

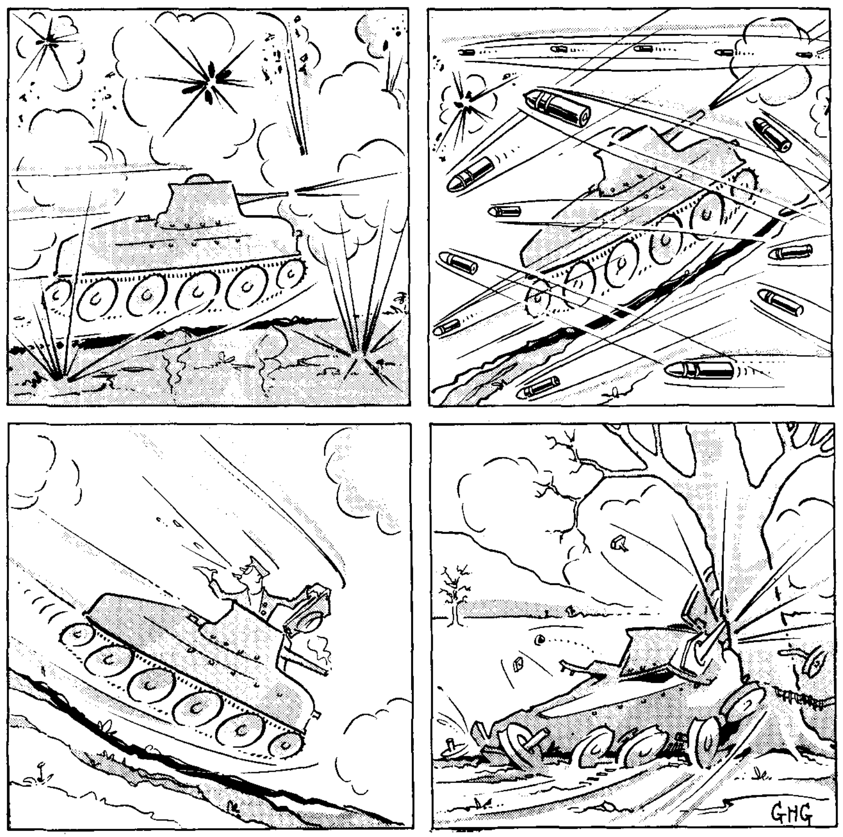
Lige White put in his soothing remark: "That's not quite right, Clay. You're puttin' it wrong. You know why we're doing this. It is for your interest, too. For anybody's interest that owns cattle."

"I'll take care of my own interests, without help," said Morgan.

"Don't get your neck bowed like that," complained Gurd. "We all got to stick together."

MORGAN threw his cigar far into the yard. He studied the three men before him carefully, and went on talking: "I guess I better explain. I'll never lift a hand to run anybody out of this country unless I see that fellow stooping over one of my cows. I don't believe in vigilance committees and I don't believe in scaring hell out of some poor two-bit homesteader. This country's big enough for everybody." He turned his attention directly to Herendeen. He was as tall as Herendeen but slimmer and without the massive bony structure, without the heavy roundness of leg and arm. "And it is too damned small for one man to set himself up as God in tin pants."

Gurd Grant said with a suppressed impatience, "You're wrong, Clay, you're



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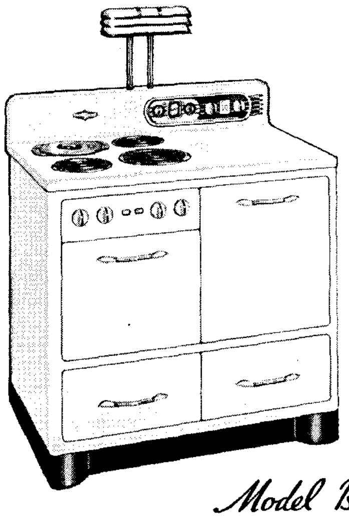

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wrong." He turned, walking over the porch, his boots hollowly striking the boards. Morgan heard him stop at the far end. Lige White shook his head, not speaking. But Ben Herendeen's ruddy face was unbreakably tight. "Clay," he said, quieter than he had ever been, "I've taken a couple of remarks from you. I take no more."

"When you leave my land," said Morgan, soft as the wind, "don't come back."

Herendeen said, to Breathitt, "If I ever see you around my country, Hack, I'll open up on you." He swung on his heels and left the porch.

From his place by the doorway, Morgan noticed Gurd Grant swing from the porch end with a strange jerk of his shoulders and cross at once to his horse. He mounted quickly, waiting for Lige White and Herendeen. Darkness covered the yard but Morgan saw Gurd's white and vague and staring face in the heavy shadows. A moment later all three of them trotted from the yard.

As they left, Lige White said something to Grant. Gurd Grant never heard it. In stepping to the end of the porch he had noticed his sister's horse in the farther darkness, at that moment all his long wonder at her relations with Morgan froze into solid certainty—and left him, in that one passing interval, no longer Morgan's friend. For a little while he had the impulse to rush back and face it out with Clay but soon realized he could not betray his sister to these other men. So he rode on, suddenly and violently Clay Morgan's enemy. The change in him was that sudden.

HACK said: "Well, I'll drift along."

"Put up for the night, Hack."

"No," said Hack. "But I'm obliged for the help." He looked down at the floor, involved in his own uncertain thoughts. "It is the last time I'll run from those fellows, Clay. I wanted no shootin'. Now, I don't give a damn."

"Watch your step. Don't let Ben push you into the wrong stall."

Hack drew a long breath. "So far," he said, "I ain't done a thing to be ashamed of, Clay. I want you to know that. Well, so long."

He was soon gone, galloping southward down the narrow valley. Morgan waited until the sound of all these travelers faded into the night before going to the living room. Catherine came from the hallway toward him.

"Clay—did he see my horse?"

"I took it back of the house."

Relief came to her, though there was a shading of worry that wouldn't leave. "Gurd's a little touchy about me. I wouldn't want—" She didn't finish that sentence. She showed him a stronger coloring, and covered it up with a quick question: "I heard all the talk. Are you sure you're right, Clay?"

He said: "You think I ought to do it differently?"

"Not if you think you're right." She was a calm, quiet girl. Light set up its rich shining in her copper hair. Her eyes held him and her lips were long and pleasantly firm. She had an effect on him. She colored the room; she put something into it, something like a faint charge of electricity.

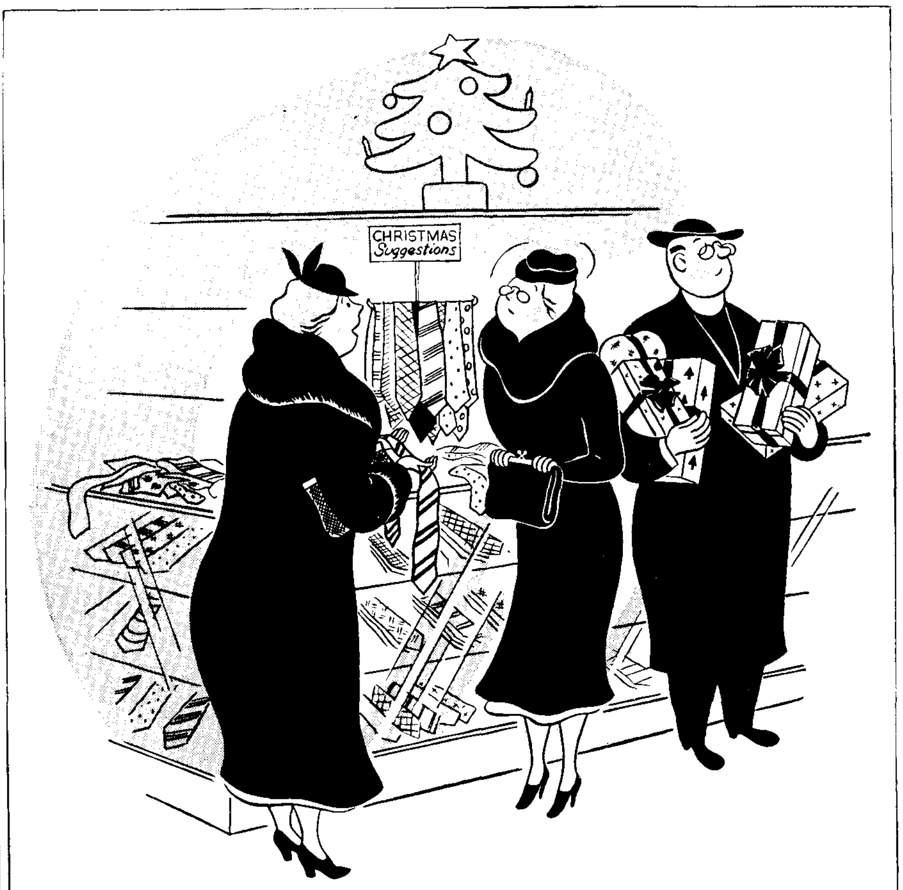
He said: "Do what you can to keep Gurd out of it. Ben's going to play hell with a lot of people. If it comes to a showdown I'll have to go against him."

She murmured, "I know," and the color of her eyes turned darker, turned softer. She put her arms across her breasts, holding them together. They were round and firm; her fingers were faintly tanned by all her riding, and long and strong. He had no way of knowing what she thought at this moment—this vigorous and gay and sweet girl; she always had a reserve that held him away. The silence ran on, with its effect piling up. She saw the length of his jaw and the tension around his lips and the smoky excitement rising in his eyes. She said in a small, hurried voice, "Good night, Clay," and went by him. He walked to the porch and waited until she rode around the house. She paused a moment and held out her hand. The pressure of it was strong; and the shock was there again for him. She said, at once cool and near laughter: "Will I see you in town, Clay? There's a dance Friday. I think Ben will be taking me."

"I'll be there," he said.

She went out of the yard in a whirling run. He stood and listened until there was no sound left in the dark night.

(To be continued next week)



"What ever do you get for your husband?"

TONY BARLOW

Sad Cypress

Continued from page 27

"Of course I did! She'd talked to me about it. Asked me more than once if I couldn't 'finish her off.' She hated illness, the helplessness of it—the—what she called the indignity of lying there tended like a baby."

He was silent a moment, then he went on: "I was surprised at her death. I hadn't expected it. I sent the nurse out of the room and made as thorough an investigation as I could. Of course, it was impossible to be sure without an autopsy. Well, what was the good of that? *If* she'd taken a short cut why make a song and dance about it and create a scandal? Better sign the certificate and let her be buried in peace. After all, I couldn't be sure. I decided wrong, I suppose. But I never dreamed, for one moment, of foul play! I was quite sure she'd done it herself."

POIROT asked: "How did you think she had got hold of the morphine?"

"I hadn't the least idea. But as I tell you, she was a clever, resourceful woman with plenty of ingenuity and remarkable determination."

"Would she have got it from the nurses?"

Peter Lord shook his head. "Never on your life! You don't know nurses!"

"From her family?"

"Possibly. Might have worked on their feelings."

Hercule Poirot said: "You have told me that Mrs. Welman died intestate. If she had lived, would she have made a will?"

Peter Lord grinned suddenly. "Putting your finger with fiendish accuracy on all the vital spots, aren't you? Yes, she was going to make a will—very agitated about it. Couldn't speak intelligently but made her wishes clear. Elinor Carlisle was to have telephoned the lawyer first thing in the morning."

"So Elinor Carlisle knew that her aunt wanted to make a will? And if her aunt died without making one, Elinor Carlisle inherited everything."

Peter Lord said quickly: "She didn't know that. She'd no idea her aunt had never made a will."

"That, my friend, is what she *says*. She *may* have known."

"Look here, Poirot, are you the prosecuting counsel?"

"At the moment, yes. I must know the full strength of the case against her. Could Elinor Carlisle have taken the morphine from the attaché case?"

"Yes. So could anyone else. Roderick Welman. Nurse O'Brien. Any of the servants."

"Or Dr. Lord?"

Peter Lord's eyes opened wide. He said: "Certainly. . . . But what would be the idea?"

"Mercy perhaps."

Peter Lord shook his head.

"Nothing doing there! You'll have to believe me!"

Hercule Poirot leaned back in his chair. He said: "Let us entertain a supposition. Let us say that Elinor Carlisle did take that morphine from the attaché case and did administer it to her aunt. Was anything said about the loss of the morphine?"

"Not to the household. The two nurses kept it to themselves."

Poirot said: "What, in your opinion, will be the action of the crown?"

"You mean if they find morphine in Mrs. Welman's body?"

"Yes."

Peter Lord said grimly: "It's possible that if Elinor is acquitted on the present charge she will be rearrested and charged with the murder of her aunt."

Poirot said thoughtfully: "The motives are different—that is to say, in the case of Mrs. Welman the motive would have been *gain*, whereas in the case of Mary Gerrard the motive is supposed to be *jealousy*."

"That's right."

Poirot said: "What line does the defense propose to take?"

Peter Lord said: "Bulmer proposes to take the line that there was no motive. He'll put forward the theory that the engagement between Elinor and Roderick was a family business, entered into for family reasons to please Mrs. Welman, and that the moment the old lady was dead Elinor broke it off of her own accord. Roderick Welman will give evidence to that effect. I think he almost believes it!"

"Believes that Elinor did not care for him to any great extent?"

"Yes."

"In which case," said Poirot, "she would have no reason for murdering Mary Gerrard."

"Exactly."

"But in that case, who *did* murder Mary Gerrard?"

"As you say."

Poirot shook his head. "It is difficult."

Peter Lord said vehemently: "That's just it! If *she* didn't, *who did?* There's the tea—but both Nurse Hopkins and Mary drank that. The defense will try to suggest that Mary Gerrard took the morphine herself after the other two had left the room—that she committed suicide, in fact."

"Had she any reason for committing suicide?"

"None whatever."

"Was she of a suicidal type?"

"No."

Poirot said: "What was she like, this Mary Gerrard?"

Peter Lord considered.

"She was—well, she was a nice kid. Yes, definitely a nice kid."

Poirot sighed. He murmured: "This Roderick Welman, did he fall in love with her because she was a nice kid?"

Peter Lord smiled. "Oh, I get what you mean. She was beautiful, all right."

"And you yourself? You had no feeling for her?"

Peter Lord stared. "Good Lord, no."

HERCULE POIROT reflected for a moment, then he said: "Roderick Welman says that there was affection between him and Elinor Carlisle but nothing stronger. Do you agree to that?"

"How the hell should I know?"

Poirot shook his head. "You told me when you came into this room that Elinor Carlisle had the bad taste to be in love with a long-nosed, supercilious ass. That, I presume, is a description of Roderick Welman. So, according to you, she *does* care for him."

Peter Lord said in a low, exasperated voice: "She cares for him, all right! Cares like hell!"

Poirot said: "Then there *was* a motive. . . ."

Peter Lord swerved around on him, his face alight with anger. "Does it matter? She might have done it, yes! *I don't care if she did.*"

Poirot said: "Aha!"

"But I don't want her hanged, I tell you! Supposing she *was* driven desperate? Love's a desperate, soul-twisting business. It can turn a worm into a fine fellow—and it can bring a decent man down to the dregs! Suppose she *did* do it? Haven't you got any pity?"

Hercule Poirot said: "I do not approve of murder."

Peter Lord stared at him, looked

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away, stared again and finally burst out laughing. "Of all the things to say—so prim and smug, too! Who's asking you to approve? I'm not asking you to tell lies! Truth's truth, isn't it? If you find something that tells in an accused person's favor, you wouldn't be inclined to suppress it because she's guilty, would you?"

"Certainly not."

"Then why can't you do what I ask you?"

Hercule Poirot said: "My friend, I am perfectly prepared to do so. . . ."

Peter Lord stared at him, took out a handkerchief, wiped his face and threw himself down in a chair.

"Whoof!" he said. "You got me all worked up! I didn't see in the least what you were getting at!"

Poirot said: "I was examining the case against Elinor Carlisle. Now I know it. Morphine was administered to Mary Gerrard—and as far as I can see, it *must* have been given in the sandwiches. Nobody touched those sandwiches except Elinor Carlisle. Elinor Carlisle had a motive for killing Mary Gerrard and she is, in your opinion, capable of killing Mary Gerrard, and in all probability she did kill Mary Gerrard. I see no reason for believing otherwise.

"That, *mon ami,* is one side of the question. Now we will proceed to stage two, we will dismiss all those considerations from our minds and we will approach the matter from the opposite angle. If Elinor Carlisle did not kill Mary Gerrard, who did? Or did Mary Gerrard commit suicide?"

PETER LORD sat up. A frown creased his forehead. He said: "You weren't quite accurate just now."

"I? *Not accurate?*" Poirot sounded affronted.

Peter Lord pursued relentlessly: "No. You said nobody but Elinor Carlisle touched those sandwiches—you don't know that."

"There was no one else in the house."

"As far as we know. But you are excluding a short period of time—there was a time during which Elinor Carlisle left the house to go down to the lodge. During that period of time the sandwiches were on a plate in the pantry, and somebody could have tampered with them."

Poirot drew a deep breath. He said: "You are right, my friend. I admit it. There *was* a time during which somebody could have had access to the plate of sandwiches. We must try to form some idea who that somebody could be—that is to say what kind of person. . . ."

He paused.

"Let us consider this Mary Gerrard. *Someone,* not Elinor Carlisle, desires her death. *Why?* Did anyone stand to gain by her death? Had she any money to leave?"

Peter Lord shook his head. "Not now. In another month she would have had two thousand pounds. Elinor Carlisle was making that sum over to her because she believed her aunt would have wished it. But the old lady's estate isn't wound up yet."

Poirot said: "Then we can wash out the money angle. *Someone* abstracted a tube of morphine from Nurse Hopkins' case that evening in June. Suppose Mary Gerrard saw the person who did it?"

"She would have said so."

"No, no, *mon cher.* Be reasonable. If Elinor Carlisle, or Roderick Welman, or Nurse O'Brien, or even any of the servants were to open that case and abstract a little glass tube, what would anyone think? Simply that the person in question had been sent by the nurse to fetch something from it. The matter would pass straight out of Mary Gerrard's mind again, but it is possible that, later, she *might* recollect the fact and might mention it casually to the person in question—oh! without the least suspicion in the world. But to the person guilty of the murder of Mrs. Welman—imagine the effect of that remark! Mary had seen—Mary must be silenced at all costs!"

Peter Lord said with a frown: "I've believed all along that Mrs. Welman took the stuff herself. . . ."

"But she was paralyzed—helpless—she had just had a second stroke."

"Oh, I know. My idea was that having got hold of morphine somehow or other, she kept it by her in a receptacle close at hand."

"But in that case she must have got hold of the morphine *before* her second attack and the nurse missed it afterward."

"Hopkins may only have missed the morphine that morning. It might have been *taken* a couple of days before, and she hadn't noticed it."

"How would the old lady have got hold of it?"

"I don't know. Bribed a servant, perhaps. If so, that servant's never going to tell."

"You don't think either of the nurses could be bribed?"

Lord shook his head. "Not on your life! They'd know the danger to themselves."

POIROT said: "That is so." He added thoughtfully: "It looks—does it not?—as though we return to our muttons. Who is the most likely person to have taken that morphine tube? Elinor Carlisle. We may say that she wished to make sure of inheriting a large fortune. We may be more generous and say that she was actuated by pity, that she took the morphine and administered it in the compliance with her aunt's often-repeated request—but she took it—and Mary Gerrard saw her do it. And so we are back at the sandwiches and the empty house and we have Elinor Carlisle once more—but this time with a different motive—to save her neck."

Peter Lord said: "Must you always twist everything round so that it comes back to that girl?"

"It is not I that twist things around—they come around of themselves. It is like the pointer at the fair. It swings around and when it comes to rest it points always at the same name—Elinor Carlisle."

Peter Lord said: "No!"

HERCULE POIROT shook his head sadly. Then he said: "Has she relations, this Elinor Carlisle? Sisters, cousins? A father or mother?"

"No. She's alone in the world—"

"Who, then, inherits her money if she dies?"

"I don't know. I haven't thought."

Poirot said reprovingly: "One should always think of these things. Has she made a will, for instance?"

Peter Lord flinched. He said uncertainly, "I—I don't know."

Hercule Poirot looked at the ceiling and joined his finger tips. He remarked: "It would be well, you know, to tell me."

"Kennesaw figures on gettin' any duck that's too lazy to go down to the lake"

REAMER KELLER

"Tell you what?"

"Exactly what is in your mind—no matter how damaging it may happen to be to Elinor Carlisle."

"How do you know—"

"Yes, yes, I know. There is *something*—some incident in your mind! It will be as well to tell me, otherwise I shall imagine it is something worse than it is!"

"It's nothing really—"

"We will agree it is nothing. But let me hear what it is."

Slowly, unwillingly, Peter Lord allowed the story to be dragged from him—that scene of Elinor looking in at the window of Nurse Hopkins' cottage and of her laughter.

Poirot said thoughtfully: "She said that, did she? *'So you're making your will, Mary? That's funny—that's very funny.'* And it was very clear to you what was in her mind. . . . She had been thinking perhaps, *that Mary Gerrard was not going to live long. . . .*"

Peter Lord said: "I only imagined that. I don't know."

Poirot said: "No—you did not only imagine it. . . ."

Hercule Poirot sat in Nurse Hopkins' cottage.

Dr. Lord had brought him there, had introduced him, and had then, at a glance from Poirot, left him to a tête-à-tête.

Having, to begin with, eyed his foreign appearance somewhat askance, Nurse Hopkins was now thawing rapidly.

She said with a faintly gloomy relish: "Yes, it's a terrible thing. One of the most terrible things I've ever known. Mary was one of the most beautiful girls you've ever seen. Might have gone in the films any time! And a nice, steady girl, too, and not stuck up as she might have been with all the notice taken of her."

Poirot, inserting a question adroitly, said: "You mean the notice taken of her by Mrs. Welman?"

"That's what I mean. The old lady had taken a tremendous fancy to her—really a tremendous fancy."

Hercule Poirot murmured: "Surprising, perhaps?"

"That depends. It might be quite natural really. I mean—" Nurse Hopkins bit her lip and looked confused. "What I mean is, Mary had a very pretty way about her—nice soft voice and pleasant manners. And it's my opinion it does an elderly person good to have a young face about."

Poirot said: "Miss Carlisle came down occasionally, I suppose, to see her aunt?"

Nurse Hopkins said sharply: "Miss Carlisle came down when it suited her."

POIROT murmured: "You do not like Miss Carlisle."

Nurse Hopkins cried out: "I should hope not indeed! A poisoner! A cold-blooded poisoner!"

"Ah," said Hercule Poirot. "I see you have made up your mind."

Nurse Hopkins said suspiciously: "What do you mean? Made up my mind?"

"You are quite sure that it was she who administered morphine to Mary Gerrard?"

"Who else could have done it, I should like to know! You're not suggesting that *I* did?"

"Not for a moment. But her guilt has not yet been proved, remember."

Nurse Hopkins said with calm assurance: "She did it all right. Apart from anything else, you could see it in her face. Queer she was, all the time. And taking me away upstairs and keeping me there—delaying as long as possible. And then when I turned on her, after finding Mary like that, it was there in her face as plain as anything. She knew I knew!"

Hercule Poirot said thoughtfully: "It is certainly difficult to see who else could have done it. Unless, of course, she did it herself."

"What do you mean, did it herself? Do you mean that Mary committed suicide? I never heard such nonsense!"

Hercule Poirot said: "One can never tell. The heart of a young girl, it is very sensitive, very tender." He paused. "It would have been possible, I suppose? She could have slipped something into her tea without your noticing her."

"Slipped it into her cup, you mean?"

"Yes. You weren't watching her all the time."

"I wasn't watching her—no. Yes, I suppose she could have done that. . . . But it's all nonsense! What would she want to do a thing like that for?"

Hercule Poirot shook his head with a resumption of his former manner. "A young girl's heart. . . . As I say, so sensitive—an unhappy love affair perhaps—"

Nurse Hopkins gave a snort. "Girls don't kill themselves for love affairs—

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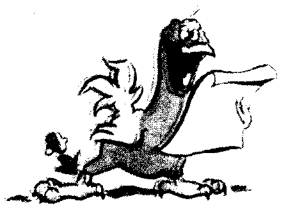

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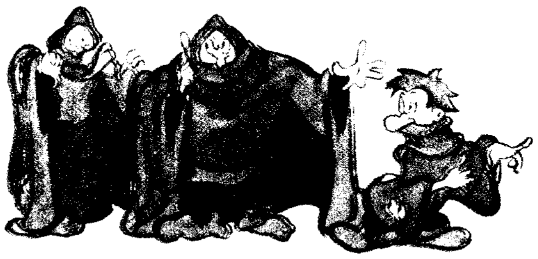

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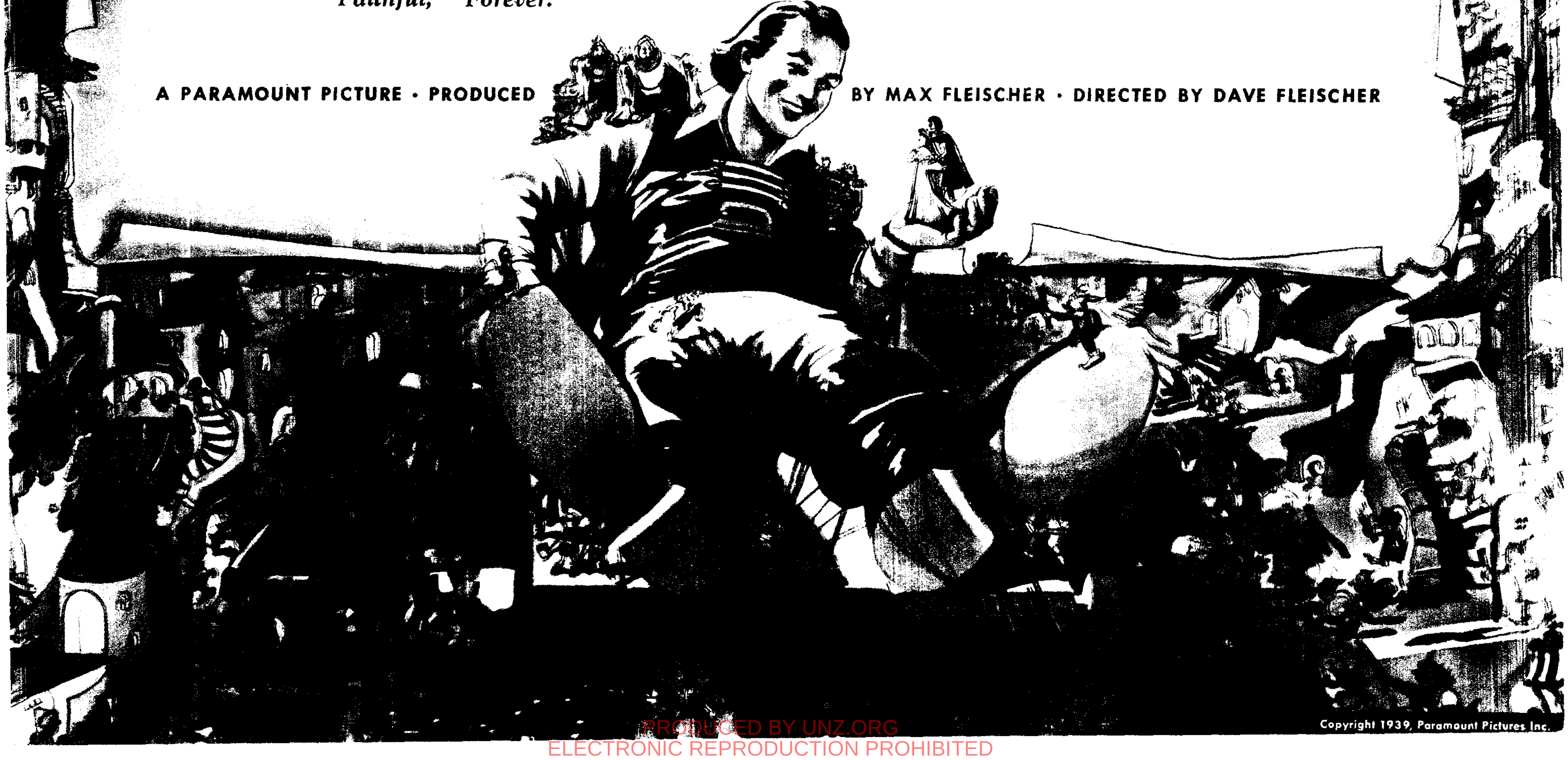

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not unless they're in trouble, and Mary wasn't *that*, let me tell you!" She glared at him belligerently.

"And she was not in love?"

"Not she. Quite fancy-free—keen on her job and enjoying her life."

"But she must have had admirers since she was such an attractive girl."

"There was Ted Bigland, of course," said Nurse Hopkins.

Poirot extracted various details as to Ted Bigland.

"Very gone on Mary, he was," said Nurse Hopkins. "But as I told her, she was a cut above him."

Poirot said: "He must have been angry when she would not have anything to do with him?"

"He was sore about it, yes," admitted Nurse Hopkins. "Blamed me for it, too."

"He thought it was your fault?"

"That's what he said. I'd a perfect right to advise the girl. After all, I know something of the world. I didn't want the girl to throw herself away."

Poirot said gently: "What made you take so much interest in the girl?"

"Well, I don't know—" Nurse Hopkins hesitated. She looked shy and a little ashamed of herself. "There was something—well—romantic about Mary."

Poirot murmured: "About *her*, perhaps, but not about her circumstances. She was the lodgekeeper's daughter, wasn't she?"

Nurse Hopkins said: "Yes—yes, of course. At least—"

SHE hesitated, looked at Poirot, who was gazing at her in the most sympathetic manner.

"As a matter of fact," said Nurse Hopkins, in a burst of confidence, "she wasn't old Gerrard's daughter at all. Her father was a gentleman."

Poirot murmured: "I see. . . . And her mother?"

Nurse Hopkins hesitated, bit her lip and then went on: "Her mother had been lady's maid to old Mrs. Welman. She married Gerrard after Mary was born."

"As you say, quite a romance—a mystery romance."

Nurse Hopkins' face lit up. "Wasn't it? One can't help taking an interest in people when one knows something that nobody else does about them. Just by chance *I* happened to find out a good deal—as a matter of fact, it was Nurse O'Brien who set me on the track—but that's another story. But as you say, it's interesting knowing past history. There's many a tragedy that goes unguessed at. It's a sad world."

Poirot sighed and shook his head.

Nurse Hopkins said with sudden alarm: "But I oughtn't to have gone talking like this. I wouldn't have a word of this get out for anything! After all, it has nothing to do with the case. As far as the world is concerned Mary was Gerrard's daughter and there mustn't be a hint of anything else. Damaging her in the eyes of the world after she's dead! He married her mother and that's enough."

Poirot murmured: "But you know, perhaps, who her real father was?"

Nurse Hopkins said reluctantly: "Well, perhaps I do—but then again perhaps I don't. That is, I don't *know* anything. I could make a guess. Old sins have long shadows, as they say! But I'm not one to talk, and I shan't say another word."

Poirot tactfully retired from the fray and attacked another subject. "There is something else—a delicate matter. But I am sure I can rely on your discretion."

Nurse Hopkins bridled. A broad smile appeared on her homely face.

Poirot continued: "I speak of Mr. Roderick Welman. He was, so I hear, attracted by Mary Gerrard."

Nurse Hopkins said: "Bowled over by her!"

Poirot asked: "Did Mary Gerrard—*er—encourage his advances?*"

Nurse Hopkins said sharply: "She behaved very well. Nobody could say she led him on!"

Poirot said: "Was she in love with him?"

Nurse Hopkins said sharply: "No, she wasn't."

"But she liked him?"

"Oh, yes, she *liked* him well enough."

"And I suppose, in time, something might have come of it?"

Nurse Hopkins admitted that. "That *may* be. But Mary wouldn't have done anything in a hurry. She told him down here he had no business to speak like that to her when he was engaged to Miss Elinor. And when he came to see her in London *she* said the same."

Poirot asked with an air of engaging candor: "What do you think yourself of Mr. Roderick Welman?"

Nurse Hopkins said: "He's a nice enough young fellow. Nervous, though. Looks as though he might be dyspeptic later on. Those nervous ones often are."

"Was he very fond of his aunt?"

"I believe so."

"Did he sit with her much when she was so ill?"

"You mean when she had that second stroke? The night before she died when they came down? I don't believe he even went into her room!"

"Really."

Nurse Hopkins said quickly: "She didn't ask for him. And, of course, we'd no idea the end was so near. There are a lot of men like that, you know—fight shy of a sickroom. They can't help it. And it's not heartlessness. They just don't want to be upset in their feelings."

Poirot nodded comprehendingly. He said: "Are you *sure* Mr. Welman did not go into his aunt's room before she died?"

"Well, not while *I* was on duty. Nurse O'Brien relieved me at 3 A. M. and she may have fetched him before the end, but if so, she didn't mention it to me."

Poirot suggested: "He may have gone into her room when you were absent?"

Nurse Hopkins snapped: "I don't leave my patients unattended, Mr. Poirot."

"A thousand apologies. I did not mean that. I thought perhaps you might have had to boil water, or to run downstairs for some necessary stimulant."

MOLLIFIED, Nurse Hopkins said: "I did go down to change the bottles and get them refilled. I knew there'd be a kettle on the boil down in the kitchen."

"You were away long?"

"Five minutes, perhaps."

"Ah, yes, then Mr. Welman *may* have just looked in on her then?"

"He must have been very quick about it if he did."

Poirot sighed. He said: "As you say, men fight shy of illness. It is the women who are the ministering angels. What should we do without them? Especially women of your profession—a truly noble calling."

Nurse Hopkins, slightly red in the face, said: "It's very kind of you to say that. I've never thought of it that way, myself. Too much hard work in nursing to think about the noble side of it."

Poirot said: "And there is nothing else you can tell me about Mary Gerrard?"

There was an appreciable pause before Nurse Hopkins answered: "I don't know of anything."

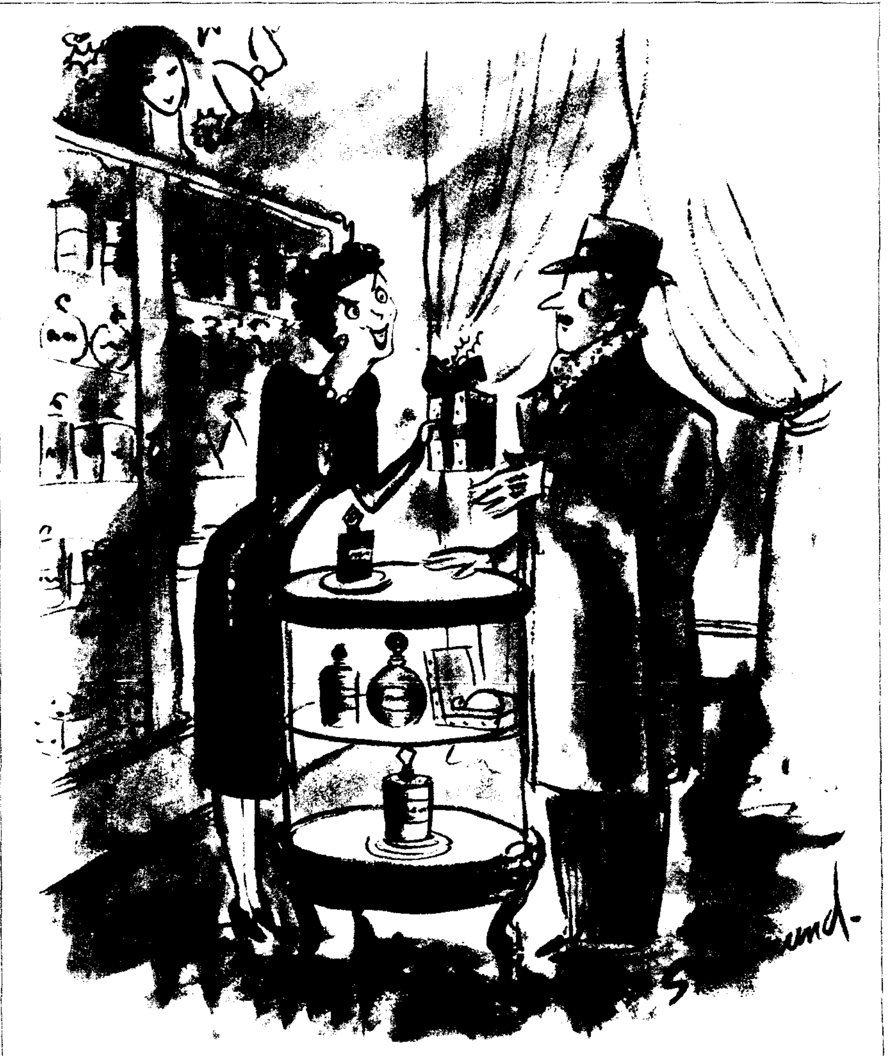
"Are you quite sure?"

Nurse Hopkins said rather incoherently: "You don't understand. I was *fond* of Mary."

"And there is nothing more you can tell me?"

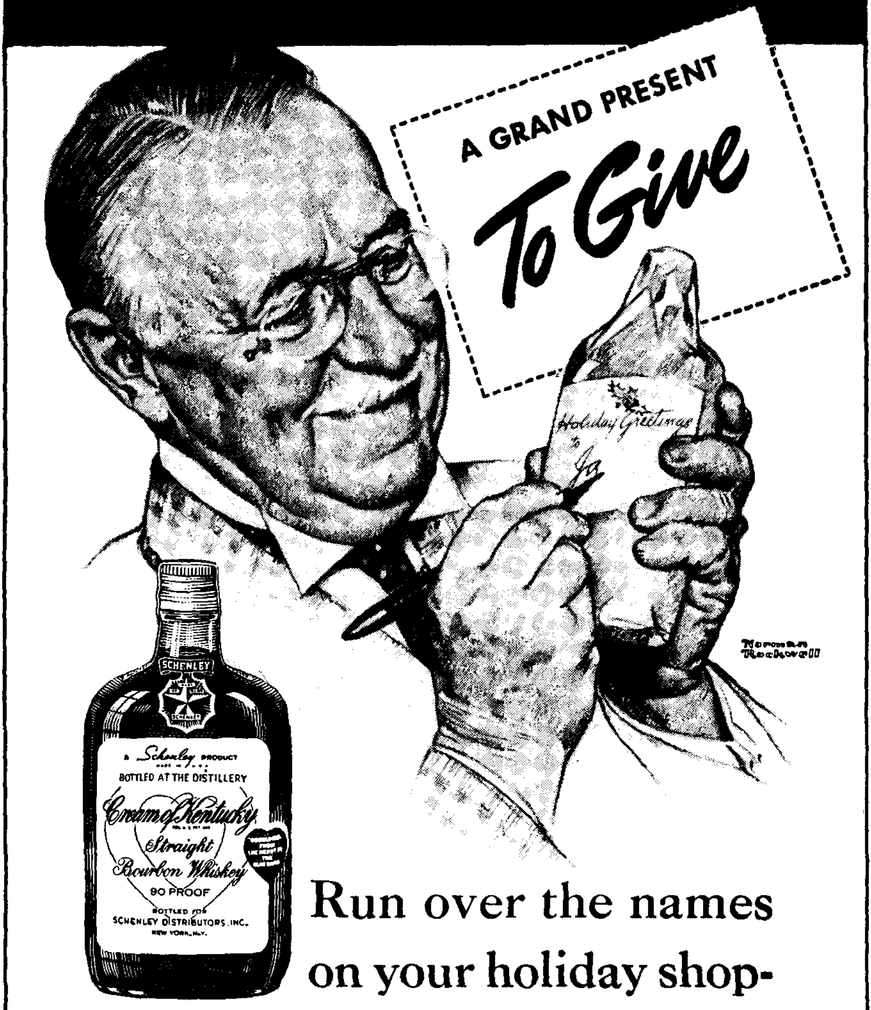
"No, there is not! And that's the truth."

(To be continued next week)



"Monsieur—how you say it—he is on ze make, non?"

BARBARA SHERMUND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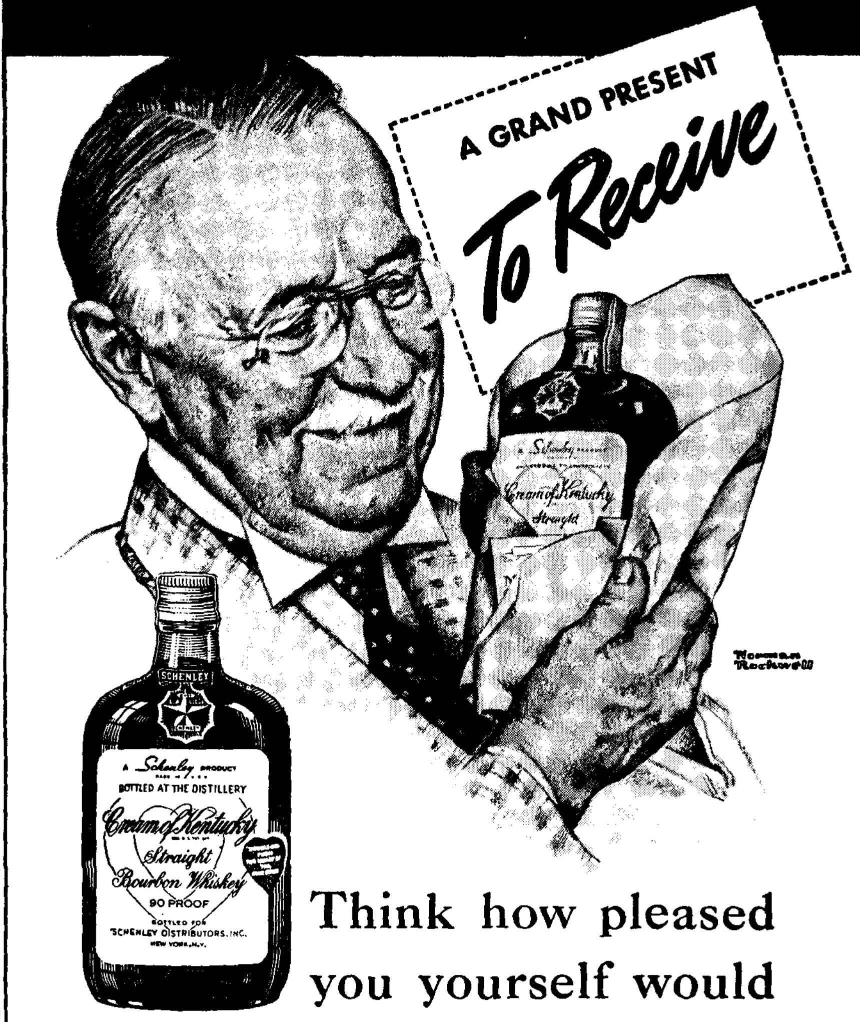
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He Licked the Champ

Continued from page 18

awful seriousness of childhood. He felt again the hotness of the blood in his eyes that made him see the other boy a little the way you saw people on the bank of the river when you were swimming under water. He felt the blinding pain of a fist striking his temple. He felt himself lashing out with the last of his tired strength at the leering, splotched face wavering in front of his eyes. He saw the boy go down, saw himself standing over him, heard his own voice sounding like somebody else's, saying, "You Leander Packer, you—had enough? Take it back, huh? Mary Palmer ain't a—ain't a what you said she was?"

"Willie—you're hurting my hand."

Will Jones snapped out of it, smiled at Mary.

"Sorry," he said, "I guess I was daydreaming, Mary. I was thinkin' about that time when we were all kids there at school and . . ."

"And about how you licked the champ," said Mary. She smiled at him. "I'm—I'm glad you're not out there now, Willie—in the purple trunks."

"Yeah," said Tom Buckley. "Me too—this ain't no meadow back o' the schoolhouse and this ain't no kid stuff. *This* is serious."

The bell rang.

Comus, lithe, more graceful than the other man, was first in the center of the ring. His mouth was in a firm line, his eyes were wide, calm. Packer's eyes were narrowed to slits. The stadium was silent. You could hear the scuff-scuff of the fighters' shoes on the canvas almost all the way back to the bleachers. Then Comus loosed his left hook and it landed.

FOR a full second the silence lasted as the champion fell back against the ropes, then it broke like a summer storm, and as Packer, a raging animal, charged in, the thousands of voices there became one voice, the crowd voice, that since before the Colosseum has shouted for blood. And it got blood.

Packer, furious, rained blows at the man who had touched him. Many of them landed. The challenger was backed against the ropes in a clinch. The referee, slapping their sweaty bodies, broke them apart. Packer was panting, with rage more than with exertion. The challenger was as calm as when he had first stepped to the center of the ring, only his chin, thrust forward now, and the eyes, still wide, had another look in them.

Will Jones saw the look and a little shiver ran over him. There was something odd about that look. It was so hard, so utterly relentless, cruel. Why, at the training camp Comus hadn't looked at all like that. He'd seemed like a good fellow. He'd been so friendly and soft-spoken and he'd laughed and said, "So you beat the champ, eh? Tell me how you did it and maybe I can beat him." And flattered and wanting to show off in front of Mary, Will had said, "I kept lookin' right at him and hittin' his face. He couldn't stand that. That's the place to hit him—in the face."

Comus had smiled.

"You've gotten to be quite a big shot," he said, "since Packer got to be champ a year ago, haven't you? I've seen your picture around and interviews and things." He laughed, good-naturedly. "It's sort of an amusing idea, isn't it!"

Then Tom Buckley'd taken his chance to show off. He'd said, "That was my idea. Here was Willie, nicest feller you ever saw, gettin' no place quick. Folks laughed at him 'cause he was big an' clumsy an' couldn't make any money—he's in the insurance business—girls wouldn't have no traffic with him 'cause he was such a quietlike feller. Then Leander—pardon me, I mean James J. Packer—with his fine K. O. record got to be champ an' I 'membered 'bout that fight these two had, an' I says to myself, 'Why, Tom Buckley, *you* know the only man that ever licked James J. Packer—let's do somethin' 'bout it'—an' I did."

Mary had tugged at Comus' sweat shirt to get attention.

"All Will needed was the chance," she said. "He's sold insurance to everyone since he got to be famous, sort of."

"I *can* imagine," said Comus. He grinned. "Meant a lot to you, didn't it, little lady? Or am I presuming?"

And Mary had grinned back at him. "You bet it did!"

"I suppose you think it would be pretty mean of me to—spoil it for you."

"Why—why, what do you mean?"

"To use the vernicula"—Comus wasn't quite as well educated as he wanted to be—"I'm going to tear out Mr. James J. Leander Packer's tonsils." He laughed. "Then Willie here'll be a has-been."

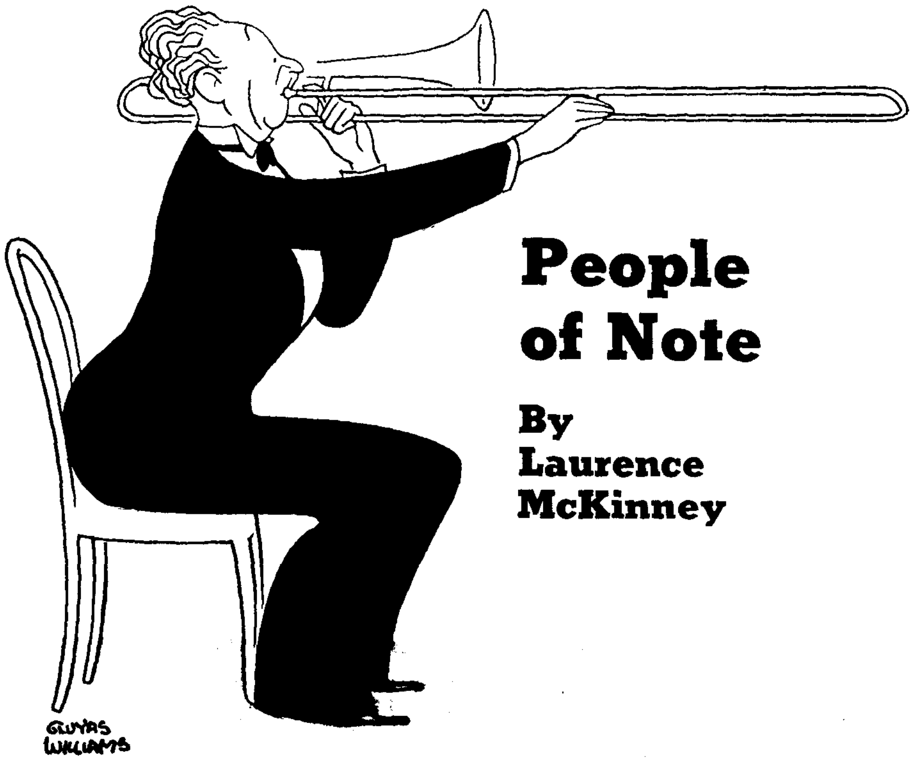
Mary and Will and Tom Buckley had looked at one another with such expressions of horror that the challenger had laughed again, so hard that tears mingled with his healthy sweat. It had seemed crude, but it wasn't. He was really laughing because he thought they were a little pathetic and that made him like them.

Comus was a pretty strong man—inside as well as out. He hadn't elevated himself in the world by being a trained animal with gloves tied on his paws. He'd put his arm around Mary's slim shoulders and hugged her.

WILL JONES hadn't quite liked that. He'd clenched his fist and, pretending he was just kidding, had chucked Comus' chin with it and said, "Watch out how you go makin' time with Mary. Remember I *licked* the guy you're only *tryin'* to lick."

Then he'd felt silly, for Comus had dropped his arm quick as a flash and had said, "I'm awfully sorry, Will."

He was sorry, too, you could see that. Then he'd said, "Well, I've got to go for my rubdown." And then to Mary: "Any time I can do anything for you, let me know."



People of Note

By Laurence McKinney

11—TROMBONE

The TROMBONE causes consternation
Because it seems regurgitation
Is necessary when you play
To make the fool thing act that way.
But there's no need for one to fuss
About the guy's esophagus,
For if you closely follow it,
You'll find he doesn't swallow it.
Remember just one thought and that's:
This is the instrument that blats;
This is the instrument whose tones
May jar the marrow in your bones.
In spite of which nobody doubts
Trombonists' lives have ins and outs
Which they can make serene and full
By dint of push—and lots of pull.

"*Anything?*" Mary's eyes had twinkled.

"Anything except not flatten Mr. James J. Leander Packer."

Comus' eyes twinkled too, then. They weren't twinkling now. Will Jones could see them so clearly—the men in the ring were right over his seat. Comus was advancing, one foot ahead of the other, step, step, step. Packer was backing away, almost as though he was afraid, almost as though he sensed that there wasn't any use bucking the terrific determination of the other man's advance. Comus' left hand drew far back beside his body, and Will Jones, for the first time, began to believe that Leander Packer wasn't going to be champion very much longer. Then the bell rang.

In the interval, Will Jones began actively to wonder what was going to become of him if Packer was beaten. Until now he hadn't believed it possible. He thought he knew what would become of him. It seemed fantastic to him that the outcome of this fight could actually make any difference in his life—that people would think he was any different if Packer lost, but he knew it was so.

He suspected, because he knew his town, that he would be ridiculed as though he himself were the beaten man. He saw the irony of it—he'd adopted another man's fame for his own; *ergo*, the other man's downfall should be his downfall. It was, after all, perfectly fair, it was perfectly fair except that he had to sit on the side lines and watch it happen instead of being able to fight for himself. The bell rang, Packer came out fighting.

He came out fighting wildly and walked into a clinch. The referee separated them. They faced each other, gloves up, gamecocks, mastiffs, elemental giants—except that Comus had a brain and had taken the trouble to train it along with his body. As he began his step—step—step forward, the crowd sucked in its breath and waited.

Comus' left hand drew back again, then it shot forward.

"*Leander!* Look out for your face!"

BUT Will Jones was too late. The left had moved—a brown flash in the light—and Packer reeled backward.

Step—step—step. Comus' eyes, staring at the bloody face in front of him. Packer put up his hands. Comus' heavy fist crashed upward and Packer reeled against the ropes again.

Will Jones was on his feet yelling:

"Leander, fight! Oh, you damn' yellow quitter. Fight. I'll beat the hell out of you if you don't!"

Again and again, while Comus' eyes never wavered, the left flashed until the face it was striking grew limp and pulpy, and in the fortieth second of the second round Will Jones ceased forever to be the only man who had licked the champ.

The lights glared down. The crowd voice roared its approval. There was a lot of blood. Then there were a lot of police and radio men in the ring and a great deal of pushing and shoving and shouting. Will Jones slumped in his seat. He put his hand up to his face to see if it hurt much. Then he laughed at himself. That was a silly thing to do. It was Leander Packer's face that was hurt.

He sat, slumped like that, for a long time. The ring was empty and the seats around him were empty when he sighed and pulled himself together. It was all over now. He patted Mary's hand.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"Nonsense," said Mary. "It doesn't matter a scrap."

But Will knew she was lying. Then he realized that Mary Palmer was looking at him and that there was a funny expression in her eyes—as though she was looking at him but seeing something else. He thought she was probably seeing the dreams they'd had the right to dream while he was a successful big shot of Maple City.

"Mary." He took her hand and shook it. "Will you understand if I say I'd sort of like to be alone for a little? I—I want sort of to think things out."

"Of *course* I'll understand!" said Mary.

"Then I'll drive along out to Maple City and Tom can bring you with him, yes?"

"Uh-huh." Mary nodded. She didn't act as though she were thinking about what she was saying. "That's better anyway," she went on, "because I was going to get Tom to take me back to Comus' dressing room—when he's dressed, of course."

"You were *what?*"

"I was going to get Tom to take me back to see the champion for—for an interview. After all, I'm a newspaperwoman and Harry Comus won't mind. He—he'll see me. He—he was nice to—I mean, he seemed sort of to like me that day we went to Spectator."

Will turned away without a word, shuffled off toward the gate and his car and Maple City and a private hell. Mary watched him until he was out of sight. Then she turned to Tom Buckley.

"I hated to do it like that," she said, "but it's better this way."

THE hardest thing Will Jones ever did was to walk down Main Street to his office the next morning, with wisecracks and laughter that hadn't been uttered because he was too early ringing in his ears. Looking like a caricature of gloom, he let himself in and sat down by his desk. Then he waited for the aftermath of catastrophe to start happening to him. He wondered if people knew yet that even Mary had—had licked him. They didn't. At nine Mary walked in the door. She looked a little tired, but she looked more beautiful than ever to Will Jones. He got up and took her hand.

"Mary," he said, "I'm sorry—the way I acted about you going to see Comus. I—I was jealous, I guess, but it doesn't matter now. Nothing does."

"You'd be surprised," said Mary.

She unfolded the paper. On the front page was a heading: CHAMP GIVES CREDIT TO LOCAL BOY; and beneath it:

"Interviewed in his dressing room last night by Thomas Buckley of the Courier, Harry Comus, new heavyweight champion of the world, told how his victory was made possible by the coaching of Will Jones, nationally known as the only man who ever defeated former champion James J. Packer (Maple City). He went on to say . . ."

Will Jones stopped reading this delightful matter because he suddenly realized Mary was speaking to him.

" . . . You remember, he said about any time he could do anything for me? Well, I just told him, 'Boy, howdy! Now's the time!' "

Will Jones could only look at her, love and happiness oozing out of his eyes. But that was what Mary wanted. She laughed.

"Willie—I want you to promise me something."

"Mary, I'll promise you anything on God's green earth—now I've got a chance again, I'll get you everything you want—I'll . . ."

"Sssh," said Mary. "I only want you to promise me you'll retire from the ring."

"But I've never been in . . ."

"I know—you see, if you retire now we're safe. If you just won't mix up with any prize fighters again ever, and if you won't tell Comus how to win his next fight, it won't matter if he loses. You get me—big shot?"

"Thank God I do," said Will. "For a little spell there, I thought I'd lost you."

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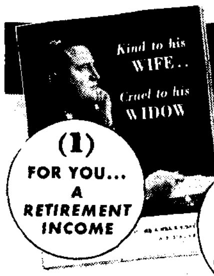

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THE FRIENDLY DOOR TO GOOD FOOD

TODDLE HOUSE

(*You can get a list of the locations of all TODDLE HOUSES at any one of them.*)

Busiest Bee

Continued from page 11

ventured into football solely for character-building purposes.

A few hours after Long Island, playing its first football game in eight years, had defeated Brooklyn College by 26-0, Benny Friedman, the C. C. N. Y. coach whose team was next on L. I. U.'s list, popped up with a series of pretty serious accusations. Friedman intimated that Lee Price, the bald sophomore star, had played at Brooklyn College for one year, at Arkansas for one, and with the Bay Parkways, a semipro team formerly coached by Bee, another season. Leo Hirsch was identified by Friedman as another old Bay Parkway boy; Andy Perugino as a fugitive from Penn Military College; Tom Maloney, who left before the first game, as a substitute end who had gone to the Rose Bowl with Duke in 1939; and Dick Shellogg as a one-time scholar at Notre Dame, Alabama or Fordham—choose one.

The situation had all the earmarks of a lovely scandal and it was treasured as the first light note injected into a grim game in years and years. It didn't last long, though; you can't vilify a gent who blandly confesses all. Bee admitted the scholars had been exposed to higher education at other institutions and offered to keep in dry dock the gladiators to whom objection had been taken. L. I. U. won with the greatest of ease, 20-0. In time, Bee will have a first-class team dying for dear old Long Island. Just give him time. He knows how.

As a matter of fact, Bee was called to Brooklyn on the strength of his football work at Rider College, a small school in Trenton, N. J., which went out of athletic circulation when its best asset heard the summons from L. I. U. in 1931. As far back as '29 Bee had an undefeated, untied football team, but before the goal was achieved there was the small matter of knocking off an all-star Coast Guard squad at Providence, R. I., on Thanksgiving Day.

Opportunity for Stevedores

The Coast Guard was quoted at 50-to-1 with no takers. Well, sir, the gladiators squared off, the field after the opening kickoff was littered with thoroughly supine guardsmen, and Rider went on from there to win, 28-0. The first football team Bee whipped together for L. I. U. won seven out of eight in '31, but it couldn't collect big-league prices from the customers and the sport had to be abandoned.

"For years people have been telling me I'm a screwball," Bee muses, "and I'm just beginning to believe them. Imagine a guy going out of his way to get mixed up in the football racket when he's sitting pretty in basketball! Sure, I must be crazy, but I've always had the idea in the back of my head that I came here as a football coach and I won't be satisfied until we have a Grade-A schedule and money in the bank."

At this point a dreamy look enters his eyes, a look offering self-advancement, and a diploma, to all literate truck drivers, wrestlers and stevedores within his extensive sight.

Bee has devoted his life to anticipation of success. He was enrolled at a university before he graduated from high school; he was elected football, baseball and basketball captain at Grafton High in West Virginia by kids who hadn't seen him in four years; and he was graduate manager of athletics and head basketball coach at Waynesburg College before he received his degree.

Before confusion becomes more rampant, it must be explained that Bee was a student of Massanutten Prep in Virginia when he enlisted in the World War, after being refused six times. He was barely seventeen and looked it; he weighed 130 pounds, but he finally was accepted for service in Detroit with the Sixth Reserve Engineers.

Once Bee got to France he immediately became the Army's most celebrated four-letter man—A.W.O.L. He unquestionably holds the all-time record for taking French leave whenever the spirit moved him, which was often. He frequently wandered up to the front to get a load of the serious fighting, but there were several oh-boy excursions to Paris and London which were financed by associates. The fellow was the most ardent and accomplished crapshooter in Europe, a claim which probably will be contested strenuously. When not making passes with the dice, at the Germans or at night life, Bee kept his hand in sports. He played football with Eddie Kaw, later an All-American at Cornell, organized regimental baseball tournaments and laid out the first basketball court seen in France.

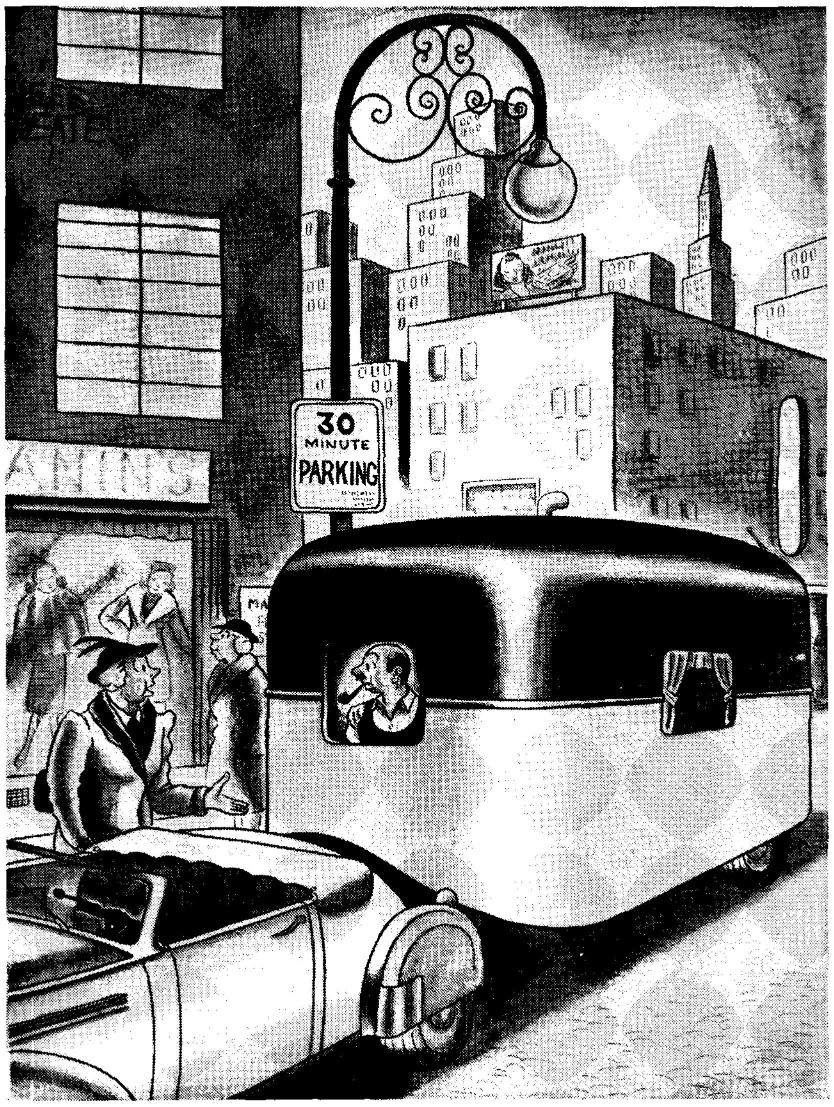
The Armistice and an unauthorized absence from his outfit arrived simultaneously, and by the time Bee decided to report to his regiment it had sailed for home. Undaunted, our hero made a small fortune selling war souvenirs to tourists on the outskirts of Verdun and when his stock was exhausted he entered the University of Beaune, which the United States government had opened in Marseilles for American soldiers. He stifled the wanderlust long enough to win his *cum laude* in crapshooting, the most popular course, and returned to Grafton, the school he had left four years previously, to be elected football, baseball and basketball captain.

There followed a season of football at Davis-Elkins, a year in the steel mills of Pennsylvania and a brief sojourn at Waynesburg College. Among other things, Bee picked up some ready money playing semipro baseball in Maryland, two broken ankles in a football game against Duquesne, the job of varsity basketball coach and assistant football coach at Waynesburg. With a little patience he would've wound up as president of the school, at least.

The Game's Greatest Record

The busiest Bee never did light in one spot long enough to settle down until he went to Rider in 1926. There, from 1927 through 1929, he had one of the great college basketball teams of the day and age in Lou Zara, Hap Frank, Jim McKinstry, George Megill and Bing Miller.

In his last six years at Long Island U., Bee's basketball teams have piled up the phenomenal record of 149 victories in 159 games. An undefeated quintet these days is as rare as an idealistic diplomat, but Bee has hit the jack pot twice in the last four years. His 1935-36 club bowled over twenty-six opponents in a row and laid the foundation for a winning streak



"When an officer gives you a ticket, you can take the cake out of the oven, Henry!" JEFF KEATE of forty-three consecutive games which was not fractured until it collided with Stanford's great Hank Luisetti. Last year's L. I. U. mob raced through a suicidal schedule of twenty-four games and won them all by margins ranging from seven to forty-five points. Bee started this season with another tremendous team which will clinch his status as the most successful coach in the business.

The hallmark of a Bee team is astonishing marksmanship from every distance or angle on the court. He always has a youth who can thread a needle from mid-court and the others are sudden death anywhere within twenty feet. This happy circumstance has prompted the sourpuss cynics to consign our man Bee to the same category with Mr. Joe McCarthy of the Yankees. You know the argument: Why shouldn't they win? You, the cop on the corner or even your mother-in-law could do as well with the material Long Island and the Yankees get. A cinch.

This line of pure logic is all right as far as it goes, which is not very far. Bee constantly pops up with shooting stars because he develops them. A combination of intelligent coaching and many hours of practice is the answer.

"I can teach any kid with normal eyesight to be a good shooter," Bee asserts. "Many coaches clutter up their players with too much general technique. No boy can master more than two types of shots. The trick is to discover his two grooves and work on them. My best shot last year was Johnny Bromberg, but he was consistent only on long heaves and from the extreme right corner. Irv Torgoff, my captain and the best all-round player in the country, was poor from a distance, but he was terrific under the basket with either hand. Kaplowitz wasn't worth a dime on anything but a medium set shot and a lay-up. Big Hillhouse couldn't throw the ball into a trunk when he was a freshman, but we worked on him for four years and he finally paid off with fourteen points on the pivot play against Marquette, our toughest game."

You Needn't be Good

There is something else which Bee, usually an outspoken citizen, refuses to reveal. It is a mysterious secret of controlling a shot which he learned from watching Lou Zara, who had an off night when he scored less than twenty points and who warmed up for practice by caging one hundred consecutive fouls. Beyond hinting that the secret involves balance and wrist action, Bee won't talk, but the point is that his gag works. In 1938, when he was a visiting professor at Cliff Wells' coaching school in Indiana, Bee gave an impressive demonstration of his theory. He took a muscle-bound boy, by unanimous agreement the poorest prospect in the class, and in five days transformed him into the surest shot in the school.

The funny part is that Bee, by his own admission, was the very worst shooter to be found in any given locality on any given night when he played in high school. He was admonished sternly not to venture beyond mid-court when his side had the ball, but the sound of his own voice enabled him to pull a swell psychological stunt three years ago. After the close of the regular season, Bee took his juniors and sophomores—the seniors had turned professional—to Denver for the National A.A.U. tournament. Long Island's first game was with the West Texas Teachers, a crew which averaged 6 feet 6 inches in height and was advertised as the tallest team in the world. The L. I. U. kids, who knew they needed an injunction to get within smelling distance of the basket, were overawed by the alpine Texans and pretty much discouraged by the whole thing.

Shortly before the opening whistle, Bee walked out to the middle of the court fiddling with a ball.

"Mighty nice layout they've got here," he said brightly. "And look at the big baskets. A fella can hardly miss a shot."

With that he glanced casually at the distant goal and flipped the ball. It described a lofty arc and whipped through the basket without touching the rim for a perfect bull's-eye. The incredulous kids went out and buried West Texas under a barrage of plain and fancy shooting and advanced to the quarter-finals before they were licked by the Denver Safeways, who were the eventual winners.

Never better than a synthetic athlete—he was encouraged by his father to participate in sports as a precaution against tuberculosis, which claimed his mother at an early age—Bee has an instinctive flair for teaching and strategy. Certainly, he showed the cognoscenti the shrewdest piece of masterminding ever seen in basketball last March, when unbeaten L. I. U. whipped unbeaten Loyola of Chicago by 44-32 in the final round of the National Invitation Tournament at Madison Square Garden.

Bee Stops 'Em Cold

Loyola had the most devastating player in the broad land in Mike Novak, a 6-foot 9-inch antelope who could—and did—leap into the stratosphere to bat down shots dead on the goal. On the offense, Novak stood under his own basket and dunked the ball through the hoop all night. Another Loyola headache was Wilbur Kautz, a talented exponent of the running one-handed heave.

For three years the Novak-Kautz combine had been murdering all comers and no coach had been able to devise an effective defense against them. But Bee scouted them in exactly one game and came up with a scheme that stopped the Loyola rascals cold. Novak, who never had been shut out from the floor in his career, was played by Mike Sewitch, who had a broken hand, and was held to the grand total of one point. Kautz's three-year scoring average of sixteen points a game took a bad beating on that historic night. He made three field goals.

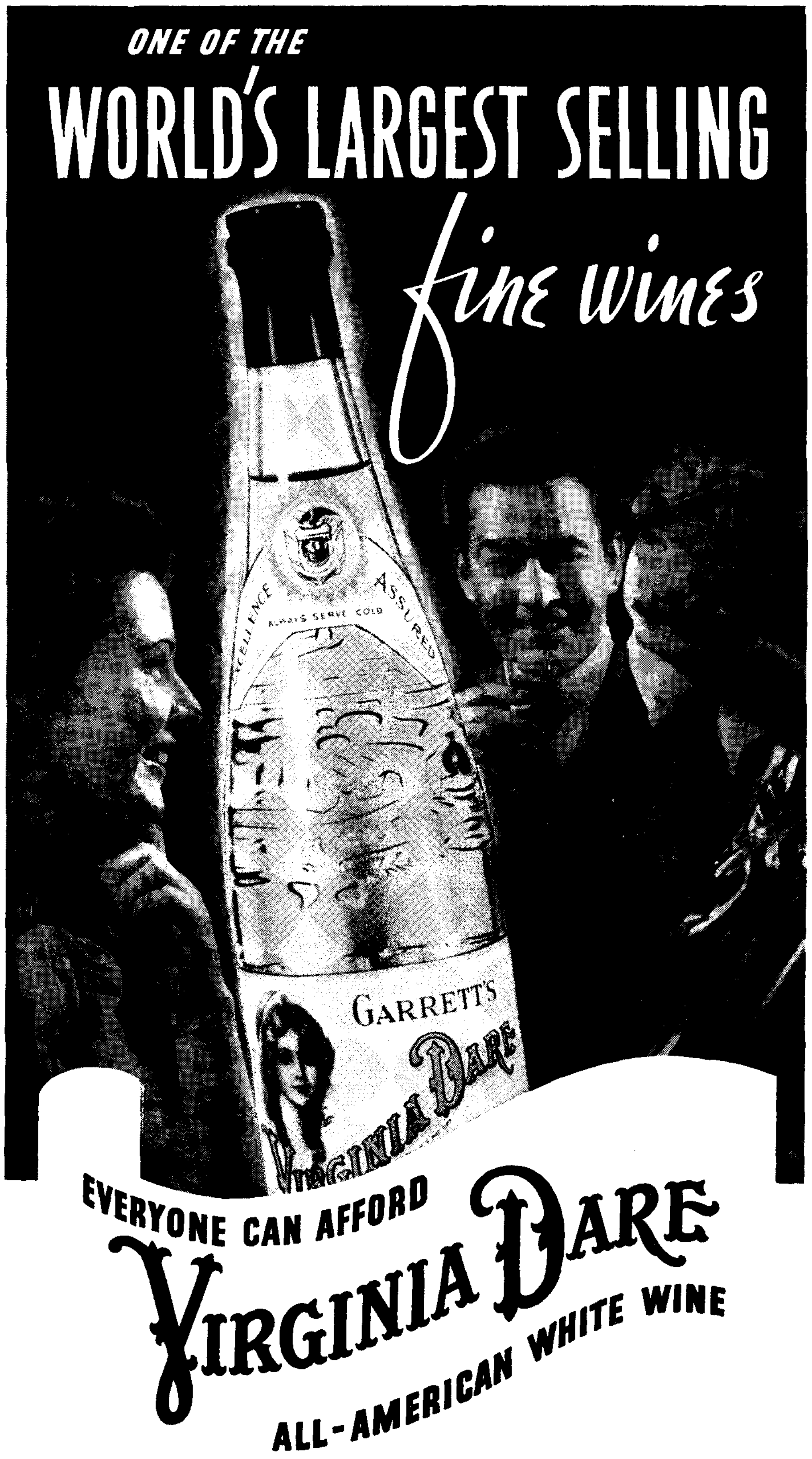
More astonishing yet was Long Island's radical change in shooting technique. Like all coaches, Bee teaches his men to disregard the backboard and loop the ball over the front of the rim for a clear shot. Such tactics were useless against Novak, who could block the shots with one large paw. So Bee ordered his players to circumvent the poisonous fellow by banking their shots off the backboard. The giant did not deflect a single field goal.

"Yeah, it was a thrill to see my plans click," Bee admits, "but everything is so much gravy after a bang I got ten years ago, when Bill Roper asked me to bring my Rider football team to Princeton for a scrimmage. Imagine a refugee from the coal mines being invited into Palmer Stadium!"

A tender what-might-have-been expression diffuses his classic pan when he speaks of Ahrens, the 6:11 Brobdingnagian who was snagged on the uncharted scholastic shoals at L. I. U. This is by all odds the great tragedy of Bee's crowded life.

"I would've given a year's pay to watch those other basketball coaches when that kid walked out on the court," he says softly. "He would've driven them nuts. Ahrens could catch any shot with one hand and then he would walk down to the other end of the court and drop the ball through the basket without leaving his feet.

"We would've won every game by scores of 96-4 and the coaches would've gone crazy. Yes, sir. Stark, raving mad."



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The Man in the Toy Window

Continued from page 10

and in a minute Eddie came back, and the day went on as usual.

All the days since the first of December had been almost exactly the same. Punctually at eight-fifty every morning Mr. Monahan arrived at Seiber's. He worked all day. At night he changed the cap and gaiters for derby and shoes. Put on his overcoat, and took the streetcar to a furnished room in a quiet, run-down section of the city.

In his room he removed the rest of his gnome outfit, hung it carefully in the closet, and then, wrapped in an old flannel bathrobe, cooked his dinner on an electric burner, a dinner he took out of cans that he kept on the closet shelf. After dinner he smoked cigarettes and read carefully the newspapers Eddie had given him—and went to bed.

Mr. Monahan led a lonely existence, and a monotonous one.

And so this day went on, like all the others. "Eight more shopping days till Christmas," the box at the top of the newspapers on Eddie's stand said. Lunchtime came, eleven-thirty. Mr. Monahan ate then so he could be on hand for the noonday crowds. Then one o'clock and the afternoon papers: the same war, the same story about the holdup but not yet the results of the first race at Tropical.

AT SOME time after two, when Mr. Monahan had been keeping his eye on the newsstand for what seemed to him longer than usual, Eddie came back leading a child Mr. Monahan had certainly never laid eyes on, a small girl of four or five, with a round face and big black eyes. She was, Mr. Monahan guessed, Eddie's sister.

To Mr. Monahan, with his specialized viewpoint, all small children fell into two classes: the jumpers and the starers, those who ran excitedly to and fro outside the window, and those who simply looked and looked and looked. This little girl was a starer, and the most accomplished in Mr. Monahan's experience.

He put the electric train through its paces: she looked. He called out the fire department: she looked. She looked while he boiled water in a tiny teapot on a tiny electric stove, while he made, at the workbench, an elementary chair, while he wound up a little man on snowshoes and sent him adventuring over a field of artificial snow. Her tastes seemed absolutely impartial.

By the end of an hour, business at the newsstand had abated enough for Eddie to join her. He went to the far end of the window, to the left, and motioned for the girl to follow. Obediently, she followed. That was where the dolls were. Eddie pointed to them. The girl looked.

Eddie pointed, specifically, to the doll nearest the glass, a small baby doll in a blue-dotted Swiss dress who sat gazing ecstatically into space, her hard, chubby legs stuck out in front of her. The price, in gilded cardboard figures propped against the doll, was $1.50.

The boy said something.

The girl shook her head.

The boy said something else.

The girl shook her head again, harder.

The boy frowned a little. A customer approached his stand. He went over and made change and came back. He said something. The girl looked up at him. He tipped his head slowly back, at the same time gradually closing his eyes. Then he reversed the process. The girl stood motionless, looking at him.

The boy looked at Mr. Monahan, for confirmation.

Mr. Monahan went over and tilted the doll slowly backward. The doll's eyes closed. Mr. Monahan sat her up again; the eyes opened.

The boy, proved no liar, smiled brightly. He looked at the little girl. Mr. Monahan, too, looked at the little girl. The little girl looked at the doll. She shook her head.

The boy spoke to her, impatiently. In answer, she pointed a mittened fist toward the other end of the window. "That!" her lips said, with decision.

Mr. Monahan stepped over the kitchen furnishings and touched the dollhouse beyond, the one with the walls swung back to show the rooms and the people.

The girl nodded vigorously, a dozen times in rapid succession, and then stood staring at the house, a beatific smile on her face.

Eddie, too, stared at the house but his stare was troubled. The price was $9.98.

He spoke to the girl, and moved again toward the other end of the window. She followed. Eddie bent over, so that his head was on a level with hers, and began talking. A lecture, Mr. Monahan gathered, on the merits of the baby doll—with gestures. The boy cajoled, entreated, insisted, cajoled again. Mr. Monahan, abetting, demonstrated how the doll's legs bent at the knees.

His resources in pantomime and Eddie's vocal resources ran out at the same time. They both looked at the little girl.

Her lips formed a round, "No." She pointed at the dollhouse. "That."

Mr. Monahan and Eddie looked at each other. Mr. Monahan shrugged. Eddie, more eloquently, pursed his lips, raised his eyebrows, hunched his shoulders high and spread his hands. She knew what she wanted.

TOYS
BOOK
ORE
BUS STOP

"Old Burple is always good for a buck or two. Just say, 'Stranger, can you spare a dime for a cup of Burple's fine coffee?'"

IRVING ROIR

"SIX More Days Till Christmas." Not very long, Mr. Monahan thought, sitting up in his red airplane, not long enough for Eddie to get nine ninety-eight. But he was trying, Mr. Monahan knew—that morning he had pointed to an inside pocket and then held up fingers to indicate that he had $4.60 toward the dollhouse. But that was more than five dollars short. Five dollars in six days. Mr. Monahan shook his head.

He gathered—from watching Eddie and his money day after day, what he took in, what he paid out for the papers—that the dollhouse money was a special fund. Apparently there was a need of some sort, an absolute need, for most of Eddie's money. Only a part of what he made, plus any tips—and this was the season for tips; people would sometimes give Eddie a nickel or a dime, occasionally even a quarter and not take change—could go into that inside pocket.

Well, anyway it would be something to do, something to think about, those five dollars; they would help take his mind off the toys, help him to get through the days till Christmas.

Mr. Monahan looked at the faces. Everyone was pretty happy now; it was almost Christmas. None of them, Mr. Monahan thought, will be happier than I will when the day finally comes, and I can get out of these clothes. He got down and blew up a balloon that was shaped like a mouse, for the benefit of a little boy who was being held up by his father. A job is a job.

"FIVE Days Till Christmas." "Four Days Till Christmas." Mr. Monahan longed to take the electric train and break it into a hundred pieces. He hated its buzzing clatter, and the burned-apple smell it made, a smell he couldn't get out of his nose even when he left the window. But four more days: he could stand that.

And he wanted to see, for a reason he couldn't explain even to himself, whether Eddie would get the money for the dollhouse. Two or three times a day he would ask, by pointing inside his jacket, how the fund was progressing, and Eddie would answer by holding up his fingers. It got over five, then over six.

What do I care, Mr. Monahan asked himself, whether the kid gets the dollhouse? She'll only break it to pieces in a couple of weeks.

Nevertheless he kept an even sharper eye on Eddie's stand. He watched carefully every three cents that was dropped into the battered cigar box where the change was kept. Only when there was no business at all did he take time off to read the headlines. They hadn't changed much in the last few days:

LONDON ADMITS LOSS
OF SINGLE CRUISER;
110 SEAMEN GO DOWN

Nazis Stand Firm on Claim
Two Major Warships
Sunk by Subs

So, thought Mr. Monahan, they had to admit something. Now if the Germans would admit how many submarines had been destroyed—

The diamond robbery was still page-one news:

POLICE COMB STATE
FOR FOUR-FINGERED
JEWEL DESPERADO

Wounded Salesman Improves;
Outlaw Auto is Found
Driven in River

The wounded man, it appeared, had seen the face of the criminal, and would know it again. The car was a stolen one. The police were still confident of an early capture.

At the race track, Daylight Time had won the first and paid $39.60, $20.90 and $13.20.

Mr. Monahan sighed, and looked out at the faces. Thin faces, fat faces, all looking in at him. How, he wondered, can you tell an honest man from a robber? By the number of fingers on his right hand? Mr. Monahan laughed. That was a pretty good joke. He looked at the hands of the people watching him. Most of them made fists because of the cold, some had their hands in their pockets but any he could see had a full ten fingers. Therefore those were honest. Mr. Monahan laughed again.

He wound up a walking bear. The train clattered along at his feet. Tomorrow there would be only three more days till Christmas.

BY NOON on the day before Christmas, the special fund, as indicated by Eddie's upraised fingers, contained eight dollars and eleven cents. Eddie proffered this information not in pride or even hope, but merely as information. The chances that the gulf between eight-eleven and nine ninety-eight could be overpassed in the course of a single afternoon seemed very, very slim indeed.

Mr. Monahan, watching now and again, noted that many more people than usual refused the change from a nickel or a dime; but on the other hand fewer people than usual bought papers at all. A bulletin at one-thirty P. M. showed a gain of only thirty cents.

Fewer people bought papers because the people were busier than usual. They walked faster, their arms were filled with packages, they were intent on specific errands.

And for all that, Mr. Monahan observed, there was an unwonted geniality in the air, a feeling of comradeship and good will. A feeling he did not share.

No Christmas for him, he thought. Or—glancing casually at the afternoon headlines—for the men who'd gone down on that ship. No Christmas for the jewel robber. He looked for another follow-up on that story, and failed to find it. So the robber had dropped back to the inside pages, still unapprehended. On the lam, he believed the phrase was. The chances were that he'd never be caught, now. The police were already giving up.

He glanced at the next day's racing entries. No Christmas for them, either. No Christmas for a lot of people, including horses. No Christmas for Eddie's little sister, with her heart set on that dollhouse. Well, thought Mr. Monahan, you've got to learn sometime.

But he had no business reading the papers, or thinking. He seated himself at the workbench, and began the clumsy construction of a little wooden table. After that he operated the farm machinery for a while, and then set a whole zoo of small animals in motion.

There were no further reports from Eddie, and Mr. Monahan, glancing that way, could see only the boy's back, and the top of his cap above the turned-up mackinaw collar.

By four-thirty, twilight had set in, and the street lights were on. Also, quite properly for the season, it was snowing. The snow caused pale circles around the street lights, it almost obscured the dark and monumental bulk of the corner cop. The air, Mr. Monahan could tell, was colder; people walked fast, heads down, snow unmelting on their hats and shoulders. The breaths of the children at the window—as always, the front row was composed of children—made misty spots on the glass.

A coin tapped. Mr. Monahan turned his head, prepared to indicate with a nod that he'd keep an eye on the stand.

Instead, he saw Eddie triumphantly brandishing a dollar bill.

Mr. Monahan didn't get it.

Eddie, in explanation, held up one newspaper, and the bill.

Now Mr. Monahan understood. A customer, infected with the season's spirit, had left the change from a dollar.

Eddie held up nine fingers, then eight, then five.

As good as in, thought Mr. Monahan.

Eddie looked at the dollhouse and, for the first time, looked at it without distaste.

WELL, Mr. Monahan thought, it's a relief. He's got his money and I've only a little more than an hour left to this Merry Christmas.

He went around systematically, setting every toy that would move in motion. He flashed lights and he boiled water, he hammered at his workbench, he rode the airplane.

And he watched the stand one last time for Eddie. A wind had come up, the snow was blowing in gusts; Eddie stood stamping his feet, with his hands in his pockets. Mr. Monahan nodded, and Eddie ran for the doorway.

There were fewer people on the street now, fewer in front of the window. Mr. Monahan looked in the cigar box. Eddie easily had his thirteen cents. There was a whole litter of pennies and nickels and even a couple of dimes. Probably a dollar there. Maybe more.

He built up his blocks and let them tumble over for the benefit of a little boy who stood with his hands and face plastered against the window. The little boy didn't pay any attention to the blocks, he just stared at Mr. Monahan, pounded the window, jumped up and down, called to his father to look, look. Mr. Monahan smiled and nodded, the little boy screamed and laughed and jumped up and down faster. Look, look.

And then—suddenly out of the corner of his eye Mr. Monahan saw a man in a brown overcoat come up to the newsstand. The man looked right and left, picked up a paper, thrust his hand into the cigar box, and scooped out all the change.

In a moment Mr. Monahan was on his feet, pounding on the window. The people outside stared, frightened. The man in the brown coat, startled by the noise, for a moment stood perfectly still. Then he turned and saw Mr. Monahan pointing at him, people looking. He turned again, and ran.

Mr. Monahan jumped up and down, pointing, yelling as loud as he could. The cop came running. Mr. Monahan pointed to the cigar box, and the cop was off, not half a block behind.

It was all over in three minutes. A crowd collected, Eddie came back from the doorway, his face sick, children began to cry. Men gathered around Eddie, talked to him. He gestured, Mr. Monahan gestured, and then before they could have expected it, the cop was back with the man.

Mr. Monahan, unable to communicate by voice through the window glass jumped up and down again, nodded his head. The cop held the man in the brown coat by the collar, pointed to him. Then he pointed to the cigar box.

Mr. Monahan nodded. He stood leaning with his hands against the window, and nodded.

That was the man. He nodded. That was the one who took the money. He nodded and nodded, again and again.

Then suddenly he stopped. He looked at the cop, he looked at the people in front of the window, he looked at the man in the brown coat, he looked at Eddie. He looked back at the cop.

For the cop was staring at him, at Mr. Monahan, staring at his left hand, which was spread out against the glass.

It was a normal hand, in every way but one—there was no little finger.

THE Christmas tree was small, but adequate—more than adequate, when you considered that the person for whom it was principally intended had hardly noticed it at all. Except for the sounds of a meal being prepared in the kitchen, the tiny apartment was quiet. Eddie sat in a chair, knees crossed, reading the paper.

"Gee," he said softly, "it says here—"

"There's eight rooms," his sister said from the floor. "I counted 'em."

"It says here the little guy got a gun from his coat in the locker room at the store. Only for that they wouldn't had to plug him."

"Counting the hall," the girl said, "there's nine. Eddie, is it fair to count the hall?"

"No," Eddie said. He read some more. "Gee!" he said, struck by a sudden thought. "It's funny! He takes a hundred grand and then he gives himself away over seventy-three cents!" He thought it over. "Gee!" he said again.

"Here's the woman walking upstairs. Walk, walk, walk."

Eddie read aloud from the paper: "'To all appearances, the robbery had been planned well ahead, and carefully. Murphy established his character as Monahan at the rooming house, a converted apartment, early in November, and went to work in the store window on December 1st. A marked airplane schedule found in his room led police to the conclusion that he had planned to leave by plane for Mexico on Christmas Eve, apparently in the belief that police vigilance would then be relaxed, and the police routine changed.

"'No adequate explanation was given as to why, with possible escape only a few hours away, Murphy drew attention to himself; unless it was that his nerves gave under the strain of constant inspection by the thousands who daily visited him in his unusual hide-out.'" Eddie frowned. "'Police said—'"

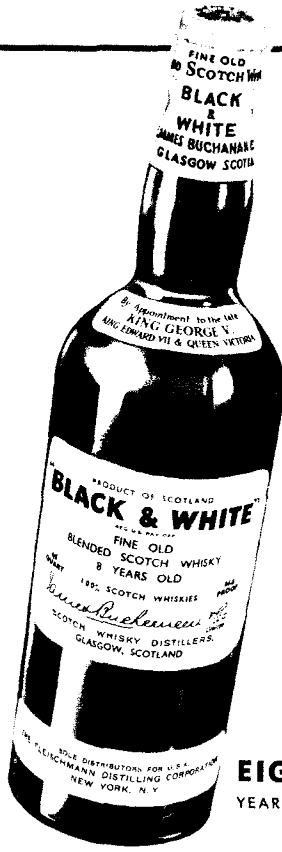
"Now she's going to bed. It's night."

"Hey, get a load of this! Here's some of the stuff he said before he went out. It was took down by a police reporter, it says here. Get this: 'I'll get there all right. Nothing to worry about, nothing to worry about. . . . The damn' train. . . . Gee, Sis, thanks for the wagon. . . . Yeh, I like it. I sure do like it. . . . Turn loose or I'll shoot. Turn loose, you. . . . It's red. Yeh, Sis, that was what I wanted, a red one. . . . I think you'll like our beer, mister. It's good beer. I think you'll take it. . . . Gee, Sis, can the tears. You can't help the way I turned out; you tried. If there was anything I could do to make you feel better—'"

"Now it's morning. She's getting up."

"Then it says here, it says: 'As far as could be ascertained, Murphy had only one sister, who died some years ago in Chicago.'" Eddie raised his eyebrows. "Gee! A screwball!"

"The milk hasn't come yet," his sister said. "She got up too early."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EIGHT
YEARS OLD

"BLACK & WHITE"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

The Scotch with Character

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Turtle Soup

Continued from page 13

knows that once he asks to lay off a trip he's through." He clenched his knobby fist. "And anyhow now I got him—like that! And Lee Dobie, too!"

"Have ye now?" Mr. Sproul nodded his approval, slightly tinctured with doubt.

"I'll let you in," Mr. Rand decided. "I need your help. You'll be mate of this hooker within forty-eight hours if you do what I say."

"Well!" said Mr. Sproul. He looked around hastily to make sure that no one had observed his good luck. Then he bent his furry ear attentively to the mate's big lips.

"Look at them," the mate muttered, flicking up his eyes to Captain Burbage, Jake Schenk and the youthful second mate. "They look close as mice in a nest, don't they? Well, they're closer'n that. They're as close as the tumblers in a jail lock."

"Huh?"

"THIS weight cargo we're carryin' for Jake Schenk in cases—is just boxes o' scrap," Al Rand breathed. "Scrap iron, see? An' insured for real money—insured for plenty. Fifty-odd thousand."

Mr. Sproul's face remained blank. "So what about it?"

"So it never gets where it's going," replied Al Rand. "So it goes down with the ship and nobody ever knows the cargo's just iron rust."

Mr. Sproul gaped. "You mean—"

"Why not?" inquired Al Rand. "What's the old man got to lose by sinking her? He's about through and this man Wald from the bank that's running the company since old Maxwell coiled his ropes won't give him a nickel of pension or that cottage up on the hill—"

He nodded toward one of the green shoulders of French Hill. "The bank man claims there's no writing to prove old Maxwell's intentions. Well, the old man can feather his nest by slapping this wagon under with Lee Dobie's help and letting Schenk collect a hunk of money from the insurance company for a hunk of junk."

"But that's—that's—"

"Barratry is the name for it," said the mate.

Mr. Sproul shook his head in reluctant disbelief.

"The old man would never think up a gag like that," he said with absolute certainty. "He—"

"It ain't the old man that's pulling this," Al Rand broke in. "It's Dobie. He acts like a blasted redheaded volcano with a short fuse, but this time he's stuck his neck out far enough so's I can kick his head off. He's the one that's running it; Schenk and the captain are just tailin' along."

"MIGHT be," Mr. Sproul muttered, surveying the scrap on the dock. He swallowed convulsively. "Say, look! Here comes the bank man—Wald—he's comin' aboard! Come on, Chief, we'll tell—"

Al Rand caught him by the shoulder and jerked him to a stop. "Come about, you quarter-witted swab!" he snapped. "We don't give him a whisper! We've got to wait! There's no proof now against Dobie an' the old man—an' little gravy for us. We wait an' get 'em dead to rights—nail 'em at the last minute an' cash in big."

He smacked his lips again. "Turtle soup!"

Together they edged toward the rail and with sidelong glances appraised the man from the bank, whom fate and a court had placed in executive command of old John Maxwell's line. Stevenson Wald was a short, square man with a face like the front of a bank vault. He came aboard as if he owned the ship and would sell her cheap. Mr. Rand and Mr. Sproul faded discreetly as Wald trained his black, round eyes on them.

"Get busy!" Al Rand ordered his junior. By a devious route he trailed the banker up to the lower bridge.

Jake Schenk was just departing, sauntering toward the plank with his fat hands tucked in the pockets of his spotless and bulging linen suit.

While Wald was in the captain's room, Mr. Rand had a long look through the manifest and freight list. There was no case of scrap and no motor in bad order listed in Jake Schenk's shipments to the Windward and Leeward Isles. In the variegated assortment there were even a printing press, linotypes, type metal and sundries, but no scrap.

Mr. Rand completed his search. With ears tensed for eavesdropping he lingered on the bridge above the old man's quarters until Stevenson Wald came out. The man from the bank paused at the door to fire a final volley back at Captain Burbage's drooping figure. His voice was level and unexcited:

"The facts add up, Captain, that John Maxwell left no record of any projected gift of a house to you, or a pension, in spite of your forty years with the company. I'm sorry but if your health doesn't improve materially it's my job to replace you next voyage. I don't own the company; I'm paid to run it. My authority is limited."

Captain Burbage nodded sadly. Lee Dobie, rounding the corner of the house, almost ran into him as the old man said in his thin, unsteady voice:

"I see the situation, Mr. Wald. I'm not asking for charity. I'll resign—"

The redheaded second mate broke in recklessly:

"Cap'n Burbage doesn't have to ask for charity! All he wants is ordinary decency from a company he's built up—"

"That'll be all from you, Galahad!" Wald cut him off. For a long twenty seconds the cold man from the bank and the hot youth from the sea confronted each other. Neither spoke. Then Wald turned and descended the ladder. . . .

Al Rand stood by the anchor windlass on the forecastle head while the ship steamed out past Muhlenfels Light. Once the Irene was clear of coastal dangers he hurried aft. Without a word he passed as Lee Dobie was relieving Mr. Sproul on the bridge for the afternoon watch. The ship was settling down for her run of thirty-eight miles to Frederiksted Road, Island of St. Croix.

Lee Dobie, having taken over the watch, followed Captain Burbage to the chartroom. Though Mr. Rand entered the adjoining wheelhouse very softly he found himself meeting the eye of Lee Dobie as the second mate glanced forward through the open door. Quickly Mr. Rand removed himself from the line of sight of the two men in the chartroom. Listen as he would, he heard only the rustle of a chart. Then, like a breath, came the words: "Ham Bluff."

MR. RAND coughed loudly and retreated to the bridge. Ham Bluff! He knew Ham Bluff, the northwestern point of St. Croix, down under the horizon ahead. A ship might easily rip out her side there if she misjudged her distance from the cliff. The natural and unsuspicious thing to do then would be to claw off the rocks and try to beach her on sand somewhere down the coast. If she sank as she came off the rocks into deep water—well, isn't a skipper entitled to one error of judgment in a lifetime without condemnation? And the old man had never lost a ship, though he had saved several, and lives to boot.

Ham Bluff! Mr. Rand set his surreptitious course for the radio shack aft of the fiddley. The youth within was not riding the ether but inspecting a pimple on his cheek with tender solicitude. He came to, to encounter the mate's thunderous frown.

"I suppose you're in this, too," Mr. Rand growled and stood close over the operator. His fist looked like a mahogany knot.

"In what?" demanded Pete Hart nervously.

Mr. Rand looked the meager radio man up and down.

"I'll take a chance," he decided. "But if you feel like pulling a fast one remember I can pull 'em faster—and harder. Send this!"

Rapidly, while the operator fidgeted, he scrawled on a pad:

STEVENSON WALD, ST. THOMAS.
SCHENK'S SHIPMENT NOTHING BUT SCRAP IRON. HAVE POSITIVE EVIDENCE CAP-

"Pssst! Eddie! We gotta make it snappy! His clock's set for five-fifteen. . . ."

JAY IRVING

FEEL MY FACE!
Smooth Shave First Time

It's the *Natural Angle* of the

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that sparks your enthusiasm

A. W. Blume, Jr., Springfield, Mo., says, "*I am a proud and enthusiastic user of your KNAPP SHAVER and you really have something there right from the first shave—no breaking in, as you truthfully said in your advertising.*"

Why not make *your own* personal experience test, today. Try a KNAPP *Natural Angle* SHAVER. *Feel your face.* Decide by the shave *you* get.

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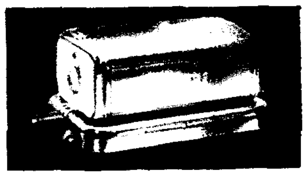
THE Natural Angle

$10 STANDARD MODEL

Black and chrome, (*Illustrated above*). De luxe Model—ivory finish, gold-plated head, Mark Cross case ...magnifying mirror —$15. Both models guaranteed one year.



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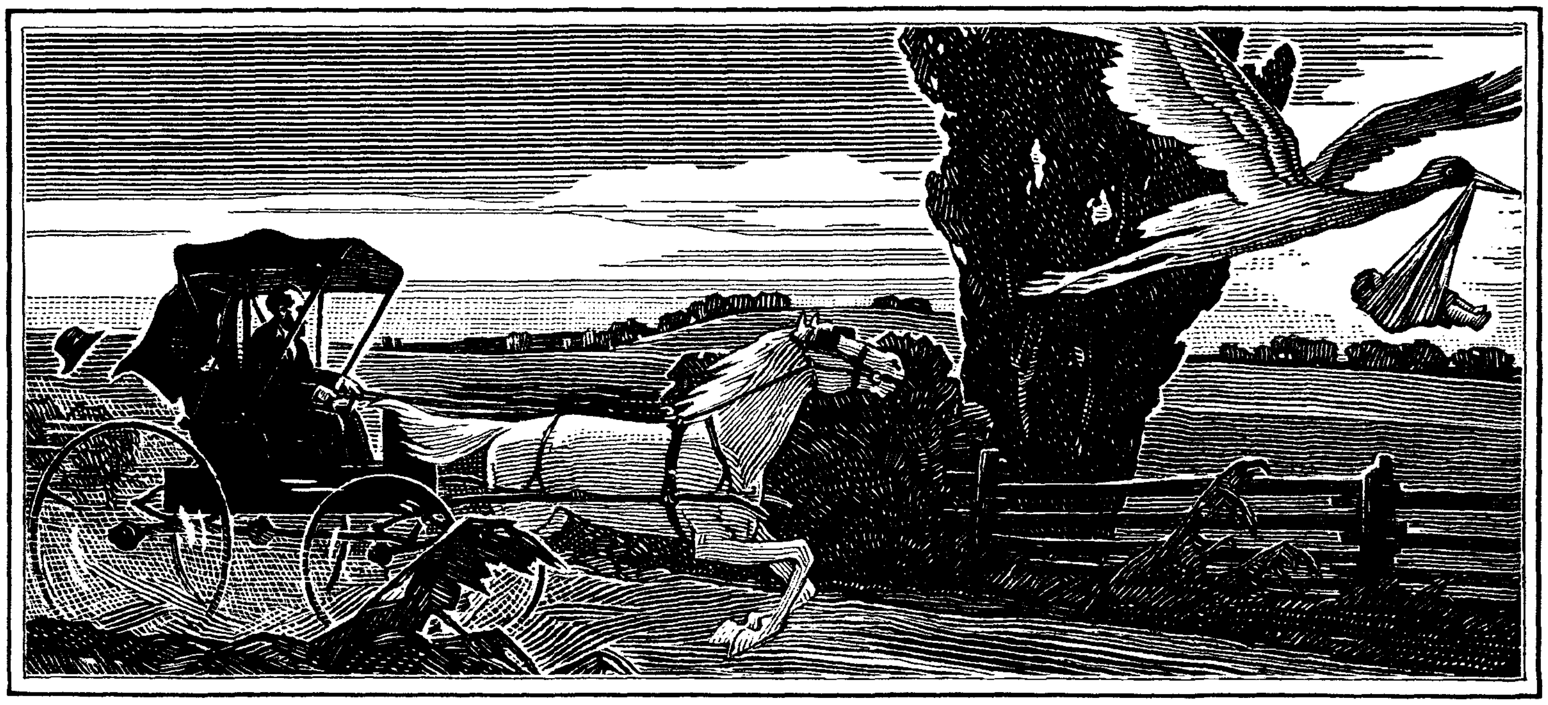
Who was your first friend?



Wasn't he the kindly doctor, who ushered you into the world? Then came others... parents who taught you love, ethics and honesty... youngsters who showed you how to play with teamwork and sportsmanship...and teachers who guided you to work with a purpose. As you journey through life, you learn to appreciate the value of friends. Today, when you count your assets, experience tells you that the most priceless of all are your friendships.

* * *

Do you know of any better place to sow the seeds of friendship than in the atmosphere of your home? Do you know of any finer symbol of hospitality than Budweiser? Making friends is what made Budweiser the Perfect Host.

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WE MAKE THIS RAINFALL TEST: Budweiser must be uniform. That calls for uniform ingredients. Even water—not too hard—not too soft. So, every day we check the water supply and follow it up with constant tests and treatment to insure Budweiser's uniform goodness.

YOU MAKE THIS TEST: Drink Budweiser for five days. On the sixth day try to drink a sweet beer. You will want Budweiser's flavor thereafter.

Budweiser
BUDWEISER BEER
Budweiser Lager Beer
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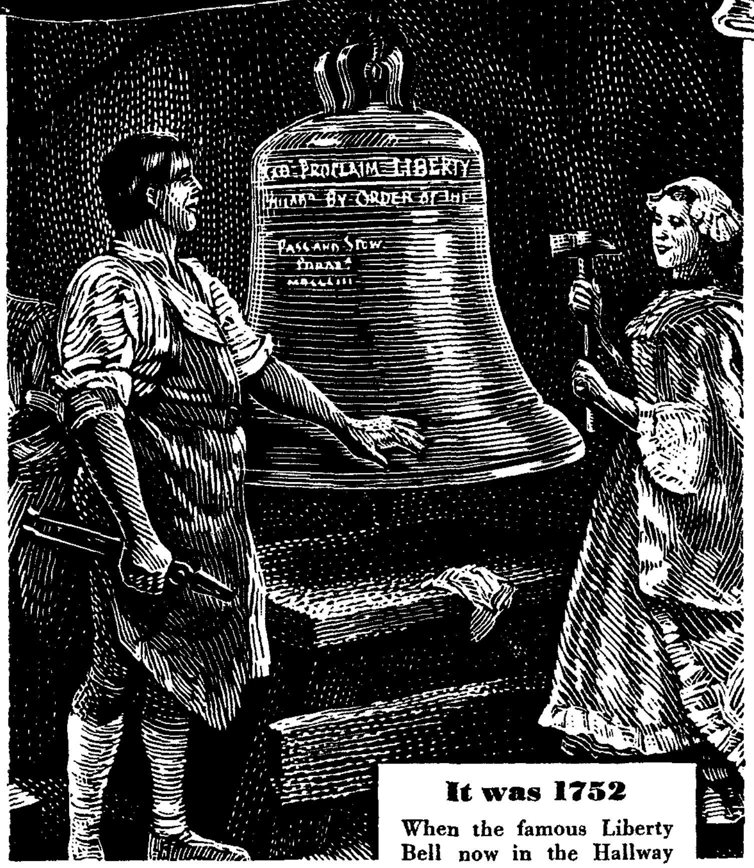

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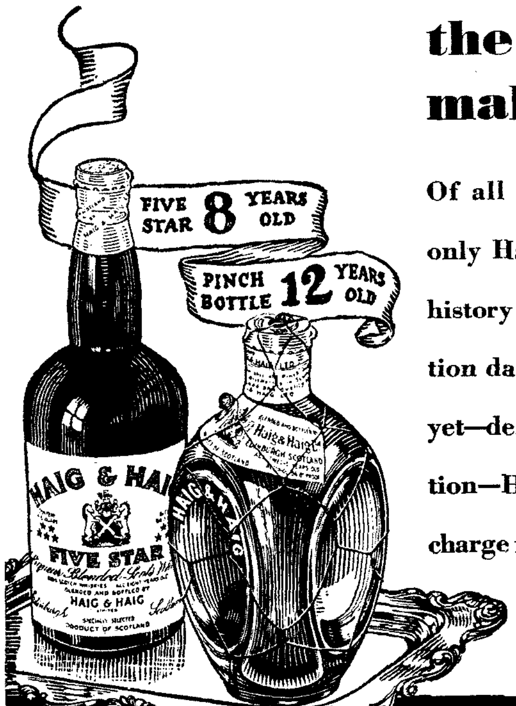
125 YEARS *BEFORE* THE LIBERTY BELL . . .

the Haigs were making Scotch!

Of all the existing Scotches—only Haig & Haig can point to a history of uninterrupted satisfaction dating back 312 years! And yet—despite this exclusive distinction—Haig & Haig makes no extra charge for its great name and fame!



Don't be vague - Ask for Haig

Haig & Haig

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO

TAIN BURBAGE AND SECOND MATE ARE PLANNING TO SINK SHIP OFF HAM BLUFF WITHIN THREE HOURS. FEAR THEY ARE TOO DESPERATE AND TOO DEEP IN TO BE HALTED BUT WILL DO ALL I CAN TO SAVE SHIP. NEED YOUR ASSISTANCE. RAND.

Pete Hart gasped as he read it. "I—I—I can't—I'm not supposed to—send anything without the skipper's—" he stammered.

"D'you figure on taking the rap with them two?" Al Rand demanded savagely. "Heard of barratry, ain't you?"

Pete reached for his key. "Okay," he muttered.

"Any message that comes for the captain you give to me," Mr. Rand ordered, and departed as truculently as he had come.

THE Irene Maxwell thudded on across the blue Caribbean with the trade wind, blowing a stiff Force Six, slapping chunky seas against her port quarter. The redheaded Lee Dobie was still sweating in a most uncarefree manner as he stood his trick on the bridge. Twice, Mr. Rand observed, he leaned over the rail and examined intently the davits and gear of the starboard lifeboat.

Slowly Mount Eagle heaved its eleven hundred feet of height into sight and then, more rapidly, the round white light tower of lower Ham Bluff showed. Mr. Rand began to get restless.

The radio operator, at the door of his shack, caught the mate's sharp eye and jerked his head. Mr. Rand sauntered that way and ducked inside. Pete Hart thrust a slip at him.

RAND STEAMSHIP IRENE MAXWELL.
UNDERSTAND SITUATION. TAKING STEPS. HOLD ON. WILL JOIN SHIP MYSELF.
WALD.

Mr. Rand grunted in satisfaction. He read the message again, knotting his brow. He pondered those last four words.

Pete Hart was back at his set. Mr. Rand moved a few feet from the door of the shack, looking forward. They were bringing St. Croix up out of the sea fast now; details of the bold shore were showing.

From the radio shack came a smothered yelp of excitement. Mr. Rand darted back. Pete Hart's hair was standing up around the headband of his earpiece.

"St. Thomas is broadcasting a general call to stop us!" he cried. "Wald's yelling for Coast Guard and Navy ships to pick us up and stand by. Gee! This is hot!"

"It'll be hotter," Mr. Rand snapped. "Get it all!"

He caught sight of Mr. Sproul peering back at him. He motioned to the third mate to come aft to him. Mr. Sproul obeyed. The mate showed him Wald's message.

"Here's something for us," Pete Hart said suddenly. "For the captain." His pencil trailed across the paper.

"I'll take it," Rand said, and jerked the slip loose from under the radio operator's hand as his pencil ceased to move. Wald made it strong to Captain Burbage:

WARN YOU NOT TO ATTEMPT TO SINK SHIP. SHIPPING OF ENTIRE CARIBBEAN INFORMED. I ORDER YOU TO KEEP AWAY FROM HAM BLUFF. STOP ENGINES AND AWAIT MY ARRIVAL. WALD.

Mr. Rand buried the message in his pocket. He drew Sproul out of earshot of the popeyed radio operator.

"Here's where we make the big play," the mate said with relish. "Turtle soup! We take her over."

"We do?" gasped Mr. Sproul.

"To keep 'em from smashing her up on the rocks I'm going to beach her on the sand in Ham Bay, to westward of the Bluff, singlehanded—with you, of course."

"But—is it necessary to beach her?" the third demurred nervously.

"I'm the one that'll make Wald think so," Al Rand assured him. "The old man and Dobie are desperate—see? It's jail for them sure if she stays afloat with that phony cargo in her. Schenk won't take the rap alone, see? So it sounds reasonable that they'd go ahead an' try to put her under, figuring Jake and his money will get them out. But I—we—stop it. Wald will swallow it."

Mr. Sproul assembled his courage with a deep breath.

"Okay," he said. "What do I do?"

"I'm going to get the old man's gun," Al Rand said. "I know just where—uh—I can find it. You watch them on the bridge while I'm slipping into his room."

There was no difficulty about the gun. Mr. Rand had long ago probed into the location of everything in the old man's room. Rapidly he came gliding out, with the gun hidden in his trousers pocket.

"Get up to the chartroom and wait in there," he whispered to the nervous Mr. Sproul. "This'll be easy." Then he sought out the old man in his chair on the windward wing of the bridge.

"There's a new Notice to Mariners out with a change in position of the Frederiksted harbor range lights, sir," he said too softly for Lee Dobie to hear.

"What?" Captain Burbage was incredulous. He pulled himself to his feet at once and led the way toward the chartroom. As the captain stepped over the weatherboard into the room Mr. Rand, behind him, planted a hand like a ham over his mouth. At the same time Rand wrapped his other arm around the skipper's thin body, pinioning both his arms.

"Shove something in his mouth till he calms down," the mate ordered Mr. Sproul. "Then get a line!"

TOGETHER they trussed up the old man. He was having too much trouble with his breath to struggle hard.

"Lay him on the settee, out of sight of the door," Mr. Rand commanded, and went forward to confront Mr. Dobie.

"The skipper wants you," he said, jerking his head toward the chartroom.

Lee Dobie walked aft at once, with Mr. Rand at his heels. At the door of the chartroom he shoved the old man's gun into the second mate's back.

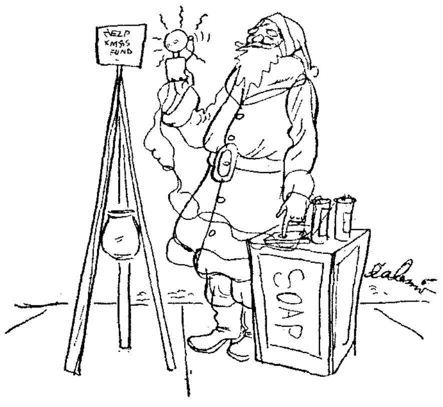
"Be peaceful, you crook!" he warned Dobie. "There's no law against putting some lead through your backbone."

Mr. Sproul had grabbed up a weight off the chart. His starting eyes were fixed on Lee Dobie's skull.

The second mate was peaceful about it. He raised his hands over his head, walked into the chartroom in response to the prod of the gun and looked down at the helpless old man on the settee.

Somehow Captain Burbage expelled the wad of signal flag from his mouth.

"Mutiny, Lee!" he gasped. "Rouse the ship! Get—"



Mr. Sproul, gritting his teeth, jammed the wad back into the old man's mouth.

Lee Dobie stood still. "I guess they've got us, sir," he said in a small voice. "I wouldn't do anything to irritate them."

Al Rand laughed loudly. "Well, I'll be my cat's maiden aunt!" he said. "As yellow as that, huh, Dobie? I didn't figure you quite that bad but—"

He hooked the second mate in the side of the face with his unoccupied fist.

"Take it!" he said. "If it wasn't for you dry nursing this old mutt he would ha' been ashore six months ago! But I'm real obliged to you, Lily, for pulling this barratry gag. We've got every ship in this part o' the Caribbean heading this way to stop you but I'm doing it myself—alone—an' collecting for it."

Old Burbage was struggling. His efforts sent him sliding off the settee onto the floor.

"Don't, Skipper!" Lee Dobie said urgently, but he did not move.

"No, sir!" Al Rand said to the uneasy Mr. Sproul. "We beach her right now, in Ham Bay, singlehanded, before the crew gets wise."

Lee Dobie seemed to wake up.

"Beach her!" he repeated. "Beach her—in Ham Bay!"

"That's it, mister," Al Rand declared. "Beach her—safe—till Wald gets a look at this scrap cargo and makes me her master."

"You cheap crook, you!" Dobie blazed at him. "You won't beach her anywhere!"

"Stand still!" Al Rand shouted and tried jabbing the gun muzzle into Dobie's stomach.

Lee Dobie grabbed the gun with both muscled hands and wrenched it out of Rand's fingers.

Captain Burbage had ejected the signal flag again.

"Mr. Sproul!" he called in a stiff, treble voice. "Untie me at once!"

GLOOMILY Mr. Sproul did nothing but view the course of the Rand-Dobie controversy.

"Beach her in half a gale, would you?" Dobie shouted at Al Rand. "Wreck the ship for a half-witted grandstand play! Back up against that wall! Sproul, you heard the captain's order!"

With a disconsolate grunt the third mate bent over the prostrate old man and pulled apart a square knot.

Al Rand, back against the wall, was not defeated.

"You're just piling up the years in jail for yourself, Mr. Dobie," he said with relish. "Barratry, backed by gunplay, will draw plenty. I've got every ship near the Virgins bearing down on you. It's all right to release that old grave robber, Sproul. We've clapped a stopper on their game."

Mr. Sproul had already freed Captain Burbage. Solicitously Lee Dobie heaved the old man to his feet; then suddenly deserted him to stick his head out the chartroom door to listen. Mr. Sproul followed him.

"Plane coming," Sproul reported doubtfully to Al Rand. "Hear that hum? There's no mail plane due to—"

Captain Burbage, shaken and bewildered, went to the door and looked to northward. The seaplane was coming with a rush. It swirled around the ship and, bouncing hard on the tops of a couple of combers, took to the sea in the lee of the ship.

"Look after this, Mr. Dobie," the old man muttered. "Get over fenders—maybe stream a bit of oil—they're coming alongside. You two"—he looked sternly at the smiling Al Rand and the third—"will remain in this room."

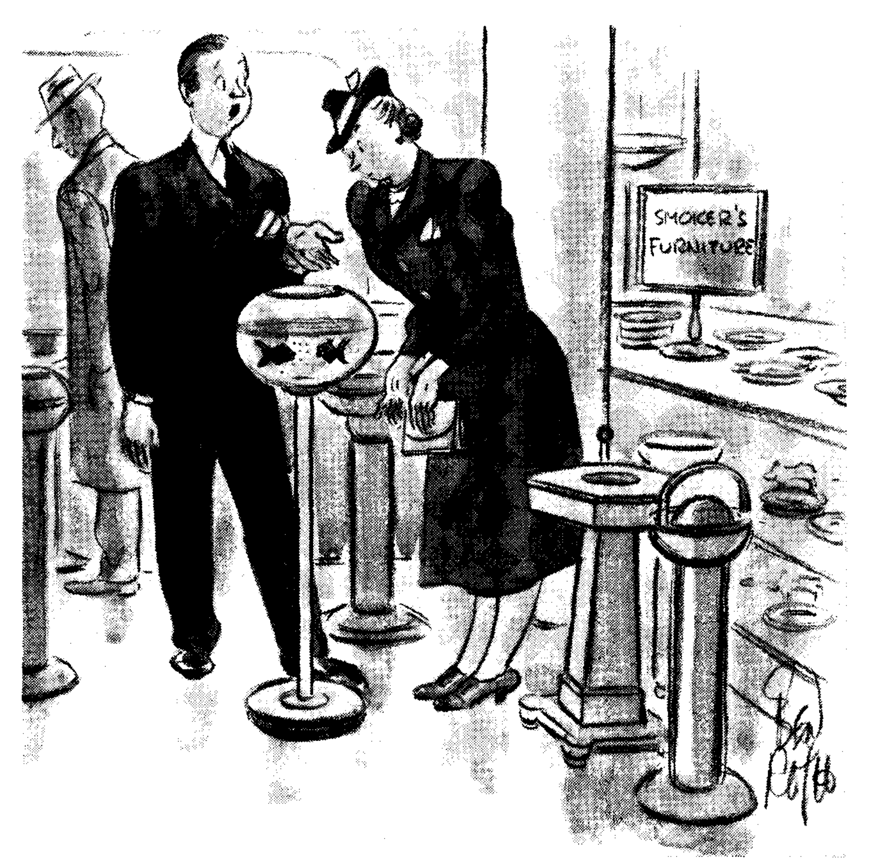
"Give plenty of orders, you old death's-head," Mr. Rand said through his teeth. "You won't be giving 'em long."

The old man rang down the engines. Lee Dobie, out on deck with a couple of hands, made no further show of fight. He had a ladder ready as Wald came crawling along the wing of the pitching seaplane. The man from the bank was boarding her alone, as matter-of-factly as if she were at the dock. He climbed the Jacob's ladder rapidly.

"She's all right, Mr. Wald!" Al Rand bawled from the chartroom door. "I've got 'em both under control though they used force on me when I took over the ship."

THE man from the bank favored the ship and such of the crew as he could see with a cold, appraising glance. Then he beckoned to Lee Dobie to follow him and ascended to the bridge. He met old Burbage with his stiffest, bank-vault face.

"Captain, you will please get the hatches off," Wald curtly instructed the old man. He turned to Al Rand, who had come forward from the chartroom.



"Here, madam, is an ash tray that no man can resist" BEN ROTH

"In which holds is Schenk's scrap iron, Mr. Rand?"

"Number 2 hold will give you a good idea, sir," the mate assured him.

"Break it out." Mr. Wald's voice was frigid.

Al Rand gave him a look.

They rigged the booms and got steam in the winches. Mr. Rand led a gang down into the hold.

"Half a dozen cases will be enough," Mr. Wald said. "Get me the bills of lading and freight list."

The winches clattered and the cases came swinging up. The first, set down not too gently, was the case that had been broken open. The boards gave way now, as it hit the steel deck.

The man from the bank looked grimly down at the rusty, dismantled motor within. The next case, which men with wrecking bars broke open, held a mate to the first motor, even more dilapidated.

"That stuff was never intended to reach port," Wald said with cold certainty.

Al Rand came up out of the hold when the winches had raised six heavy boxes. With a triumphant grin he looked from the rusty chunks of scrap metal to the faces of Captain Burbage and Mr. Dobie. The old man's wrinkled countenance was a study in perplexity. Young Lee Dobie had contrived to iron the expression out of his.

A couple of ships, one of them a destroyer, were rising up over the northern horizon at a speed that made it seem likely that they were answering the Caribbean-wide broadcast to stop the Irene Maxwell. Mr. Wald frowned briefly as he saw them and scribbled off a message for Pete Hart to send. Then he directed the opening of the other cases.

The third box contained parts of a sizable printing press, obviously new. The fourth box held a linotype, also new. "Hurry up!" Wald said sharply. "Break open those others!" The fifth and six cases both held type metal.

The man from the bank was running swiftly through the papers in his hands. "Type metal—scrap metal," he muttered, staring at the slips.

Lee Dobie nodded cheerfully. "I guess that's it, Mr. Wald," he said. "Somebody in a hurry must have listed four cases as type metal, instead of two scrap metal and two type metal. Bad handwriting, probably."

Wald shook his head emphatically, almost too emphatically.

"No man would ship scrap in cases," he said.

Mr. Dobie did not agree. "Jake Schenk told me yesterday he was doing it," he said. "Seems the man he's shipping this printing press and stuff—a friend o' his in Port of Spain, was kicking about the price o' mooring anchors for his boat and Jake promised to send him a couple of cheap ones. Those old motors are plenty heavy enough to hold a small boat, once you drop 'em down in the mud on the bottom."

THE sudden silence on the deck of the Irene Maxwell was not broken for a long thirty seconds. Then Lee Dobie added casually:

"The original bills had it scrap metal. I saw 'em."

The man from the bank tightened up his jaw. He looked around at the two ships heading for them and saw that there were now four ships in sight, all showing thick plumes of smoke. Then he looked at Mr. Rand, who was shriveling up like a jellyfish on a hot pier.

"How was I to know?" the mate protested, but his voice sounded weak even in his own ears. "I saw this case bust open in the hold while they were loading—"

"While they were loading?" Wald said in a great voice. "Yet you didn't tell me about it till the ship was hours at sea! You let me rouse the whole Caribbean, you supplanted Captain Burbage, you—"

Mr. Rand's eyes sought the deck to get answers to those. They were slow in coming.

Captain Burbage was still mute but he was gradually straightening up. Mr. Dobie had another remark to drop into the silence:

"It sounds to me, Mr. Wald, as if the company had libeled—or maybe it's slandered—Cap'n Burbage by radio all over the Western Hemisphere. And for good reputation, rescue work, running on schedule, all that sort of thing, he's easily the best-known skipper from here to the line. Won't that make it expensive—if he sues?"

"So that's it!" said Wald.

"What's what?" inquired young Mr. Dobie artlessly.

"You arrange to have a couple of cases of scrap cracked open and that—that moron!"—Wald's hand stabbed at honest Al Rand—"does the rest of it for you. Neither Schenk nor the captain knew anything about this. But now Captain Burbage has got the company where he wants it."

CAPTAIN BURBAGE, who had been listening intently if not understandingly to all that had gone on, suddenly cracked his wrinkled face wide open in a smile. "Well, by George, so I have got 'em!" he said. "But I wouldn't—"

"Wouldn't you, sir?" cried Lee Dobie with furious emphasis and stopped the old man dead.

"Well, maybe I would sue 'em," Captain Burbage conceded. "Slandered—and tied up an' gagged by my own mates—for the company. But I won't take a nickel more than old John Maxwell promised me."

"Right!" Mr. Dobie agreed and was silent.

The man from the bank was thinking hard, and coldly.

"I'll settle for the company on the basis you suggest," he said at last. He looked at the second mate. "And you? What do you appraise your—"

Lee Dobie was breathing deeply and freely for the first time since the case of scrap iron hit the lower hold.

"Me?" he said. "I'm no blackmailer. I don't admit anything but I don't want anything. You fire me hard and fast, Mr. Wald, and do what you can to keep me out of a job. I won't blame you. I see your side, too, but—"

He waved a hand toward the frail old skipper.

"He taught me how to handle a sextant," he muttered.

Wald shook his head. His black eyes bored into young Dobie and his voice was as icy as his eyes were hot.

"It won't be as easy as that," he said. "I'm not firing you." He jerked a hand at the Irene Maxwell's bridge. "I'm giving her to you, Galahad, for the good of the company. I wouldn't let you go for a million of the company's money but I'd give a million of my own for the privilege of kicking you onto the dock for the damage you've done me. The hell of it is I can't do the company that wrong. I'm your way about jobs myself."

Mr. Rand encountered the mournful, reproaching eyes of Mr. Sproul.

"Turtle soup!" said the third. "Your soup's turned turtle, you mean."

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You Can't Beat the Dutch

Continued from page 15

Zuider Zee has a water level some ten feet higher than most of Holland.

Every canal is linked somehow with every other ditch in the country. You can get on a barge and visit every large city in Holland. Every canal, in turn, can be fed sweet water from the Zuider Zee. The Dutch general staff intend to employ this hydraulic marvel to bog any *Blitzkrieg* by pouring water from the Zuider Zee into the canals in any required direction.

For reasons of their own the Dutch general staff believe that if a German thrust is to come it will be across southern Holland in a Nazi attempt to strike at Belgium through the Dutch Maastricht Appendix and to reach the North Sea at the Zeeland Islands to place submarine and air bases at Flushing.

To prevent an attack against Rotterdam, Amsterdam, The Hague and the other large cities of western or seaboard provinces, the Dutch are all set to flood the southern area in a strip about four miles wide from the German frontier to the sea, cutting off Holland from Belgium and sloughing off the Maastricht Appendix, where Dutch mines produce twelve millions tons of coal yearly. The southern line would run roughly from Nijmegen to Flushing. Cities like Breda, Tilburg and Eindhoven will be evacuated and abandoned.

Here's Mud in Hitler's Eye

To accomplish this, all that the Dutch have to do is open a main sluice gate at a town called Muiden, just east of Amsterdam. At that point the main canals take water from the Zuider Zee. Once the gate is opened, gravity will do the rest in from fifteen minutes to forty-eight hours.

Similarly, by opening floodgates at Workum, Hindeloopen, Blokzijl and Kampen along the eastern periphery of the Zuider Zee, the Dutch can flood all of the Frisian and adjacent provinces. That land is the lowest and wettest of all Holland and can easily be made more impassible than it is by merely raising the water level in canals and ditches by four or five inches. That would be enough to cover the ditches and soil. If Hitler intends striking across that country, he had better equip all his troops with water wings and leave his tanks at home.

By manipulating the key water locks near Zwolle, water from the Ijssel River, which flows northward into the Zuider Zee, can be brought into another defense line northeast of Zwolle.

Obviously not all of Holland is floodable. There will be hummocks and other shallow projections of land. On these, pillboxes and fortifications have been constructed and carefully sodded with turf to make them difficult artillery targets.

How the Hollanders intend to defend the land inch by inch with their army of 550,000 men can clearly be seen even on the most casual motor trip through the countryside. Sod-covered mounds that look like oversized golf-course bunkers contain the latest model antitank guns, and machine guns flank all bridge approaches and every arterial highway. These fortifications consist of hastily dredged mud and sand reinforced within by heavy boards.

While the Dutch are quite frank about the fact that their enemy is Germany, they are less ready to admit they face an enemy on the west—England. Anyone can see the water defenses and the pillboxes and forts facing the east but preparations on the west are kept under cover. Photographers are banned and reporters are discouraged from investigating the coast from the Hook to Den Helder.

All along the dikes are concrete gun emplacements. Machine guns and six-inch guns protect every yard of the coast.

Literally every three feet there is a soldier on guard or an officer with field glasses. In tall watchtowers equipped with meteorological instruments and with sound detectors to pick up the throb of approaching motors, Dutchmen scan the seas and skies. There are eight hundred antiaircraft guns spaced along the western coast, all purchased from Sweden and each capable of firing sixty shells per minute.

These defenses would serve as much to prevent an English landing as a German invasion from the sea, say the ultraneutral Dutch. Antiaircraft are to prevent, they will tell you, German as well as English planes from crossing Holland. Actually the enemy to the west, in the minds of the Hollanders whose export and import trade has been wrecked by the blockade, is England. They see in the blockade an effort to force Holland into the allied camp. And if the strategy fails, England, or so big businessmen told me, will march into Holland to come to grips with the Germans on the latter's weakest front.

If Germany's cry is "We must export or die," then Holland's complaint is "We must export and import or perish." Exports to foreign countries from the East Indies alone were valued at about half a billion dollars last year.

From Holland itself they exported goods worth well over a half billion dollars, while imports of machinery and manufactured goods were valued at about $650,000,000.

With this tremendous volume of trade stifled by the blockade and with the empire trade hamstrung by the war, the Dutch are desperate. Inwardly they hate the Nazis but they detest the British only slightly less. Outwardly they smile pleasantly to everybody. For the Hollanders there's only one hope—their good customer and their model for democratic government, fashions and business methods—America. The Dutch fear their colonies are at the mercy of the Japanese, Italians or Germans. The Indies would be a rich prize for an enterprising marauder. Holland hopes, vainly or not, that America will at least offer naval protection from the Philippines.

Why Holland Likes America

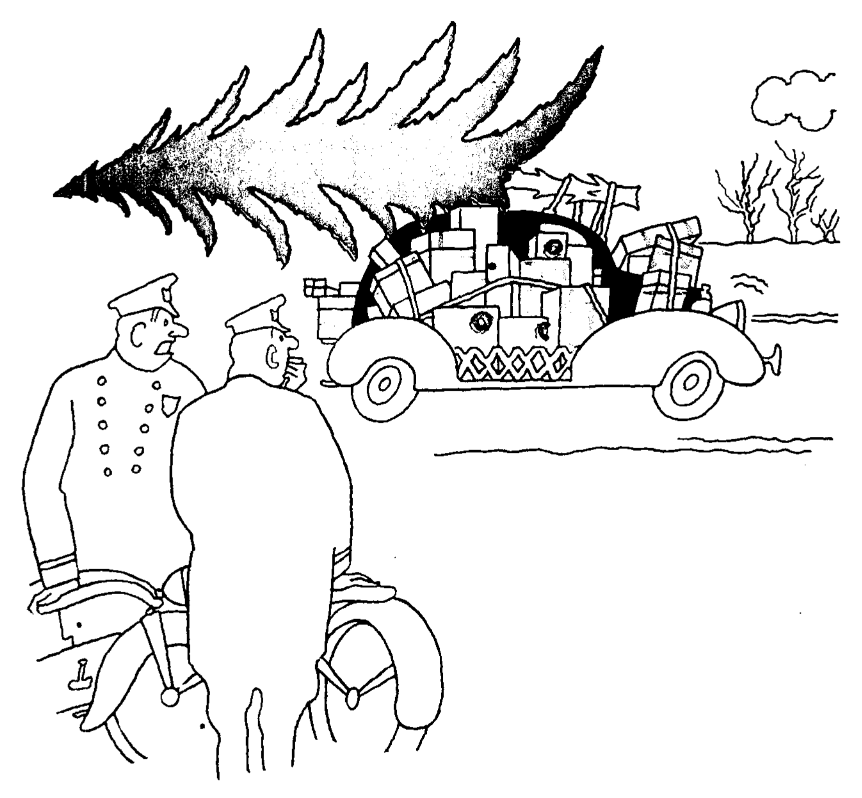
Britain too has vast interests in the Dutch East Indies, evaluated at more than $500,000,000, but little assistance is expected from the British. Harried Hollanders point to the map of South America and to Dutch Guiana and Curaçao lying dangerously close to the Panama Canal. It will be to the interest of America, they say, to see to it that no foreign powers set foot there.

Besides, smart Dutchmen know the United States is the only "protector" which could be trusted not to appropriate other people's property.

The Netherlands, unlike Czechoslovakia and Poland, face no Nazi threat from the German minorities. There are no Sudetens and no Danzigers. The 20,000 or 30,000 Germans, most of them regarded as spies operating within Holland, are individually and collectively watched by an efficient and incorruptible police. Hitler can never use the juridic argument of oppressed minorities against The Hague as he did against Prague and Warsaw.

In spite of the apparent impregnability of the country's water defenses the Dutchmen expect the Nazis—perhaps this winter when the water in the canals freezes. Then the flooding system, although operated, would be much slower than normal. It might be possible, they reason in Amsterdam, for the Nazis to make a quick dash across the country before the Dutch have time to flood the land.

For the first time in their history the Dutchmen realize what Duke Alva meant when he said, "The Dutch live nearer to hell than any other people in Europe." They are wondering if maybe the Duke was a prophet.



"Just the same, I'd feel better if I saw somebody"

Catch those Vitamins

Continued from page 30

It doesn't cost much to get into the shark-fishing game. You can get a good boat for around $1,500 or $2,000. Nets, some of them handmade of linen twine, cost about $100 and may last ten years, with mending. That is, they will last unless you are unlucky enough to net a basking shark. He's a huge fellow, running up to fifty or sixty feet in length and his skin is so acid that if he gets into your net it will rot away in a few hours.

Father of the shark industry probably is old Max Schaffer, who started to make poultry feed from shark meat back in 1906. The feed did prodigious things to egg production, and when vitamins started to assume their present importance the California Packing Corporation started experimenting in its laboratories at Emeryville. It discovered the vitamin-stuffed shark liver—and also that the rest of the shark had a seventy per cent protein content. This made it a valuable fertilizer.

Santa Cruz, the historic old town on the north side of Monterey Bay, is the center of the shark industry. From thirty to forty boats put out each evening, chug along a few miles and then, engines shut down and nets out, drift away the hours until dawn.

What really happens is that the shark, when it hits the net, threshes around and rolls over and over, entwining itself in the meshes. Finally it rolls the net around itself so tightly that it closes its gills and drowns itself. Hauling it in is about as exciting as hauling in a log.

Discovery of the value of sharks to commerce came just at a time when fishermen were having hard luck. The fish market was in the doldrums and catches weren't so hot. Some of the fishermen turned to shark snaring—and nearly started a civil war.

As the bay began to fill with drifting boats with long nets strung behind them, the purse seiners, out for sardines, found the shark fishers in the way. There were boat rammings and not a few nets were run down and torn apart. Some of the fishermen—quick-tempered Genoese—went to sea armed with rifles and shotguns. A first-class naval war was boiling up when the Coast Guard stepped in.

Shark-Liver Shenanigans

For some weeks the boats went to sea with the cutter Shawnee standing by to see that no nets were ripped. The purse seiners said the rippings were accidental and added that you couldn't see a shark net at night, anyway. Finally the war was settled, without bloodshed, but not until the State Fish and Game Commission had sent down the Bluefin, its own ship, to patrol the bay.

Along the Mexican coast, around Ensenada, a few miles south of the border, the game still is exciting. A score of boats fish out of the Mexican port, manned mainly by Americans. Catching the fish is no more difficult than up north—but the Mexican government thinks all shark livers should belong to Mexico and demands that the whole catch of livers be sold to its agents at six cents a pound. This results, naturally, in the smuggling of livers through Mexico and over the border by car and truck.

Growth of the industry has been swell for West Coast Chinese, who no longer have to pay high prices for imported shark fins from which to make soup. Prices used to range up to $2.50 a pound. Now, sometimes, the price goes down to fifteen cents.

On the smooth, worn boards of the long pier at Santa Cruz, moon-faced Wong Kee kneels beside a nine-foot shark. With a sharp knife he quickly slices off the fins, cuts away the meat and sloshes the remainder around in the sea. In half an hour, working on fish after fish, he has beside him a stack of fins. These he stuffs into a sack and tosses into his car.

He finishes preparing the fins away from town, with due regard for the public nose. For a couple of weeks the fins will be spread out on chicken wire supported on two-foot posts.

As they dry, the fins are carefully protected at night from moisture. Finally they are barreled up in 200-pound lots and shipped away to Chinatowns from Prince Rupert to San Diego. There, Chinese cooks soak them in warm water, separate out the cartilage—the part used in soup making—and toss away everything else. This is boiled with chicken and vegetables to make the famous—and still expensive—shark-fin soup.

There's Room for Expansion

Last year, two big packing companies bought and processed more than 10,000 tons of shark livers, valued at about $4,500,000. But more than this tonnage was imported, frozen, from Japan and Russia. There seems plenty of room for expansion in the game.

Half a dozen "shark kings" already have arisen. In Monterey, there's Al Meyer, who's been in the fish business a score of years. He buys most of the bay haul and trucks it to the canneries.

In Santa Cruz, there's brawny Malio Stagnara, who owns boats, works on shares with a number of fishers and is growing wealthy. Malio, like most of the fishermen, is of Genoese stock. Around San Francisco and Monterey, they're Sicilians.

Some of them think it will increase the sardine run eventually. Others hold that the sharks chase other and smaller fish inshore, where they can be taken easily, and that if sharks are thinned out other fish will stay out at sea. Only time will tell which is right.

Attempts are being made on the West Coast to get a shark-leather industry under way. Sharkskins have been used for centuries—first for making sword hilts; then as abrasives for polishing wood and ivory. A shark's hide is covered with tiny, deeply embedded scales, known as shagreen. These scales are hard to remove and consequently the production of shark leather is still a complicated process.

Most of it, today, is produced on the East Coast where the patents for removing the hard scales are held. Considerable leather is used for shoes and baggage and is said to wear better than cow leather. The price of skins runs from twenty-five cents up to $5, depending on size and condition.

Along about three in the morning the dozing passenger on the drifting Maria got a slight thrill. Serafino, sitting on the gunwale, suddenly threw aside a half-made brown paper cigarette and, seizing a gaff, plunged it down into a dark shape beside the boat. In a minute or so he had a fat porpoise floundering around in the scuppers.

"Sharks? Maybe they are good eating," said Serafino, rolling another cigarette, "but porpoise! Ah—there is *real* eating, my friend!"

If somebody ever finds a vitamin in porpoises, all the Genoese fishermen of Monterey Bay will rejoice.

HEY! THAT'S "NO FAIR"! Hit the puck, not Jimmy's hand. And as for you, Jimmy: ask mother to treat that skinned knuckle and then to put on a Band-Aid to help protect it. Band-Aid is a ready-made bandage of gauze and adhesive. So quick and easy to put on! And once on, it *stays put.* Just the thing for hard-to-bandage places. Be sure you get the *genuine Band-Aid,* with the Red Cross on the box.

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Girl with a Funny Face

Continued from page 12

to get the idea that I was ruining their investment. They didn't like people who ruined their investments, so I got out."

Her mother was with her in those days, sitting down front at every performance and all prepared to tell her daughter to duck when the shooting started, but they decided that what little Imogene needed now was a stage career.

Then, at one and the same time she had an offer from Earl Carroll to go into the Vanities, another from Philip Goodman to start with The Ramblers and a third from an English producer who wanted to frighten the British Isles. After much thought, she signed with Goodman, thus losing the other chances. After one week of rehearsals, she had word from the management.

"Oops, sorry; our mistake," they said. "You aren't the girl we wanted."

After blubbering a bit over this disaster, she got a job in the chorus of Bubbling Over, which had another unknown called Jeanette MacDonald singing a few numbers. From that she jumped to the vaudeville dancing act—"class" act, they called it—of Snow and Columbus. One week, Kansas City; one week, St. Louis; three days, New York and canceled.

Then she met Leonard Sillman and went into a vaudeville act with him. Mr. Sillman was a hoofer and the quality of his dancing has never been definitely established, but there are rumors to the effect that it might have been better. They managed to get into the Palace in New York, but vaudeville was already beginning to make those faint sounds in the throat which presaged the end, and Imogene looked around for show jobs.

She was in Heywood Broun's Shoot the Works, which cost the handsome fat man quite a few pennies, took a shot at the Garrick Gaieties and ended up by understudying Patsy Kelly in Flying Colors. Patsy forgot to show up for the performance one day, coming in forty minutes late, and Coca found herself on. Much against her will, it might be said, because she had failed to learn the part.

And Then She Clicked

She next played a vamp in a vaudeville act with Solly Ward, coming on in a tight-fitting red gown and saying, "Oo-la-lah!" Mr. Ward was helpful in establishing the mood of the role.

"French, see?" he pointed out.

And then Leonard Sillman popped up again and her whole life was changed. He wanted to do a show called New Faces and naturally she had to be in it. For seven long months they rehearsed.

Elsie Janis finally saw it in rehearsal and was enthusiastic.

"Dillingham must have this," she cried. "It's what he needs to bring him back."

Instead of bringing Dillingham back, it practically ruined him but it made the reputations of Miss Coca and Henry Fonda, both working for $40 a week and happy at the chance. It was in this show that Imogene met Robert Burton and later married him.

The critics were kind and she thought she was set, so she took a part in Fools Rush In, which assayed up eventually as a major disaster, folding after two weeks.

After that there was a year's layoff, with Imogene convinced by this time that she was a great shot and determined not to take anything but the right part. They managed to live because Mr. Burton, now master of the household, had no reputation to protect and could take anything—including a job as doorman at a movie house.

But when Sillman showed up with a second edition of New Faces he yowled for the presence of Imogene. She showed up looking as wide-eyed and forlorn and outrageous as ever, and also skinnier.

That show also died after a lingering and costly illness but again Imogene got all the good notices. This time the movie scouts came running around to see her. She gazed haphazardly at these gentlemen who were mentioning large unwieldy sums of money.

"A second Patsy Kelly," they cried. "That's what you are!"

Miss Coca, who is a bright girl, said almost nothing. She knew they'd find out soon enough she wasn't Patsy Kelly and she knew also that some camera was going to take an awful beating when it went up against her countenance. Unfortunately for all concerned, she was right. They found later that she wasn't photogenic.

The times were unkind for a period following and she lost all notions of picking only the best spots. Eventually she appeared with George Olsen's orchestra, she doing her old pantomime numbers from the shows, and her husband, Burton, mooing into a microphone. They thought it was a swell life but when it ended they found themselves at Camp Tamiment, resting rather uncomfortably behind the eight ball. The Straw Hat Revue is really a colossal verification of the old adage that virtue is its own reward. Anybody who would expect a Broadway success to blossom from that setting would have needed examination.

Now She's All Set

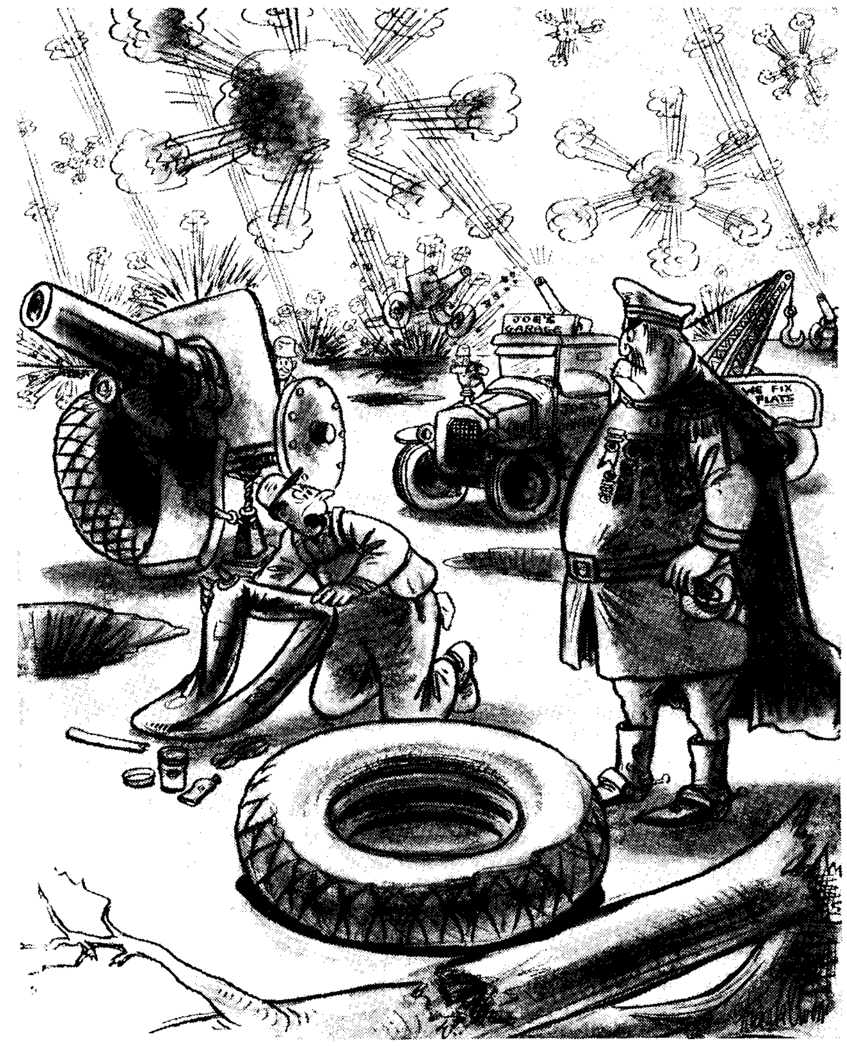
As things look now, she is set. She lives in an uptown apartment and has a large French poodle. What she would like to be is a low comedian like Bobby Clark, not feeling that the sophisticated stuff she did originally has general appeal.

Is she domestic? No. Is she athletic? No. She weighs 100 pounds when clothed for a blizzard and is so crazy about movies that she hunts up places where they have triple features. Her worst failing is that she hates to hurt anybody's feelings and in consequence never says "no" to anything. As a result she and Mr. Burton have taken in some of the dullest parties ever thrown in New York and have played so many benefits that the events are practically held to be illegal unless she appears.

Her married life is happy and Broadway will see lots of her in the future. She is an interesting girl with a funny face, a smart mind and a distinct personality. When the movie venture fell through and everybody else was mooning around in sorrow about it, she worried not at all.

"Beauty like this can't be hidden under a bushel," she said. "They'll be after me sooner or later." She stood up and struck a pose. "But for the legs . . . Dietrich," she concluded.

THE GENERAL



"Flats or no flats—this is the last time I'm coming out here at dinnertime!"

FRANK OWEN

Turkey All the Time

Continued from page 20

make fortunes. Jim Louie began as a Number Five Boy in a home, working up through numbers four, three and two. He was about to achieve Number One, which would have put him in the money, when his uncle, Sam Louie, arrived from France, where he had learned to cook the French way. Sam Louie worked for a French family migrating to Oregon. He promptly conscripted Jim Louie and instructed him in French cooking.

About half a century ago, Frank Huber spotted Jim Louie and offered him a job cooking the turkeys and hams and serving the sandwiches in his bar. Huber's was more than a bar, being the downtown club of the day, where everybody met everybody twice daily. It saved a lot of time and shoe leather to drop into Huber's and work out your deals. Behind the bar, Frank Huber was a genteel, scholarly mixer of drinks, whom nobody could hurry at his art. He stirred his drinks just so long, even when the customers were three deep. Nobody could drink too much, because Huber refused to serve a customer who showed the slightest sign of inebriation. Nobody could gamble at Huber's nor read a paper. Huber always said that anybody reading a paper in a bar was waiting for someone to buy him a drink. When Huber made change, he never tossed the money on the bar. He placed it in the patron's hand, looked him in the eye and said with a bow and a smile, "I thank you."

Jim Louie Takes Over

Over at the free-lunch counter, the pink-cheeked boy from China studied all this ceremony and adopted it. Though Jim Louie gave away his fancy, thin-sliced sandwiches for nothing, he made each patron feel that it was a privilege to serve him. With each sandwich went a dish of coleshaw and a smile. In no time at all, Jim Louie was the friend of nearly every business and professional man in Portland.

In 1916, when his boss died suddenly, Jim Louie shifted from the lunch counter to the spot of honor behind the bar. Though he was boss, he still cooked turkey and goose and duck in the morning. A boy sliced them and served the sandwiches, while Louie mixed drinks as gravely and ceremoniously as Huber used to do it, slowly with a spoon revolving in the fingers of each hand. Officially, the bar was still "Huber's," owned by the founder's widow, but to Portlanders it became "The Chinaman's," or just plain "Jimmy's." It was still the afternoon club of the business district.

When prohibition came, Jim Louie and the Widow Huber planned to close the famous old establishment. One day a delegation of citizens called, urging him to stay in business and sell the slices of turkey he had given away so ceremoniously. While he hesitated, the landlord came in.

"You keep going, Jimmy," he urged. "If you don't make money, forget the rent. When you make money, you pay the rent. Okay?"

"Okay," said Jim.

He's paid the rent ever since and prospered enough as a restaurateur to make four trips to China, where he has raised a family that can't come to the United States.

The Number One Trick in turkey roasting, he confided, is to start with an A-1 bird. That's a young Tom with lots of firm flesh on the breast and plump drumsticks. And one that's killed in October, November or December. During the rest of the year he wouldn't buy a turkey on a bet. Every fall, Jim Louie personally inspects, buys and places in cold storage at least a thousand young Toms weighing from twenty to twenty-five pounds each.

"Don't buy cheap birds," he insisted.

Number Two Trick is the dressing with which Jim Louie stuffs his birds. It explains why there's never turkey hash at his place.

"You take a lot of small pieces of turkey meat and a little ham. Take some oysters, chestnuts, celery, bread crumbs. Grind 'em up with sage and spices, in a meat grinder. You gotta good stuffing then."

Then comes the Main Trick, cooking for two hours.

"You start him in a very hot oven half an hour," continued the turkey cook. "Then slow the heat down. Baste him every few minutes with the gravy until he's done. You have to watch him all the time. Never leave him alone or he'll burn. The color comes from his own juice."

Jim Louie's turkeys emerge from the oven a deep nut-brown. The flesh slices without falling apart and is as juicy as a steak.

It's the same with a goose or a duck. Jim Louie treats them just like his turkeys, except that a goose cooks more slowly and a duck more quickly, especially tame ducklings. Sometimes they're done to the same golden brown in half an hour. Wild fowl cook longer.

Nobody ever gets out of Jim Louie's place without sampling his coleslaw. It takes the place of cranberry with turkey. It doesn't sound like much, and first-time customers often protest that they don't like coleslaw. Jim Louie knows better. He serves it anyway, with a few choice morsels of fresh crab leg on top of the cabbage, the whole dish topped with a creamy dressing. It is as cherished by Portlanders as Jimmy's turkeys. Nobody has been able to imitate it exactly. He says there's no trick to making it.

"You take some mayonnaise," he explains. "You take a little vinegar, you take a little sugar, a little salt, a little pepper, and you stir it all up."

Jim Louie can't tell you by the measuring cup how much he uses of anything, nor by the thermometer how hot he heats the oven. Neither can William Wong, or Fong Louie, or Harry Fong, his understudies in the kitchen.

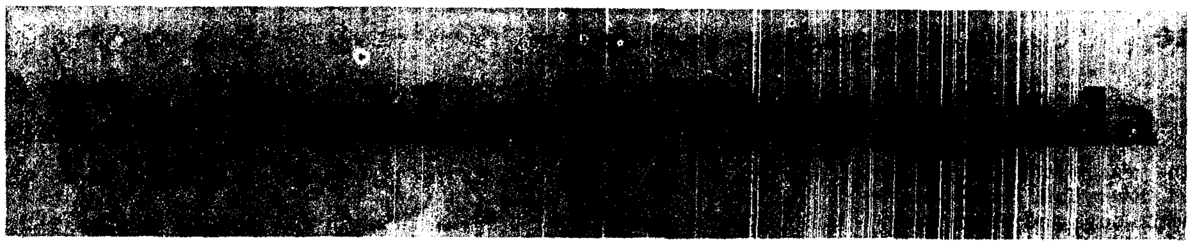
You cook ten thousand turkeys, and you know a little bit. You cook fifty thousand, and you know something. Simple!

RING IN THE Holidays BY LONG DISTANCE

"What a world of happiness their harmony foretells," wrote Poe a century ago in his famous poem, "The Bells."

Written today, the line might well refer to *telephone* bells. Especially at this time of year when warm hearts turn toward friends and family far away.

Ring up the folks you love and ring in the happy holidays. Rates are lowest in the evening after 7 and all day Sunday.



COLLIER'S
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THE United States is the biggest, richest and most powerful nation not engaged in war at this writing. Therefore, our emotions are being assailed constantly by propaganda—propaganda from Germany, propaganda from Britain and France and from Russia.

We don't see why any of us should work ourselves into a rage over these attacks on our feelings, our prejudices, our credulities, or why movements should get under way here to try to bar propaganda from our eyes and ears. The most that we should do officially about it, it seems to us, is to require foreign propagandists operating in this country to register with some government agency and state where their money comes from. That goes for visiting lecturers as well as for the less limelighted propagandists.

What we should do about this wartime propaganda is learn to evaluate it—to judge each blast of it for what it is worth. Some of it is informative, important and entirely legitimate. It would be as dangerous for us to reach a point where we believed none of it as to take to believing it all. In either case we'd lose touch with the realities of the European mess.

Well, then, how can one analyze a news story which seems to have a faint odor of fish about it?

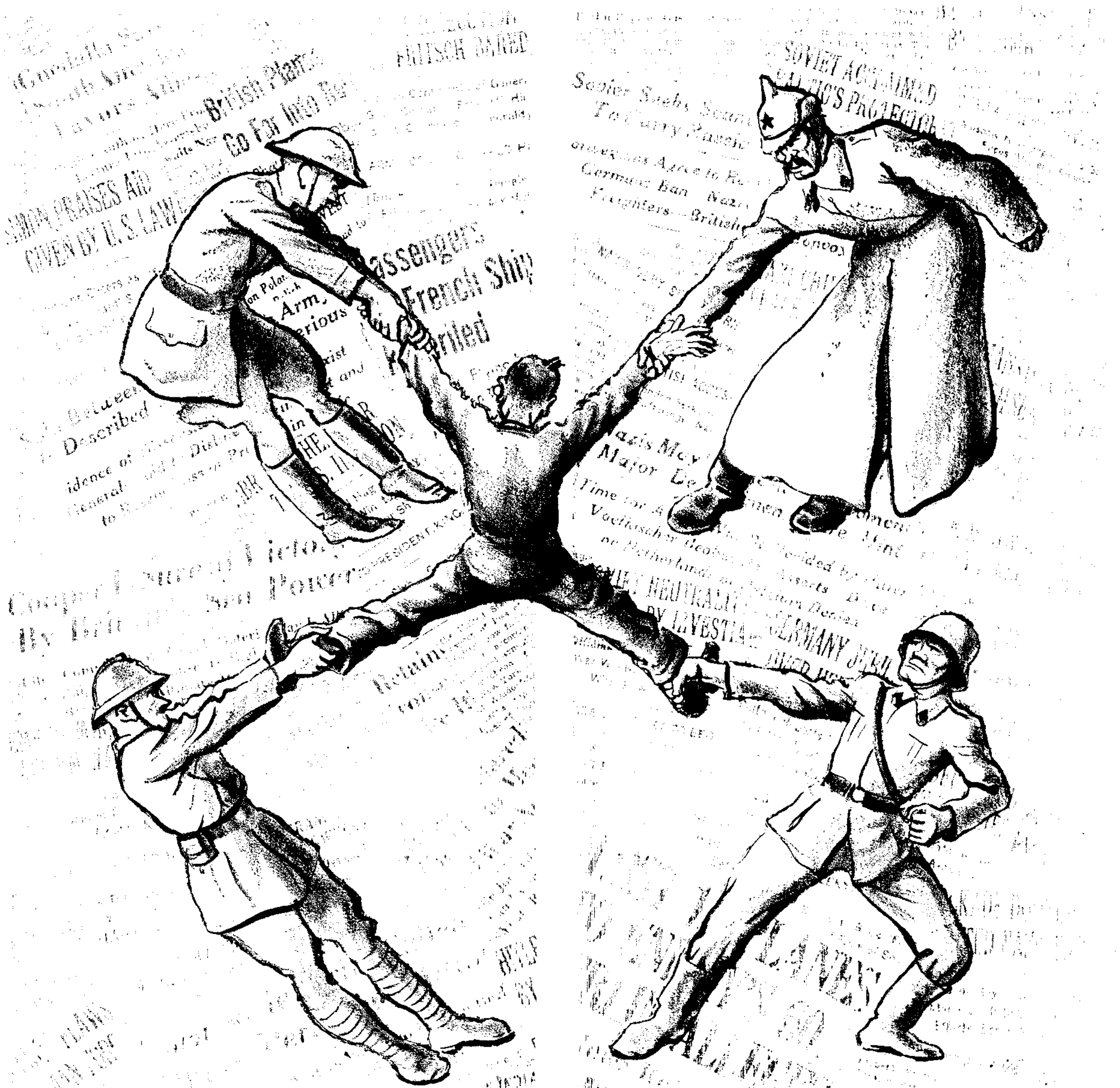
It's easy enough, of course, to discount a speech by Hitler or Goebbels, Chamberlain or Daladier, Molotoff or Mussolini, or an editorial or inspired article in some German, Russian or Italian government-run newspaper. You know it's the particular government speaking, no matter who or what utters the words, and that's that.

But how about a report of some alleged incident, or of some incident which actually occurred, this report being passed through some foreign censor and taken in good faith by some American press service for transmission to the American people?

There are three key questions to ask yourself: (1) Whose interests are served by the reporting of this incident in this way; (2) why is this person or this power interested; and (3) what would this person or this power hope to gain by misleading world opinion on the matter covered in the report?

Figure out the answers to the best of your ability and you'll get at least a rough idea of the story's percentages of truth and falsehood. Incidentally, you'll enjoy the mental exercise and sharpen up your skeptical and analytical faculties—two very valuable faculties indeed.

As an example, let's consider the sinking of the Athenia, as related to the German navy's warning to President Roosevelt that the Iroquois was going to be sunk as it neared these shores loaded with refugees from the war zones.


British Planes Go Far Into Reich
Passengers French Ship Carried
Soviet Acclaimed ... Pact
Described
Victory
Power

The Germans have been charged, far and wide, with having sunk the refugee ship Athenia. (We still think the best theory is that some green German U-boat skipper saw this fat merchant ship chugging past his periscope and lost his head; but that's beside the point.) Couldn't the Iroquois warning have been designed by Hitler's shrewd propagandists to create the impression that the German government's conscience was clear about the Athenia; that innocent and high-minded German officials were warning us of a dastardly deed planned by a perfidious and conscienceless England?

Analyzing the incident from the point of view of the three key questions listed above, that's what it looks like. That, at any rate, is the way the cleverest propaganda is designed to work—to let facts or alleged facts speak for themselves.

Another striking piece of German propaganda work was the fake telephone conversation attributed to A. J. Drexel Biddle and William C. Bullitt, our Polish and French ambassadors respectively, soon after Biddle ducked out from under the German "blitzkrieg" in Poland. The aim was to discredit Biddle as an eyewitness to what Germans did in Poland, and thereby rob the Administration of some valuable ammunition in its fight to repeal the arms embargo.

Still another was the report, later denied, that Pastor Martin Niemoeller had asked to be let out of a Hitler concentration camp to resume his World War occupation of submarine commander. The object of this piece of propaganda would seem to be obvious enough for even an amateur student of propaganda to figure out.

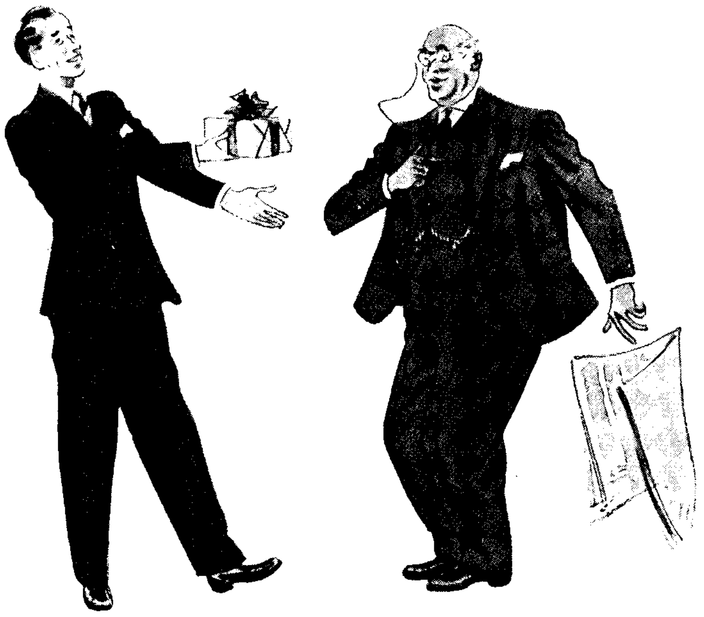
The attempted time-bombing of Hitler at Munich furnished a field day to propagandists of all the nations interested in the war. From Berlin it was reported that evidence clinching Great Britain, if not Winston Churchill's own index finger, to the time-bomb mechanism had been found. In Paris it was felt, for American consumption at least, that Hitler and Goering had done it themselves, thereby showing Germany to be desperate. British propaganda artists went to town on a similar explanation, while Moscow's propaganda factory convinced the Reds in this country that some silk-hatted, boiled-shirted lowlife in Wall Street was really to blame.

So the propaganda factories grind on, fully as actively as the munitions factories and sometimes even more effectively.

Propaganda is a recognized weapon of modern warfare. As neutrals who hope to stay so, we should regard it as just that. There's no use in getting indignant about it. Indignation can't stop it. Attempts to bar it from this country will only stimulate bootlegging of even more fantastic stuff, which more and more of us will believe.

The wise thing for us to do is to keep our emotions under control as the propaganda barrages rain down on us from overseas, and to learn to tell the legitimate and truly convincing article from the fake stuff designed to dope our intelligence.

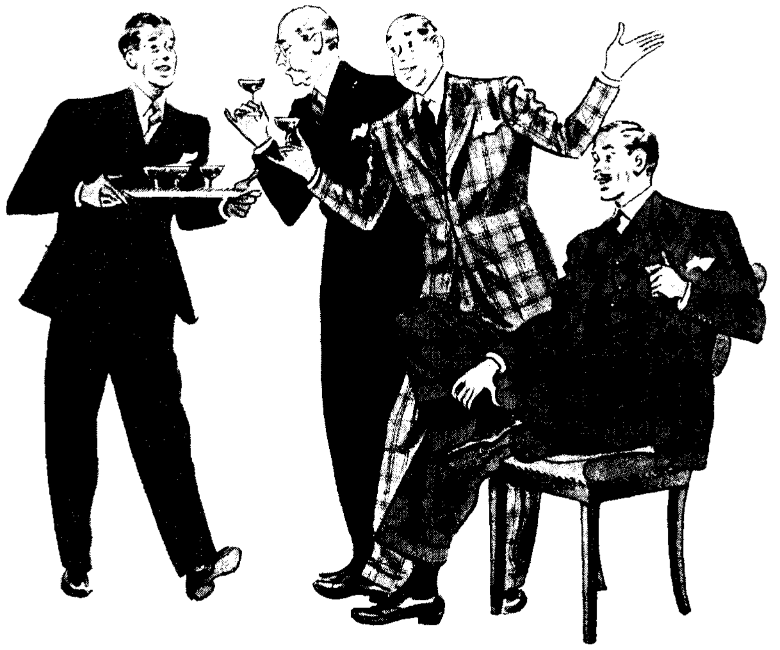
Why it costs **Less** to be generous this year



1. Every year you like to be as generous as possible with your gift-giving. And this year you can *outdo* yourself—without straining the budget.

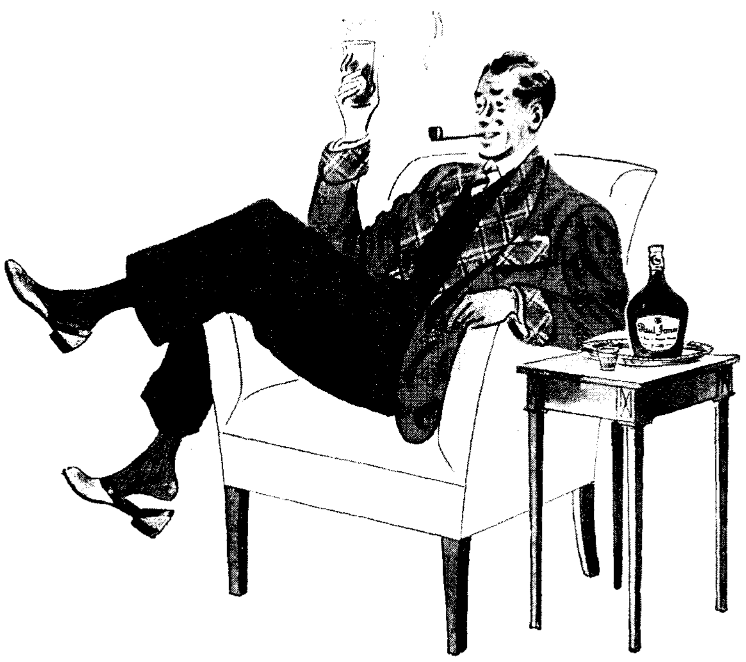
For *this* year you can give every man on your list something he'll really prize . . . a Christmas package of Paul Jones.

At its new greatly reduced price, Paul Jones is still exactly the same "expensive whiskey" that recently cost much more . . . still *DRY* . . . still *ALL* whiskey, every drop.



2. Then, too, this is the time of year when you enjoy being extra-generous in your hospitality. Naturally you insist on serving a really *fine* whiskey.

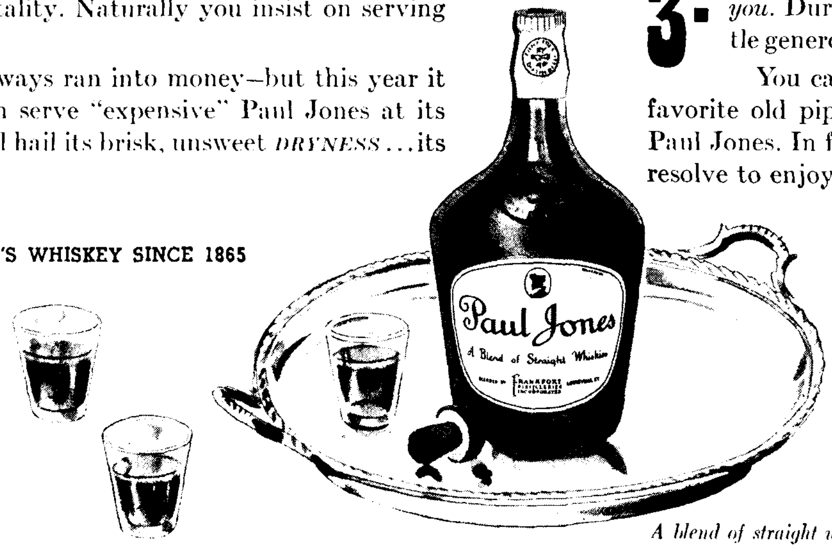
In past years that always ran into money—but this year it needn't. For *this* year you can serve "expensive" Paul Jones at its new, low price. Your guests will hail its brisk, unsweet *DRYNESS* . . . its tangy, *all-whiskey* goodness.



3. Finally, now that everybody else is taken care of—there's *you.* During the holidays you certainly ought to shower a little generosity on *yourself.* And *this* year you can easily afford to.

You can put on your new smoking jacket . . . light up your favorite old pipe . . . and settle back with a grand *DRY* drink of Paul Jones. In fact, Paul Jones is now priced so low you'll probably resolve to enjoy its famous *DRYNESS* the whole year through.

A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY SINCE 1865



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